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Life & Writings of Joseph Mazzini

VOL. IV. CRITICAL & LITERARY.

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LIFE & WRITINGS

OF

JOSEPH MAZZINI

VOL. IV.

CRITICAL AND LITERARY.

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TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

THE article on the Philosophy of Music with which the present volume commences, ought, in order of date, to have found its place in the second volume of this edition of Mr. Mazzini's works. The publication of it was delayed at the author's request, in order to afford him an opportunity of adding to it a lengthened notice of those works of Meyerbeer which have appeared since the article was written. Constant ill-health and the pressure of political duties have, however, compelled him to abandon this intention, and the Translator is at length unwillingly obliged to publish the article with no other addition than the note to page 52.

Critical and Literary.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MUSIC.

WHEN the essential element or ruling idea of an Art has reached its widest development and highest expression, so that every attempt to surpass its previous achievements is unavailing, it is a sure sign that the ruling idea is exhausted and consumed. Not genius itself can recall a period once concluded, or in course of conclusion. The endeavour to erect a new artistic edifice upon that idea as its sole basis, or to derive from that sole element the source of new artistic life, is futile; it betrays a misconception of the laws by which all art is governed. It is a voluntary assumption of shackles reducing the wearer to sterility; a lingering behind among tombs, when life, movement, and power are ahead of us,—beyond.

Art is immortal; but as it is the sympathetic expression of that Thought of God of which our world is the destined interpreter, it is, like it, progressive. It neither describes a circle, nor retraces paths already trod. It advances from epoch to

epoch, continually enlarging its sphere and rising to a higher conception, so soon as the preceding conception has been completely evolved; rebaptized in the name of a new Principle, so soon as the consequences of the former have been reduced to practice.

Such, in fact, is the law of destiny in all things: one epoch extinct, another commences; and it is the office of Genius to penetrate and reveal its secret.

I believe that Music has reached this point at the present day. The conception which formerly gave it life is exhausted; the conception by which it is destined to be informed in the future, is as yet unrevealed. And so long as it remains unrevealed; so long as our young composers persist in the endeavour still further to develope an exhausted idea, instead of looking for inspiration to a Heaven yet unexplored,—so long will Music remain disinherited of all creative power: its various Schools will contend in vain for victory, and its artists wander uncertain amid diverse tendencies and systems, without definite purpose, and without hope of progress; eternal imitators, winning only the wreath reserved for such, which, however various and vivid its colours, is destined to wither in a day. We may have perfection of method, and refinement of execution, but no creative power; variety of style, but no new ideas; flashes of musical light, but no musical day; musical enthusiasts, either through

fashion or feeling, but no musical *believers*, no Religion of Music.

Human intellect at the present day is, as it were, standing between two worlds: between the past and the future; between a synthesis consumed, and a synthesis yet to be evolved. This is a truth to which every branch of human knowledge bears witness. Our Literature, Poetry, History, and Philosophy, are all various manifestations of one sole phenomenon, and proclaim to those who understand their language, that ours is a period of transition; that we stand between the last rays of the setting sun and the first uncertain glimmer of the dawn of a new day. Such poetry as we have is all of memory or presentiment; *tears* or *prayer*. Our Literature either wanders dubiously in search of a lost Word, or whispers a hope of new destinies to come. History oscillates between two systems; between the mere barren analysis of facts, and their synthetic exposition. Philosophy, chained to the earth and absorbed in the anatomy of individual man, either persists in the footsteps of the eighteenth century, or, utterly neglecting the real, and unmindful of the possibility of the gradual realisation of theory in practice, loses itself in the contemplation of an absolute ideal never yet achieved, and, it may be, incapable of achievement.

Bold attempts are initiated, but only to be abandoned in impotence or discouragement; solu-

tions are suggested, only to be lost sight of. A general restlessness prevails; a sense of powers and capacities which men are eager but ignorant how to apply; a yearning after the unknown which troubles the spirit, but urges it to no positive conquest or achievement. The human intellect thirsts for unity in all things; but either knows not the paths by which to reach it, or lacks the courage to pursue them.

Romanticism, as I have elsewhere said, though potent to destroy, was impotent to build up; essentially a theory of transition, it was impossible it should contain any organic conception or idea. But before the human mind could enter upon the new path, the path of Social Art, *Romanticism* was required to liberate it from the tyranny of schools and precisionists.

The present dangers to artistic development, however, do not arise from its adversaries—*they* are irrevocably defeated—but rather from incapable partizans, or inexpert and timid innovators; from writers who proclaim the present anarchical condition of literature to be the ultimate achievement of innovation, or who blindly worship the prophet instead of the God.

When *Romanticism* flung the apple of discord into the midst of their banquet, the assembled *literati* were not Europeans of the nineteenth century; they were bastard Greeks and Romans.

Antiquity reigned alone. The modern element was cancelled, and all free, Christian, human Art was buried beneath the rubbish of the pagan world. *Romanticism*, like the northern invaders at the decay of the Roman Empire, scattered the dusty relics to the winds, and laid bare the individuality crushed and overwhelmed beneath; then, by the utterance of a word forgotten in the sphere of art for nearly five centuries, it bade the human intellect *Onward!* reconsecrating it to freedom by declaring to it *The Universe is thine own.* It did no more.

The human spirit then began to wander at random amid the various paths thus suddenly disclosed to it; now scaling the heavens to enwrap itself in the clouds of Mysticism; now descending to hell, to learn the endless discouragement, the satanic sneer, so prevalent in the literature of France; now prostrating itself before the relics of the middle ages, and asking inspiration of the ruins of monastery and cloister. From all these wandering attempts—uncertain, exclusive, or even retrogressive as they frequently were—there did, however, come forth one presage of the future, one sign of re-awakened conscience and power, one ruling idea—the restoration of the human *Ego* to its proper mission. To those who demanded of them, *In whom do you believe?* men were at least able to answer, *In ourselves.*

So soon, however, as men perceived that the gulf yet remained open, and found themselves impotent to close it; so soon as they discovered that all these attempts were utterly insufficient to appease the demands of the growing generation, a sense of dismay and discouragement came upon them, which has never been dispelled.

Science, the arts, and every form of human knowledge await the coming of one who shall link and unite them all in a single idea of civilisation, and concentrate them all in one sole aim. They await his coming, and he is destined to appear. With him the anarchy that now torments intelligence will cease; and the arts,—its proper place and rank assigned to each, the vital power of each fortified by the vital power of all, and sanctified by the exercise of a mission,—will once more flourish in harmonious union, immortal and revered.

In the meantime, it is well to prepare the way, and to indicate to all who have not despaired of the future, the path of salvation.

So far as literature is concerned, these truths, and many others derived from them, may more truly be said to be forgotten than unknown. They have been stated, and received with applause in Italy; for the Italian intellect, powerful by nature, readily seizes upon any truth presented to it; but they have been again forgotten, for in Italy the

power of forgetfulness is even greater than the capacity of comprehension.

But among the many who have spoken or written of Music, who has ever said or imagined such things? who has even sought to trace the philosophical origin of the problem? who has noted the link that binds it to the sister Arts? who has ever imagined that the fundamental idea of Music might be identical with the progressive conception of the terrestrial Universe itself, and that the secret of its development might have to be sought in the development of the general synthesis of the epoch?

Who has understood that the most powerful cause of its actual decline is the prevailing Materialism,—the absence of all social faith, even as the mode of its resurrection will be, through the revival of faith, and the association of the destinies of Music with those of Philosophy and Literature?

Who has ever lifted up his voice to declare—not to *maestri* and professors, for they are ever incorrigible—but to the young, eager for progress, but ignorant of the path to be chosen: "The Art you cultivate is holy, and you must render your lives holy also, if you would become its priests. The Art entrusted to your ministry is closely bound up with the progress of civilisation, and may become the very breath, soul, and sacred incense of that civilisation, if you seek your inspiration amid the vicissitudes of its progress, rather than from arbitrary artistic

canons, quite foreign to the general laws which govern all human things. Music is the harmonious voice of creation; an echo of the invisible world; one note of the divine concord which the entire universe is destined one day to sound:—how can you hope to seize that note if not by elevating your minds to the contemplation of the universe, viewing with the eye of faith things invisible to the unbelieving, and compassing the whole creation in your study and affection? Why rest contented with stringing notes together—mere *trouvères* of a day—when it rests with you to consecrate yourselves, even on earth, to a mission such as in the popular belief only God's angels know?"

No such language has ever to my knowledge been held with regard to Music. None have endeavoured to raise it from the degradation and isolation into which it has sunk, and restore it to the place which the ancients (great, not in knowledge, but in sublime prevision of the destiny of Music) had assigned to it, side by side with religion and the laws. It may be that those who might have accomplished this, shrank from the despotism of *maestri* and professors, or from the fear of poverty—the fear most destructive of every soul not tempered in Dantesque and iron mould. And Music meanwhile has been constantly more and more removed from all share in our actual human life; restricted to an executive and individual sphere, and ac-

customed to reject every nobler aim than that of affording momentary gratification or delight, ceasing with the sound itself.

The divine art which in mythological symbolisation was identified with the earliest dawn of civilisation; which, in the yet unformed lispings of its infancy, was held in Greece as the universal language of the nation, and the sacred vehicle of history, philosophy, laws, and moral education, is reduced at the present day to a mere amusement. An idle, sensual, and corrupt generation, regarding the artist as a mere improvisatore, bids him *save us from ennui*, and the artist obeys; he produces forms without soul, sounds without ideas; jumbling together notes without end; drowning the melody beneath an inextricable confusion of instrumentation; passing from one musical *motive* to another, without developing any; interrupting the sentiment or emotion excited by a series of trills, runs, and cadences, which distract the attention from the true meaning and effect of the music, by compelling the listener to the cold admiration of a privileged organisation. The emotion excited is ephemeral; laughter and tears which do not rouse the depths of the soul; laughter without true joy, which disfigures the loveliness of women's faces, without smoothing one line of care from the brow, or lightening one sigh from the heart; tears which rise almost unconsciously and involuntarily, as if to

remind one that there is a something within us born for love and pity, which Music might have educated to both, had it not been rendered lifeless and barren by its isolation from all share in the nobler emotions and duties of human life.

That true, intense, Byronian art which dwells upon and deepens the conception with increase of progressive power, until it is incarnated in the heart of the listener, and becomes a portion of his very self—that art is neglected and lost. Our musical art no longer penetrates the soul; it skims the surface of feeling; the emotion or impression awakened is not fully carried out and exhausted; it is simply suggested. Composers study to produce effects; but *the effect*, the one, general, dominant effect that should be irresistibly produced by the *ensemble* of the work, and strengthened by the thousand secondary impressions scattered throughout the piece—who thinks of that? Who ever looks for a *general* idea in a musical drama? Who reviews the separate scenes of which an opera is composed, and studies their connection and coherence to discover a leading thought, their common centre? Not the public:—frivolous, indifferent, and ennuyé, the public rather avoid than seek profound impressions; they desire in music but the pastime of an hour, and their first inquiry is, *Who are the singers?* not *What is the piece?* Not the author, who is depressed and degraded by the spirit of the time, by the in-

difference of the public, by greed of gain, by his utter ignorance on all subjects save notes and chords, by the void around him and the darkness within. Both author and public appear to vie with each other as to which shall most profane Music and destroy alike its sacred mission and its unity.

And the consequences are inevitable. An *Opera* is truly "a thing without a name," the dark mystery of the witches in Macbeth, or the interlude of Faust, —a thing which it is impossible to define as a whole, and only to be described by its separate parts. It is a series of cavatine, choruses, duets, terzetti, and finali; all of which are rather interrupted than linked by some sort of a recitative to which no one listens; it is a collection, a mosaic, more often a jumble of separate unconnected thoughts, moving like spirits in an enchanted circle,—a whirlwind of musical *motives*, phrases, and detached ideas, reminding one of Dante's description of the confused sounds he heard emitted by the souls of the dead; the *words of grief; accents of ire; voices, now low, now loud; with beating of hands together;* all of which may be heard in our theatres, as well as within the gates of hell.

An opera might be compared to the fantastic ride across ever-varying plains and scenes, described by Bürger; where the infernal steed bears Leonora and the Corpse (the Music and the Public) in furious haste from shore to shore, to the sound of the mo-

notonous refrain, *Hurrah! hurrah! the dead can ride.*

But whither go we? what means this music? to what does it lead? what unity is there in all this? why not rest a moment here? why interrupt this idea with this other? to what intent or purpose? what is the dominant idea? Hurrah! the hour is near; the public must have its rights—its established number of *motives;*—give them, and rush on;—there is still another cavatina wanting—another rondo for the prima donna. Hurrah! the hour is come; the applause follows, and the departure.

The listener who dreamed of finding either consolation or comfort in Music, or hoped to return home with some new sentiment or idea awakened within him, goes slowly and silently away, his head aching, and a sense of rumbling in his ears, but a void in his heart, and the *musique que me veux tu?* of Fontenelle on his lips.

Such is the pass to which Music has arrived at the present day. Of the Poetry married to it I do not speak, for really I have not the heart.*

* I do not forget Romani, but good verses, sweet images, and occasional pathetic situations do not make a drama. Neither do I forget others, both in and out of Italy, who are capable of writing like Romani; but where all inspiration is clogged by the exigencies of singers, the necessities of *stage effect*, the indifference of the public, and a thousand other causes—where Poetry is required to be the servant, not the sister of Music, which in its turn is the venal servant of managerial speculation, and of an audience desiring only to be amused, who would write for Music? The poetry of the musical

I may perhaps be told that this description is exaggerated, but while it is still the custom on all evenings of special attraction to couple the first act of one opera with the second or third act of another, I think we have a fair criterion by which to judge what sentiment it is that takes the public to our theatres.

Yet Music, the sole language which, by being common to all nations, is explicitly prophetic of Humanity, was surely destined to a higher aim than that of amusing the listless hours of the idle few. This Music, now fallen so low, once exercised an omnipotent sway over individuals and multitudes, when it was accepted as an angel of holy thoughts, inspiring to noble deeds; when those privileged to wield its power, employed it as the most potent, purest, most universal and sympathetic expression of a social faith. In times near our own, a hymn sung by a conquered few has regained for them the victory; and we have read of barbarians transformed by the hymns of the Christians from enemies into believers. The first conversions of some of the Slavonian peoples were due to the sacred melodies of the Church of Constantinople, and who amongst us has not heard of the prodigies achieved by Greek

drama can only be regenerated simultaneously with the regeneration of Music itself. A *libretto* such as I should require would probably neither find a composer to set it, nor a theatre wherein it could be represented at the present day.

music, marvellous enough to us all, but inexplicable to those unaccustomed to penetrate into the causes of things.

Those peoples—it is as well to state this *en passant* for the sake of those who, in their blind veneration for antiquity, frequently falsify history by relating its nude facts without studying to explain them—were as inferior to ourselves in all that regards the art itself, as is the ray of dawn to the splendour of the meridian.

Music is an emanation of the modern world. It was born in Italy, in the sixteenth century, with Palestrina. The ancients possessed of it only its germ, Melody. Their instruments—and they had many—did not attempt more than an accompaniment, or rather an imitation, of the voice; their musicians had little or no creative power, and the deeper mysteries of the soul remained for the most part unappealed to and unawakened. But, indeed, one-half of that which constitutes our human nature may be said to have been unrevealed to the ancients, and Music especially appeals to that half which was hidden from them, and it was therefore impossible it should express more than an echo or presentiment in their day.

But those people did possess a living religion; and from that religion they derived that instinct of unity which is the secret of genius, the soul of all great things. It was owing to that instinct, how-

ever undefined, that the Arts advanced in unity among them, and since the incapacity of their musicians denied to Music a more direct and immediate connection with the grand Social Unity, it was invariably associated with Poetry.* And from this union of the two sprang the wonders of the art in later days. Such music as they had was a part of the national and religious education of the multitude, and pursued by them in the same spirit as their most solemn sacrifices.

We, of the present day, have no religious faith, no earnest belief, no enlightening synthesis, no harmonious conception to direct our studies, no religion either of art, high hopes, or noble affections.

Our great Italian forefathers were all religious: they revered enthusiasm, and surrounded themselves with poetry; they derived their inspiration and their earnestness from the depths of their own hearts. This it was that made them giants while other nations lay prostrate, and for this did other nations revere them as their teachers. And forget not that you have lain prostrate for three centuries, that the scorn of three centuries weighs upon you, and that even those whom you weakly seek to

* The ancients sang their verses; hence the *io canto* of their poets. In our own day verses are no longer sung except in the musical drama—they are recited, generally very badly recited. Yet we have no lack of versifiers who imperturbably persist in copying the ancients by commencing their compositions *io canto*.

copy repay you with reproaches, epigrams, or still more insulting pity.*

Let us turn again to Music, and console ourselves for the present misdirection of talent by the promises held out to us by this divine art, even in its actual fallen condition. Music (like woman) has in it so much of the sacredness of natural purity, and such promise of the future, that even when they have most prostituted and degraded it, men have failed to cancel the iris of promise by which it is surrounded; and even in this Music of our own day which we condemn, there is yet so much vitality and power as to foretell its higher destinies, and new and holier mission.

* I do not here speak of literature, nor of the outrageous absurdities as to our character and customs of which the mass of French *feuilletonistes* and others are so profuse. But even with regard to Music, it is now the fashion among many journalists to depreciate the Italian stage, in the name of Heaven knows what unknown French school of Music. They mourn the deplorable condition into which Italian Music has sunk, and lament over the decay of this *last* flower in the wreath once decreed by other nations to Italy. I also mourn over the actual decay of the art, yet with my eyes still fixed on Italy, and remembering what she has done, and she alone may yet do, for the development of European music. Were it a question of the French stage or French School of Music (if indeed any such can really be said to exist), I should be silent. Between inferiority to the past and nullity, between a corrupt reality and a mere negation, there is a wide distinction. We taught Music—or rather all of Music that can be taught—to the French, even from the days of Clodovic, and their historians should not forget the inquiries made and information sought by the founder of French Nationality from Theodoric, then reigning in Italy, nor the Italian singers whom Charlemagne sent for, three centuries later, to instruct his own. At a later date,

Though as yet but in fragments, it does present to us occasional images of the harmony and beauty which are eternal. One might almost fancy it the voice of a fallen angel sounding to us from the abyss, and conveying to earth from time to time an echo of the tones of paradise.

It may be that a higher ministry of human regeneration is reserved for Music (as for woman) than is generally believed; it may be that Music will be chosen among all the sister arts as the initiatrix of some great idea or conception, which the others will successively interpret and evolve. Music is the religion of an entire world of which

from Mazarin down to Lulli, who went over from Florence to organise the French stage, and from him, again, down to the reforms begun by Rousseau (a Swiss), and completed, as far as the times and national exigencies allowed, by Piccini, I cannot discover any trace of this French School of Music which they pretend to substitute for the Italian upon the French stage. There is Music in France, as there is in all countries, because in all countries there is a greater or less amount of love and poetry, and therefore of Music, the impassioned and ideal expression of those two heavenly rays fused in one. But, from causes which might be traced to their origin, language, and national character, French Music is limited to a few national or warlike songs, and some romances, the melody of which, timid, somewhat monotonous, and nearly always broken and interrupted, though simple, sweet, tender, and pathetic, has never as yet risen, nor is likely soon to rise, to the height of the dramatic. French Music—if we except the Italian *motives* generally introduced in it, and the attempt made by Berlioz when in Italy, which, though incapable of realisation, was yet beautiful and daring in conception—is yet in the germ, and gives no promise of immediate development.

Poetry is only the highest philosophy. And all great epochs are initiated through faith.

But however this may be, the initiative of the new musical synthesis will (if I am not mistaken) spring from Italy. No country but Germany could venture to dispute the palm with us, and Germany, absorbed in a labour of mere application at the present day, and wearied by soaring throughout long centuries in the barren theoretic sphere of abstractions, is now hurried by the force of things into a reaction, as violent as it is destined to be brief, against the tendency to mysticism by which it has long been exclusively governed and directed. Now, the initiation of a new epoch of art—especially of a spiritual art like Music—can never be hastened by any step towards materialism.

The intellectual movement among the Italians at the present day will of necessity proceed in an opposite direction, and we are therefore in a condition propitious to creation. Moreover, whatever other nations may say, and however much too many even of the Italians themselves may be disposed to deny it, it is written that the first source and origin of nearly all great things shall rise in Italy.

Let us suppose religion reborn; materialism extinct; and that spirit of analysis which we make our sole guide at the present day, reduced to its proper function—the progressive verification and application of synthesis;—let us suppose the same

amount of intelligence which was displayed in the now exhausted mission of the eighteenth century employed upon the ultimate future of the nineteenth —suppose enthusiasm once more held sacred, and a fitting public—a condition without which there can be no hope—prepared for the artist,—what path should genius pursue? of what problems should it seek the solution? What will be the tendency and direction of the new musical epoch now awaiting initiation?

It is only by a complete knowledge of our actual tendencies and direction, of the limits which have already been reached, of the philosophical boundaries now affixed to art, that we can understand what is to be the aim of future achievement, the secret of the art of the future.

These tendencies are nearly as various as the varieties of human intelligence itself; but if rightly studied, they will be found to be all of them secondary, and resolvable into questions of *form;* directed to the accessories rather than to the intimate life, the conception, which is the soul of music. And the study of that conception itself will prove to us that all these different tendencies may be organised, without losing their fitting rank or place, into two great series, centering round two primary elements.

These two primary elements are the eternal elements of all things, one or the other of which has ever been in operation and predominant in

all the problems which have occupied the human mind for two thousand years; two *terms* which are found in opposition in every great question, and the progressive development of which throughout the course of the ages, upon two gradually convergent lines, is the subject-matter of all history.

These two terms are Man and Humanity; the individual idea and the social idea; and the science or theory of the human mind (and of art, which is one of its manifestations) may be said to oscillate between them.

Of the two schools to which these two terms have given rise, the one makes *individual man* its centre, and circles perpetually around that; the other cancels the individual by absorbing him in a complex conception of universal unity. The one is founded upon analysis; the other upon synthesis; and the exclusiveness and intolerance of both has carried down to our own day a contest which fractionises our force and impedes our progress. The one, recognising no *general* aim or purpose towards which to direct individual effort, sinks of necessity into materialism; the other, clinging helplessly to a synthesis unapplied, necessarily loses itself in a vague indefinite sphere of mysticism, leading to no real conquest or achievement.

He who shall put an end to this struggle by harmonising the two schools in one common aim, without rejecting either of the original terms, will

have solved the problem. Eclecticism, which of late years has led some of our best minds astray, does no more than state it.

The verification of the existence of these two schools in philosophy, in literature, in physical science, and in all branches of intellectual development, is no part of the present subject. The reader will have no difficulty in verifying it for himself, for it has never been so clearly evident as at the present day.

In Music however—as I have already said—the action of the general law has never been studied; it has never even been hinted at nor suspected. Yet the existence of these two distinct tendencies is perhaps even more evident in music than elsewhere.

Melody and *Harmony* are the two primary generating elements. The first represents the individual idea; the second the social idea; and in the perfect union of these two fundamental terms of all Music, and the consecration of this union to a sublime intent, a holy mission, lies the true secret of the art, and the conception of that *European* school of Music which—consciously or unconsciously—we all invoke.

These two elements have given rise to two musical schools—I might say two distinct *zones* of Music—north and south—German and Italian. Of any other Music, self-existent and independent of the

vital Conception ruling these two schools, I can find no trace, nor do I believe that any one, however deluded by national vanity, will assert the existence of such.

Italian Music is in the highest degree *melodious.** It assumed that character in the days when Palestrina translated Christianity into Music, and it has ever since retained it. It is animated by and breathes the soul of the middle ages. *Individuality*, the element and the theme of the middle ages, which has ever found fuller and more vigorous expression in Italy than elsewhere, has almost always inspired, and still dominates, our Music. The *Ego* there is king; it reigns absolute and alone. Yielding to every dictate or caprice of an undisputed will, it follows the impulse of every desire. No rational and enduring law, no progressive unity of life, thoughtfully directed towards an aim, is there. There is in it strong feeling, rapidly and violently

* My object here is simply to broadly sketch the predominant characteristics of Italian and German music. Neither school gives such exclusive importance to one element as to exclude the other, or invariably to place it in the position of an accessory or inferior. In Italian music, and especially in the works of living masters, harmony not unfrequently invades the domain, or even occasionally assumes precedence over its rival; in German music, and especially in the works of Beethoven, melody occasionally rises with divine power of expression above the harmony which is the characteristic of his school. But these are but brief conquests, better deserving the name of usurpations, for though they interrupt, they do not overthrow, the dominion of the true Sovereign.

expressed. Italian Music surrounds itself with the objects and impulses of external life, receives their every impression, and gives them back to us beautified and idealised. Lyrical almost to delirium, passionate to intoxication, volcanic as the land of its birth, and brilliant as her sun;—it cares little in its rapid modulations for method or mode of transition; it bounds from object to object, from affection to affection, from thought to thought; from the most ecstatic joy to the most hopeless grief; from laughter to tears, from love to rage, from heaven to hell; ever powerful, emotional, and concentrated. Endowed with an intensity of life double that of other lives, its pulse is the pulse of fever. Its inspiration is the inspiration of the tripod; eminently artistic, not religious. Yet at times it utters a prayer, and when thus inspired by a ray of the spirit, a breath of the universe, or a vision of heaven, it prostrates itself and adores,—it is sublime; its prayer is that of an enraptured saint, but the prayer is short, and you feel that if the brow be lowered, it is but for an instant, to be raised again a moment after in a thought of emancipation and independence; you feel that it bent beneath the dominion of a passing enthusiasm, not a lasting and habitual religious sentiment.

Religious belief is sustained by a faith placed beyond the visible world, by an aspiration towards the infinite, towards an aim and a mission which is

identified with and governs its whole life, and revealed even in its lightest actions. And Italian Music has neither faith nor aim beyond itself. "*Art for art's sake*" is its highest formula. Hence its want of unity, its fragmentary, unconnected, and interrupted character. There is in it the germ of a power which, were it directed to a great aim, would move the universe to attain it. But where is the aim? The fulcrum is wanting to the lever; a connecting-link is wanting to the myriad sensations its melodies embody and represent. Our music might say with Faust:—*I have penetrated the entire Universe, analysed its every section and fragment; but the soul, the God of the Universe, where is he?*

Like every doctrine, people, or period, representing and worshipping individuality, this school of Music necessarily produced a man capable of summing up in himself and exhausting and concluding the musical epoch of which he was the representative: Rossini appeared.

Rossini was a Titan in power and daring: the Napoleon of a musical epoch. A careful study of Rossini will convince us that the mission he fulfilled, with regard to Music, was identical with that fulfilled by *Romanticism* with regard to literature. He came to sanctify and establish musical *independence;* to destroy the worn-out authority which the mass of incapables sought to impose upon creative power, and proclaim the omnipotence of

Genius. When Rossini appeared, a weight of antiquated rules and canons oppressed the brain of the artist, as the old theories of the imitation of Nature and the musty Aristotelean unities clogged the hand of the Dramatist and Poet. He asserted the rights of all who were groaning beneath that tyranny, yet lacked the courage to free themselves from its oppression. He raised the cry of rebellion, and dared to rebel.

And the merit of this is immense. It may be that if, when the croaking voice of the old school bade him stand still, he had lacked the courage to answer, *I advance*, it might now be impossible to revive Music from the torpor into which it had then sunk, and which threatened to render it for ever barren. The genius of Rossini, inspired by a beautiful attempt of Mayer, broke the spell. Thanks to him, Music was saved. Thanks to him, we may now speak of an European Music to come; and, thanks to him, we may without presumption believe that the initiative will be taken by Italy.

But we must not on this account mistake the share taken by Rossini in the progress of the art. He did not overstep the boundaries of the epoch now in course of conclusion. The mission of his genius was to comprehend and sum up; not to initiate. He neither destroyed nor transformed the former characteristic of the Italian School; he reconsecrated it. He introduced no new element to

cancel or even greatly to modify the old; he brought it to its highest possible degree of development, carried it to its ultimate consequences, reduced it to a formula, and placed it once more upon the throne from which pedants had driven it, without reflecting that they who overthrow one power are bound to substitute for it another superior. The many who still regard Rossini as the creator of a musical school or epoch, the leader of a radical revolution in the direction and destiny of the art, are mistaken: they forget the condition to which Music was reduced before his coming, and commit precisely the same error committed by those who hailed literary *Romanticism* as a new artistic faith, organic theory, and literary synthesis; they perpetuate the present while shouting for the future.

Rossini did not create: he restored. He protested, not against the generating element, the primitive fundamental Conception of Italian Music, but rather in favour of that Conception, which had been abandoned through impotence; against the absolutism of professors and the servility of disciples, against the void produced by both. He was an innovator, it is true; but more in the *form* than in the *idea*,—more in the mode of development and application, than in the Principle. He discovered new modes of manifesting and expressing the Thought of the epoch; he translated it in a thousand forms,

crowning and embellishing it with such an infinity of ornament and richness of accessories, that although some may possibly be found worthy to be placed beside him, none have surpassed him. He expounded, developed, tormented the Thought of the epoch, until he had exhausted and consumed it. He did not go beyond it.* More powerful in fancy and imagination than profound in thought or sentiment, his genius was rather of liberty and independence than of synthesis, and though he may possibly have foreseen, he certainly did not comprehend the future.

It may be that, lacking that constancy and nobility of soul which looks for appreciation to the generations beyond the tomb, rather than to the generation that perishes with us, he sought fame instead of true glory, sacrificed the God to the idol,

* At times he did go beyond it. Perhaps even in *Mose in Egitto*, undoubtedly in the third act of *Othello*, which by the powerful dramatic expression, the sense of fatality that pervades it, and the *unity* of inspiration that characterises it, *does* belong to the new epoch. But I speak of the creative thought, the dominant conception which informs, not one scene or act, but the *ensemble* of the works of Rossini. He must certainly have foreseen the coming of the social music, the musical drama of the future,—what genius can stand on the ultimate boundary of one epoch without occasionally perceiving some dawning ray of the epoch to come, so as to gain at times a presentiment of its ruling thought?—but between this presentiment and its true perception and knowledge—between the instinctive prevision of an epoch to come and the power to initiate that epoch—the distinction is as wide as between a reality and an uncertain hope.

and worshipped the *effect*, not the aim; and therefore had only power to constitute a sect, not found a religion.

What new element do we find in Rossini? Where the basis of a new School? Where is the one sole dominant idea, governing his whole artistic life, harmonising the series of his compositions and forming thereof an epopee? You may trace out the idea of each scene, or rather of each separate piece or *motive;* but you cannot arrive at any general idea governing his system, informing the whole of his operas, or even the whole of any single opera. The edifice he has raised, like that of Nimrod, reaches to the skies; but like that of Nimrod, there is confusion of tongues within. At its summit sits Individuality, unrestrained, capricious, *bizarre* even; represented by a melody as brilliant, palpable, and definite as the sensation by which it was suggested. Everything in Rossini is salient and defined. The vague, the indefinite, the aërial, all of which seem specially adapted to Music, give place to a style of musical expression, sharp, daring, distinct, positive, and material. One might describe his melodies as sculptured in *alto relievo*, and fancy that they arose in the imagination of their author beneath the sun of a Neapolitan summer at noonday, when all things are inundated by the vertical light, and the objects around one cast no shadow. For his music is without shadow, twilight,

or mystery, and the passions it expresses, vigorous and energetically felt. Anger, sorrow, love, vengeance, joy, or despair, are all so clearly defined that the mind of the listener, completely passive, is subjugated and carried away. There is little or no gradation of intermediate or concomitant effect; no instinct of the invisible world. Even the instrumentation, which often appears for a moment an echo of this unseen world, or as if it strove to approach the infinite, almost always recedes a moment after; *individualises* itself, so to speak, and becomes a melody in its turn.

In Rossini, and indeed in the Italian School—the various attempts or systems of which he has summed up and fused in one—man alone is represented; man without God; his individual faculties unharmonised by a supreme law, undirected by any great and general aim, unconsecrated by an eternal faith.

German Music proceeds by other paths. God is there, but without man, without His image upon earth, the active and progressive creature destined to develope the divine Thought of which the universe is the symbol. The temple, the religion, the altar, and the incense—all are there; only the worshipper is wanting, the priest of the faith. In the highest degree *harmonious*, it represents the social thought, the general conception, the *idea;* but without the individuality which translates the

thought into action, which develops and variously applies the conception, which symbolises the idea. The *Ego* has disappeared. The soul lives, but lives a life which is not of this earth. As in the life of dreams, when the senses are mute, and another and more ethereal world dawns upon the spirit, and our fancies lose themselves in infinity,—the Music of Germany silences the instincts and material faculties, to raise the soul on high, and transport it over unknown regions to which faint memories seem to point, as though they had been before revealed to us by our mother's kiss in the first visions of infancy;—until at last the tumults, the joys, and the sorrows of this earth disappear.

German Music is eminently elegiac; it is the music of remembrance, of desire, of melancholy hopes, of sorrows which no human lip can console, —a Music as if angels lost to heaven were hovering around. It aspires towards the Infinite, its country. Like the poetry of the North—where it has preserved its primitive character untouched by the influence of foreign schools—German Music moves lightly over the fields of earth, gliding over the creation with eyes raised to heaven. One would say it only set foot on earth to spring from it. One might liken it to a maiden born for smiles, but who has met no smile responsive to her own; whose soul is full of love, but who has found nought worthy of love on earth, and dreams of another sky,

another universe, wh ·ein she shall see the form of the being that will return her love and answer her virgin smile—the being whom, unknown, she adores.

This form, this type of ideal beauty, appears ever and anon in German Music, but it is only faintly sketched, fantastic and indefinite. Its melody is short, timidly and slightly designed; and while Italian melody defines, exhausts, and imposes an affection on the listener, German Music presents it to him veiled, mysterious, and only long enough seen to leave behind a memory and a desire to re-create the image for himself. The one forcibly hurries you along with it to the extreme limits of the ocean of passion, the other leads you to its brink, there to leave you. German Music is the Music of *preparation;* it is profoundly religious, yet with a religion that has no symbol, and therefore no active faith translated in deeds, no martyrdom, no victory; it embraces you with a chain of gradations linked by a master's hand; surrounds you and cradles you upon a wave of chords, elevating and awaking the heart and the fancy, and arousing your every faculty—to what aim? You fall back again, when the music has ceased, into reality, into the prosaic life that hums around, with the consciousness of another world revealed afar off, not bestowed; with the sense of having approached the first mysteries of a great initiation, never begun;—

but neither stronger in will nor safer from the assaults of misfortune.

Italian Music lacks the conception or ruling thought that sanctifies all effort, the moral aim that directs the mental powers, and the baptism of a mission: German Music wants the energy to fulfil it; it wants not the sentiment, but the formula of the mission. Italian Music is rendered barren by materialism: German Music consumes itself uselessly in mysticism.

So the two schools proceed, separate in jealous rivalry, and remain, the one the chosen school of the North, the other of the South. And the Music I foresee—European Music—will never exist until the two, fused into one, are directed towards a social aim: until, joined in the consciousness of unity, these two elements, now forming two separate worlds, shall together form and animate one alone; and the sanctity of faith which distinguishes the German school shall bless the power of action which thrills through the Italian, and combine in musical expression the two fundamental terms—Individuality and the Thought of the universe: God and man.

Is this an Utopia?

Even the presentiment of the Music of Rossini would have been an Utopia in the days of Guglielmi and Piccini. All prevision of the gigantic synthetic poetry of Alighieri would have been such,

when the art was limited to the ballads of the Provençal troubadours, and the unformed works of Guittone. Should any one in those days have prophesied that a Poet would arise to sum up heaven and earth in a gigantic poem; creating its language, form, and grandeur out of nothing; that he would concentrate the whole spirit of the middle ages, and a prevision of the era to come, in his verses, and make of his vast work a national and religious monument visible to remote ages;—a poet who five centuries before its first dubious indications were made visible, should consign to his pages and incarnate in his life the Conception of the Italian mission in Europe—would he have met believers or scoffers in Italy?

Yet Dante came, and founded all these things; and in our own day we deduce the laws destined to govern our regenerate literature from his works; as from his works—when he has readers worthier of him—we shall deduce a quite other augury and conception of our Italian destiny.

When at times, with a heart weary of the present and discouraged as to the future, I stand at sunset before one of those temples to which a traditionary error has given the name of Gothic, and see how the very soul of Christianity has inspired the whole edifice; how the spirit of prayer bends the arch, or threads its way upwards along the winding columns, to mount to heaven on the spire; when,

entering in, I see the red blood of the martyr blended with the hues of hope, offered up to God upon the lofty windows, and feel how the aspiration of the believer's soul towards the Infinite informs the ample and mysterious vault of the roof, whence the spirit of Christ, descending from the huge cupola to the sanctuary, was diffused around the vast walls, surrounding and embracing in its love and benediction the entire church, which it peopled with apostles, saints, and confessors, to narrate to a population of believers the long Christian tradition of martrydom, virtue, resignation, and sacrifice, while his Law was sounded from time to time by the grand voice of the organ, then—how vast soever the mission of the epoch to come may be—I cannot despair of Art, nor of the miracles yet to be wrought by Genius through its aid.

What! shall an entire synthesis, a whole epoch, a Religion, be sculptured in stone; shall architecture thus sum up the ruling Thought of eighteen centuries in a cathedral, and Music be unequal to the task?

If we do not reject the idea of a social art to come in painting or in literature, why should we hesitate to admit the idea of a social art in Music?

The ruling synthesis of each epoch is manifested and expressed by all the arts of the epoch; its spirit dominates them all; and shall Music, which is in its own nature more synthetic and religious than

any,—which begins where poetry ends,—its very mode of operation and expression being through general formula, which the sister arts can only reach through special subjects or cases,—shall Music, which is the algebra of the spirit that verifies and informs Humanity, alone remain inaccessible to European synthesis and alien to the epoch—a power detached from the wreath the universe is living for its Creator?

Shall we, in the land of Porpora and Pergolesi, which has given Martini to harmony and Rossini to melody, despair of seeing a genius arise who will unite the two schools and purify by interpreting in music the Thought of which the nineteenth century is the initiator?

That genius will arise. When the times are ripe for his coming, when there is a public of believers ready to reverence his creations, he will surely come.

I do not presume to assert how and by what methods he will achieve his aim. The ways of genius are hidden, like the ways of Deity, by whom it is inspired. But criticism is bound to foretell his coming; to study and to make known the wants of the age, to prepare a public for him, and clear the path before him. More it cannot do, nor shall I attempt more.

The first thing to be done is to emancipate ourselves from the Rossinian school of Music, and from

the spirit of the epoch of which he is the representative. It is important that we should be convinced that he came to conclude, not to commence a school; that every school is concluded and exhausted so soon as its ruling principle has been reduced to its ultimate consequences; that Rossini has carried the school to this extreme point, and that to pe upon the path he trod is to condemn our compo to remain for ever mere satellites—more or brilliant, but only satellites.

It is important that we should be convince that if Music is to be regenerated, it must be *spiritualised;* that if it is to be awakened to new and power, it must be reconsecrated to a miss and that if we would not have it sink into the useless and fantastic, we must connect that mission with the general mission of the arts of the epoch, and seek its character from the character of the epoch;—in other words, we must render its ministry *social,* and identify it with the progressive movement of humanity. And it is important that we should be convinced that it is our business at th present day, not to perpetuate or renovate an *Itali* school, but to lay the foundation in Italy of *European* school of Music

Now the only European school of Music possible will be one which, taking due cognisance of all the musical elements developed by the former partial schools, will, without suppressing any of

these, harmonise and direct them all towards a single aim.

When, therefore, I say that it is important now to emancipate ourselves from the Rossinian school, I speak only of the *exclusive* spirit of that school; the exclusive predominance of melody, and the exclusive representation of individuality by which it is distinguished, by which it is rendered fractionary, unequal, and disconnected, and condemned to sink into that *materialism* which is the destruction of every form of art, learning, or enterprise. I speak of the divorce which that school has consummated between Music and the progress of society; by degrading it into the amusement of the minority, and of the venality and frivolity introduced into the sacred art. I do not speak of emancipating ourselves from the element of individuality itself, which should always constitute the point of departure for all Music, and the lack of which element in German Music creates a want which deprives it of one-half of its vitality.

Individuality is sacred: far from being suppressed in the Music of the future, it will have to be developed and enlarged in a manner hitherto undreamed of by the composers of our musical drama, so as to give a philosophical character and dignity to what at present is but an impulse of reaction and protest in favour of mere barren liberty.

In the Musical Drama of this degraded age the

representation of Individuality is, as I have said, restricted to each of the separate melodies of which the piece is composed; to the expression of the isolated affections they represent. But *historical* individuality, the individuality of the epoch the drama represents, of the personages introduced, each of whom should represent an idea—where is it? Which of these most important dramatic conditions is fulfilled or exemplified upon our musical stage? What representation is there of the historic element? what expression of the formula of the epoch? of the local colouring of the period in which the events are supposed to take place, of the character of the spot in which the scene is laid? Who can point out any difference in the character of the music of a Roman drama and one in which the action takes place in the middle ages? between the melodies supposed to be sung by pagans and those sung by Christians? Who can say why the actor is at one time called Pollio and at another Romeo? Who in the works of our *maestri* wherein Romans are introduced, can find any trace of Republican Rome—the severe, rigid, warlike, all-conquering Rome wherein every citizen became great through his country's greatness? what resemblance is there to its haughty, decided, majestic language that conceded no other name to the foreigner than *barbarian?* what indication of that faith in the destinies of the Republic which no defeat could shake

or diminish? Venice, again; what trace is there in those dramas where the scene is laid in Venice, of the true Venice of the middle ages, thoughtless, incautious, and voluptuous, yet fearful and mysterious; where life was passed between love and terror, between *a palace and a prison*, between the breath of beauty mingling with the breezes of the lagoon, and the stifled cry of the doomed one in the canal Orfano?

Yet as there is an architectural, pictorial, and poetic art expressive of every epoch and every land, so might there be a musical expression of them. Why not study it? Why not disinter such fragments of it as exist hidden among archives and libraries, since it seems there are none who have sufficient earnestness and interest to trace it in those national songs which popular tradition and the lips of mothers so long preserve, but which, alas! are gradually passing away, lost to us for ever, in the absence of any who care to study and collect them? Why not seek it, with still more certainty and [illegible]ility, in an assiduous study of the characteristics [illegible]d achievements of the art of each epoch in different lands? And so soon as the ruling Thought of the epoch, the idea of the times, has been thus penetrated and understood, why should it not be translated and expressed by the musical drama, at first broadly, and, so to speak, formally, in the overture (which should always be the prologue or

exposition of the drama to follow), and then by infusing its spirit over the entire work?*

It is unquestionable that the historic element must be made the essential basis of every attempt at the reconstruction of the Musical Drama, and if that drama is to be put in harmony with the progress of civilisation—whether by following in its steps or by leading the way—so as to exercise a social ministry and function, it must truly reflect and express the historical epochs it assumes to describe.

In this direction nothing has as yet been attempted, and while in these later days literature has taken a step in advance, and our non-musical dramatic writers have comprehended the necessity of endeavouring to penetrate the true spirit of history, and, if they can do no better, at least

* If I am not mistaken, occasional prophetic hints of such future Music are to be traced in Rossini, in certain *historical* inspirations in his operas, particularly in the *Semiramide* and *William Tell.* In the first, the *Introduction*, the first phrases of the duet *Bella Imago*, and a few other fragments, have a certain reflex of the East in their solemn, grandiose, and at times somewhat pompous style. In *William Tell*, not to mention the frequent local colouring observable in some of the choruses, and the celebrated waltz, it is enough to speak of the overture, which is exquisite in local truth.

There are touches also in the *Robert the Devil* of Meyerbeer, the local colouring and historic feeling of which suggest the idea of dramatic masterpieces to come, of which Schiller (the initiator of the historic drama of the new epoch) has given us a foretaste in his *Piccolomini* and first part of *Wallenstein.*

I might also mention similar passages in Donizetti, especially in the *Marino Faliero*, but those already alluded to are sufficient to show the possibility of the realisation of my idea.

copying its *realities;* the musical drama is still limited by the false ideal of the *classicist* school, and rejects not only historic truth, but even historic realism; while musical composers—with few exceptions—know nothing, and seek to know nothing, of aught beyond the mere art of adapting a melody to some determinate idea.

Individuality is sacred. But how is it that they who erroneously believe it the sole exclusive element of all things and of all works, they who in Italy, as elsewhere, carry their blind veneration of that true but insufficient principle to the point of degrading it to a narrow and odious *individualism*, do not at least teach our composers of musical dramas that the *human* is the sole form of individuality which is inviolable, and that when they cancel *this* under arbitrarily-constructed melodies, representing isolated *sentiments*, and not men, they violate every law of existence, and by destroying all unity in their characters, do away with one of the noblest sources of poetic impression?

Why not enter a crusade against those musical *barbarians*, whose personages resemble so many coins struck in the same mould,—creatures that have no other existence than that of *tenors* and *basses*, and are unworthy to usurp the historic names of those who represented on the great world's stage a purpose or an idea, while they, upon their operatic stage, represent *voices* and nothing more?

Every man, but more especially one worthy to be selected for representation in a drama, has a certain character, style, and bearing belonging to him alone; such a man was in fact a purpose or an idea, of which his whole life was the pursuit or development. Why not endeavour to render that idea in a form of musical expression, special and peculiar to him? Why give a certain character and style of speech to a man, and not a certain character and style of song? Why not study more carefully how to avail yourselves of the power of instrumentation to symbolise, through the medium of the accompaniment that surrounds each of the personages, that tumult of affections, habits, instincts, and moral or material tendencies most commonly influencing their minds, and playing so large a part in the formation of their destiny; or those fit deliberations or resolves which bring about t special fact to be represented? Why not vary th nature and character of the melodies and accor paniments according to the nature and charact of the personages on the stage? Why not, throug the well-timed repetition of a special musical phras or of certain fundamental and striking chords, sug gest the disposition of each, or the influence of the circumstances or natural tendencies that urge him along?

Two great writers have pointed out the way in which these things may be done, and have created

two individualities so powerfully marked as to merit a place among the greatest sketched by genius in the highest form of dramatic poetry. The *Don Giovanni* of Mozart, and the *Bertram* of Meyerbeer, will remain two types of individuality profoundly studied, and developed with a complete and unfailing mastery, never diminished or interrupted from the first note to the last.

To the first I know no equal; to the last no paragon except the *Mephistopheles* of Goethe,—at least in the careful and persistent evolution of the character.

But how many composers have followed in their steps? How many have appeared to be aware that without this persistent study of character all musical drama is impossible? Only Donizetti, occasionally. But what others have even accepted as a canon of the art, or law? Even when at times they do grasp some element of the character to be represented, it is rather through the mere instinct of inspiration than through study or reflection, and are always fragmentary and interrupted, because not based upon an acknowledged principle of the art.

Wherefore—if indeed the advance of the Musical Drama is to be rendered coincident with the development of the elements progressively asserting their true rank in society—wherefore should not the Chorus—which in the Greek drama represented the unity of impression produced upon the judgment

and conscience of the majority, acting upon the mind of the Poet—assume more ample proportions in the modern Musical Drama, and be raised from the passive and secondary position now assigned to it, to the solemn and complete representation of the popular element?

At present the part assigned to the Chorus is, generally speaking, like that assigned to the people in Alfieri's tragedies, confined to the expression of a single sentiment or idea, in a single melody (often even sung in unison) by ten or twenty voices. It is introduced from time to time, rather for the purpose of resting the solo singers, than of presenting to us an element musically and philosophically distinct; and it merely prepares the way for or strengthens the manifestation of the sentiment which one or other of the important personages has to express, no more.

Ought not, however, the Chorus—a collective individuality—to be allowed an independent and spontaneous life of its own, as surely as the People whose natural representative it is? Ought it not with relation to the Protagonist, to constitute that principle of contrast so essential to every dramatic work? And with relation to the collective element it is especially intended to embody, should not concerted Music be more frequently employed in the Chorus, in order, through the interchange alternation, or co-mingling of a variety of melodies

or musical phrases, intersected, harmonised, and combined, to represent the multiple variety of sensations, opinions, affections, and desires, which ordinarily agitate the masses? Why should Genius be unable to give musical expression to this inherent variety, and the not less inherent unity wisely ordained as the inevitable result of such conflict of inclination and opinion, and to represent the gradual coming of the moral consent and concord achieved by experience or persuasion, through the gradual harmonising of, at first, two, three, or more voices, amplified and extended through a musical artifice something similar to that adopted, if I mistake not, by Haydn, to describe the moment when light was shed from the eye of Deity upon all created things?

Again, might not such unity of sentiment or impression be occasionally shown in the omnipotence of a general and spontaneous impulse, arising, as in the *Mora Mora* of Palermo, from a sudden inspiration, a record of glory, the memory of past, or sense of present outrage? The modes of popular expression, and of its translation in Music, are multifold; I know them not, but Genius does or will know them, so soon as it shall faithfully study the subject, and so soon as the other vital conditions of improvement of which I have spoken are fulfilled, so that it may have encouragement to achieve this progress.

Certain material improvements also will be required, of which it is unnecessary to treat at length; but, to choose at random one of the many which naturally suggest themselves to all who do not follow our Musical Drama with their ears alone,—why should not the *recitativo accompagnato*, now so rare—perhaps because more difficult than is generally supposed—be restored to the importance and efficiency of which it is capable? Why should a method of musical development, susceptible, as Tartini has shown us, of producing the highest dramatic effects, play so insignificant a part in our musical drama? By the *recitativo accompagnato* the listener may be carried along at the will of the composer through an endless variety of emotions, sentiments, and affections, revealing without violating the inmost secrets of the heart, and displaying all the hidden elements of passion; it enables the composer to, as it were, anatomise every conflict of the feelings (while the *aria* itself can do little more than define and express their result), and as it does not distract the attention of the listener from the meaning of the music to the mechanism of its execution leaves its power over the soul undivided. Might it not be amplified and enlarged even at the expense of the often unnecessary cavatina and inevitable *da capo?*

The perpetual, tedious, vulgar cadences, which we have all learned to regard as a necessary evil, should

be suppressed, and no singer should be allowed—at least until they are more philosophical than at the present day—to indulge in arbitrary graces and ornaments, the constant introduction of which interrupts the emotion excited, to convert it at best into cold admiration. Much time now consumed in such trivialities and inutilities might be economised, and the proportion given to the nobler portions of the drama enlarged.

I know that our Operas are already deemed too long by the majority of spectators; but I am speaking now of a time when the drama and the public will exercise a reciprocal and beneficial influence, when dramas such as those of Schiller will be profaned neither by mutilation or interpolation, when the Musical Drama will be performed to a public neither materialist, idle, nor frivolous, and, itself regenerated by the consciousness of a Truth to be taught, will possess a high educational mission, while the beneficent power of Music over the mind will be aided and increased by the combination of every other form of dramatic effect. I am speaking of a time when Poetry, no longer the servant, but once again the sister of Music, will assume towards her the proportions and relation of the special case to the algebraic formula; when poets and musicians, instead of mutually twisting, torturing, and degrading each other's work, will faithfully labour together, regarding their art as a sanctuary, and directing their ministry

towards a social aim. The power of Genius will be strengthened a thousand-fold by a sense of the greatness of that aim, the vastness of the means at its disposal, and the possibility of achieving an immortality to which none dare aspire at the present day. It will ascend to heavens yet unexplored, and its unbroken harmonies and Raffaellesque melodies will present to us a reflex of that Infinite to which the human soul is born to aspire, and which the starry firmament, woman, beauty, love, pity, the memory of the dead, and our yearning hope to rejoin them, are among the thousand rays

Genius will solve the problem of the struggle that has gone on for thousands of years between mind and matter, good and evil, heaven and hell; the struggle symbolised by Meyerbeer, with touches worthy of Michael Angelo, in *Robert the Devil*—an opera destined long to be studied by our artists—and will elevate the social idea—for this is the true mission of Music—to the height of a religion; raise our cold inoperative belief into enthusiasm; and enthusiasm into activity of sacrifice—virtue. Genius will recompense and console sacrifice by leading the spirit that confides itself to its guidance through the musical expression of all the passions in an ascending series of sublime harmonies, wherein every instrument will represent an affection, every melody an action, every concord a moral synthesis, raising it above the vulgar tumult

of blind sensation and material instinct, and conveying it to that heaven beheld in vision by Weber, Beethoven, and Mozart—the heaven of pure rest, of serene conscience, wherein the soul is retempered by love; where virtue is not faltering but secure; where martyrdom is transformed into immortal life, the tears of mothers into gems that illumine the [illegible]rows of their sons, and the sigh of the beloved one [illegible]to the kiss of holy and eternal love.

Nor to me, nor to our generation, belonging to [illegible] period destined only to foresee but never to contemplate the regeneration of Art and of Genius, may that heaven be opened. The bitterness, not the consolations of the ideal are ours, but only to have foreseen the possibility of its realisation for those who come after us, is enough to render it our duty to labour towards its verification with all the intellect, energy, and means in our power.

If Genius alone, though lacking the almost superhuman energy required to do battle against the ignorance, prejudice, and tyranny of venal managers [illegible]nd the tribe of *maestri*, as well as the coldness and [illegible]sensibility of the age, were enough to reconstitute [illegible]usic, we might perhaps find one among the living [illegible]orthy to found an Italico-European school of [illegible]usic, and become the regenerator, as he is the [illegible]der, of the Rossinian-Italian school. I allude to [illegible]onizetti, the only one amongst us the eminently [illegible]rogressive character of whose talent displays a

regenerative tendency; the only one upon whom a heart wearied and disgusted by the servile crowd of imitators that swarms over Italy can repose with a certain amount of hope.*

But whether through him or others, this musical regeneration must and will be accomplished. When a school or an epoch is exhausted; when a career

* Bellini, whose early death we all deplore, was not, as it seems to me, of a progressive intellect; nor would he, had he lived, have ever overpassed the limits by which his music is bounded. His most beautiful inspirations are to be found in the *Pirata* and *Norma*. The *Tu sciagurato, ah fuggi*, and *Tu m'apristi in cor ferita*, so rarely sung in Italy, with the last act of *Norma*, Raffaellesque in conception and design, may be said to sum up all there is in Bellini.

He had neither the variety nor the power which belong to genius of an essentially creative order. Though far superior to all the other imitators, his is nevertheless a genius of *transition*, a link between the present and the future Italian School, and his music is like a mournful voice sounding between two worlds, and speaking of mingled memory and desire. Bellini, like the exiled Peri, wanders around the gate of the Paradise he may not enter. His music, when it does not sink into the weak super-sweetness of Metastasio, resembles the poetry of Lamartine, which aspires towards the Infinite; it is true, but only in prostration and prayer. Sweet, tender, and pathetic, but submissive and resigned, its character is languid and emasculate, rather than vigorous and fertile. Examples of a similar tendency in literature, all the more dangerous because surrounded with such moral and intellectual prestige, are to be found in Manzoni and his school, weakened in Grossi and Pellico, still more in their followers. But he who in our own day would lead the work of revival, whether in literature or music, must unite the power of Byron with the earnest faith of Schiller. Bellini's music lacks both these qualities. One might almost imagine him possessed by a presentiment of his early death, and that the oppression of it forbade him—save in a few exceptional instances—to take a bolder and higher flight.

has been completely run, and naught remains but to retrace our steps;—then is reform inevitable and imminent, for the faculties and forces of humanity may not recede.

Let our young composers, then, devoutly prethemselves, as if ministers of a religion, for the ation of a new Musical School. This is their *il of arms*, and let them remember how they o were to receive their knighthood prepared emselves throughout the long night of silence, litude and prayer, for the duties they were about assume, the mission to which they were to be onsecrated the day after.

Let our young artists elevate their hearts by the study of our national history, our national songs, the mysteries of poetry, and the mysteries of nature; let their glance embrace a vaster horizon than that afforded by their books and canons of art. Music is the perfume of the whole universe, and the artist who would seize that perfume must learn, by loving and faithful study of the harmonies that float over h and heaven, to penetrate and identify himself the Thought of the universe.

Let them also study the works of true musical ius, not in one country, age, or school, but in all; t merely to dissect and anatomise them according the doctrines of their *maestri* and professors, but deavouring to penetrate the unitarian and creative irit by which such works are always informed;

animated by no narrow and servile spirit of imitation, but by the noble emulation of free men, eager to link their own work with theirs.

Let them sanctify their hearts by enthusias and by the breath of that true poetry whic eternal, and which the materialism of our age hidden, not exiled from the world. Let them their art a sacred thing; the link between hea and earth, and prove that they worship it righ by pursuing it with a high social aim; making it a priesthood and ministry of moral regeneratio and preserving it in their own hearts and in the own life, pure and uncontaminated by the spirit traffic, and all that degrades the lovely realm o artistic creation.

Then will inspiration descend upon them like an angel of life and harmony, and their sepulchres will be hallowed by the blessing of grateful and improved generations—a blessing as high above mere glory as virtue is above fortune, conscience above praise, and love above all human things.

[NOTE, 1867.]

Since the foregoing article was written, an mense step has been taken in advance. problem, which may be said to have been m cally stated by Meyerbeer in *Robert the Devil*, not solved in the *Huguenots;* but its solution at least suggested. That opera stands alone,

beacon to indicate to future composers the course through which Music may be directed towards a high social aim.

In his conception of *Robert the Devil*, the thor has symbolised in *Alice* and *Bertram* the nciples of Good and Evil, and the struggle be- en them for mastery over the human soul; but bert himself is little more than passive in their nds, and throughout the course of the opera eir forces appear equally balanced. The antago- istic principles oppose each other, something ter the manner in which the Homeric gods fight *or* and *against*, rather than *through* the individuals whose interests they defend or attack; the moral effect of the representation of the contest within a human breast is lost, and the final triumph of the good principle assumes the appearance of an accident or fatality, in which we rather contemplate a *fact* than confess a Providence. Moreover, the image of duty presented to us by the human ent is somewhat cold and rigid; faith triumphs superstition, but it is faith unwarmed by en- siasm, unsanctified by suffering.

In the *Huguenots*, on the contrary, while the erest of the struggle is increased by its revelation ough human suffering and passion, the sense of guiding Providence pervades the whole work. e sublime inspiration of faith and duty is the l of the magnificent chorale with which the

opera opens, and which throughout the piece re-echoes from time to time upon our hearts, holy as the chant of angels, yet stern and solemn as a passing bell; it finds its human expression in the austere, insistent, severe yet loving musical individuality of *Marcel*, in whom the rugged invincible earnestness of the *believer* ever rises above and dominates alike the lightest and most brilliant, gloomiest and most bigoted scenes of the Catholic world by which he is surrounded; so that his very presence on the stage arouses in the heart of the spectator the sense of a providential influence at work to bring about the triumph of good through human suffering, sacrifice, and love.

Nor is it only in the ruling conception that informs this great opera that Meyerbeer has surpassed his predecessors and his own previous works. The hand of the Master is revealed in the exquisite blending of the Italian and German elements of melody and harmony, which the Music of the future is destined to combine. In *Robert* the two elements are each represented by turn; rarely do we find them conjoined; but in the *Huguenots* they are inseparably united, and fused into an harmonious whole. In a period of transition like our own, we may not expect the High Priest of the Music of the future to appear amongst us; but Meyerbeer is the precursor spirit sent to announce his coming.

While he has sketched for us the outline

the musical drama of the future, and created musical individualities which remind one of the personages of Shakspeare, Meyerbeer has inherited from Weber, to whom he owes much, the power of reproducing in Music the characteristics of local scenery and manners;—witness the truly Breton *Pardon de Ploermel*, the vision of Paris in the middle ages represented to us by the scene in the *Pré aux Clercs* at curfew-time in the *Huguenots*, &c. etc. Moreover, he has, as I said, *moralised* the musical drama by making it the echo of our world and its eternal problem. He is no disciple of the atheistic school of *l'art pour l'art;* he is the prophet of the Music to come, of that Music whose high and holy mission will place it but one step below Religion itself.

I lack time and space to do justice to Meyerbeer; nor can I do more than allude to the *Etoile du Nord*, the *Prophet*, and the *Africaine*, each of which are worthy of a separate essay; but the little I have said may I hope suffice to convince the musical reader of the necessity of an earnest and diligent study of the works of this great master.

Of German descent, though born in Italian Austria, one might almost fancy this combination of the two elements in his own person, significant, symbolic, and prophetic. The figure of Giacomo Meyerbeer appears before us as the first link between the two worlds, the complete union of which will constitute the highest Music of the future.

ON

THE GENIUS AND TENDENCY OF TH WRITINGS OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

(First published in the *British and Foreign Revie* October 1843.)

I GLADLY take the opportunity offered by t publication of a new work by Mr. Carlyle, t express my opinion of this remarkable write I say my opinion of the writer—of his genius and tendencies, rather than of his books—of the idea which inspires him, rather than of the form with which he chooses to invest it. The latter in truth is of far less importance than the former. In this period of transition from doubt to aspiration, this "sick and out-of-joint" time, old ideas die away, or weigh upon the heart like midnight dreams: young ones spring up to view, brigh coloured and fresh with hope, but vague and complete, like the dreams of the morning. W stand wavering between a past whose life extinct, and a future whose life has not yet begu one while discouraged, at another animated b glorious presentiments; looking through th clouds for some star to guide us. One and al

rder, we demand of the instinct of our nce, a great religious Thought which may us from doubt, a social faith which may us from anarchy, a moral inspiration which may embody that faith in action, and keep us from idle contemplation. We ask this especially of those men in whom the unuttered sentiments and aspirations of the multitudes are concentrated nd harmonised with the highest intuition of indi-idual conscience. Their mission changes with he times. There are periods of a calm and nor-nal activity, when the thinker is like the pure and serene star which illumines and sanctifies with its halo of light that *which is*. There are other times when genius must move devotedly onward before us, like the pillar of fire in the desert, and fathom for us the depths of that which *shall be*. Such are our times: we cannot at the present day merely amuse ourselves with being *artists*, playing with sounds or forms, delighting only our senses, instead of pondering some germ of thought which save us. We are scarcely disposed, living in nineteenth century, to act like that people mened by Herodotus, who beguiled eighteen years famine by playing with dice and tennis-balls.

The writer of whom I have now to speak, by nature of his labours and the direction of his ius, authorises the examination I propose to ake. He is melancholy and grave: he early

felt the evil which is now preying upon th
and from the outset of his career he procla
loudly and courageously.

"Call ye that a society," he exclaims, in
of his first publications, "where there is no longe
any social idea extant, not so much as the idea o
a common home, but only of a common over-
crowded lodging-house? where each, isolated,
regardless of his neighbour, turned against hi
neighbour, clutches what he can get, and crie
'*Mine!*' and calls it Peace, because in the cut
purse and cut-throat scramble, no steel knives, bu
only a far cunninger sort can be employed—where
friendship, communion, has become an incredible
tradition, and your holiest sacramental supper is a
smoking tavern dinner, with cook for evangelist?
where your priest has no tongue but for plate-
licking, and your high guides and governors can-
not guide; but on all hands hear it passionately
proclaimed, *Laissez-faire!* Leave us alone of your
guidance—such light is darker than darkness—eat
your wages and sleep." *

Mr. Carlyle, in writing these lines, was
scious that he engaged himself to seek a reme
for the evil, nor has he shrunk from the task.
that he has since written bears more and m
evidently the stamp of a high purpose. In
Chartism he attempted to grapple with the so

* *Sartor Resartus*, book iii. chap. 6.

[redacted]n; in all his writings, whatever be their [redacted]ts, he has touched upon it in some one of [redacted]spects. Art is to him but as a means. In [redacted]s vocation as a writer he fills the tribune of an apostle, and it is here that we must judge him.

A multitude of listeners has gathered around him: and this is the first fact to establish, for it speaks both in favour of the writer and of the public whom he has won over. Since the day when, alone and uncomprehended, he penned the words which we have quoted, Teufelsdröck has made proselytes. The "mad hopes," expressed, with an allowable consciousness of the power which stirred within him, in the last chapter of *Sartor Resartus*, have been largely realised. The philosophy of clothes—thanks to the good and bad conduct of the two Dandiacal and Drudge sects—has made some progress. Signs have appeared; they multiply daily on the horizon. The diameter of the two "bottomless, boiling whirlpools," * has widened and widened, as they approach each other in a threatening manner; and many readers who commenced with a smile of [redacted]ty, or scorn of the unintelligible and tiresome [redacted]gon, the insinuations, half-ironical half-wild, of [redacted]e dark dreamer, now look into his pages with [redacted]e perseverance of the monks of Mount Athos, to [redacted]ee whether they cannot there discover the "great

* *Sartor Resartus*, book iii. chap. 10.

thought," of which they themselves begin
the want. They now admire as much a
once scorned,—they admire even when they
not understand.

Be it so, for this too is good: it is good to see that the great social question, which not long ago was ridiculed, begins to exercise a kind of fascination upon the public mind; to find that even those whose own powers are not adequate to the task, acknowledge the necessity of some solution of the sphinx-like enigma which the times present. It is good to see, by a new example, that neither ignorant levity nor materialist indifference can long suppress the divine rights of intellect.

There are differences between Mr. Carlyle's manner of viewing things and my own, which I have to premise; but I will not do this without first avowing his incontestable merits—merits which at the present day are as important as they are rare, which in him are so elevated as to command the respect and admiration even of those who rank under another standard, and the sympathy and gratitude of those who, like myse
are in the main upon the same side, and w
differ only respecting the choice of means a
the road to pursue.

Above all, I would note the sincerity of th
writer. What he writes, he not only thinks, but

He may deceive himself—he cannot deceive us; for what he says, even when it is not truth, is yet *true,—his* individuality, *his* errors, incomplete views of things,—realities, and not nonentities—the truth limited, I might say, for error springing from sincerity in a high intellect is no other than such. He seeks good with conscientious zeal, not from a love of fame, not even from the gratification of the discovery; his motive is the love of his fellow-men, a deep and active feeling of duty, for he believes this to be the mission of man upon earth. He writes a book as he would do a good action. Yet more, not only does he feel all that he writes, but he writes nearly all that he feels. Whatever is in his thoughts and has not yet been put on paper, we may be sure will sooner or later appear. He may preach the merit of "holding one's tongue;"—to those, in truth, who do not agree with him, are such words addressed,—but the "talent of silence" is not his: if sometimes he pretend to reverence it, it is, as I may say, platonically, to prevent others speaking ill. But in minds constituted like his, compression of thought is impossible; it must expand, and every prolonged effort made to restrain it will only render the explosion the more violent. Mr. Carlyle is no homœopathist; he never administers remedies for evil in infinitesimal doses; he never pollutes the sacredness of thought by outward concession

or compromise with error. Like Luther, h his inkstand at the head of the devil, unde ever form he shows himself, without looking consequences; but he does it with such since such *naïveté* and good-will, that the devil himse could not be displeased at it, were the moment not critical, and every blow of the inkstand a serious thing to him.

I know no English writer who has during the last ten years so vigorously attacked the half-gothic, half-pagan edifice which still imprisons the free flight of the spirit, no one who has thrown among a public much addicted to routine and formalism, so many bold negations, so many religious and social views, novel and contrary to any existing ones, yet no one who excites less of hostility and animadversion. There is generally so much candour and impartiality in his attacks, so much conviction in his thoughts, so entire an absence of egotism, that we are compelled to listen to what, if uttered by any other man with anger or contempt, would excite a storm of opposition. There is nev anger in the language of Mr. Carlyle; disdain h has, but without bitterness, and when it glean across his pages, it speedily disappears under smile of sorrow and of pity, the rainbow after storm. He condemns, because there are thi which neither heaven nor earth can justify; b his reader always feels that it is a painful duty l

When he says to a creed or to an institution, ire rotten—begone!" he has always some word upon what it has achieved in the past, its utility, sometimes even upon its inutility e never buries without an epitaph—"*Valeat quantum valere potest.*" Take as an instance, above all, his *History of the French Revolution.*

I place in the second rank his tendencies toward the ideal—that which I shall call, for want of a better word, his spiritualism. He is the most ardent and powerful combatant of our day in that reaction, which is slowly working against the strong materialism that for a century and a half has maintained a progressive usurpation, one while in the writings of Locke, Bolingbroke or Pope, at another in those of Smith and Bentham, and has tended, by its doctrines of self-interest and material well-being, to the enthronement of selfishness in men's hearts. All the movement of industrial civilisation, which has overflooded intellectual and moral civilisation, has not deafened him. Amidst the noise of machinery, wheels, and steam-engines, he has been le to distinguish the stifled plaint of the isoned spirit, the sigh of millions, in whose hearts e voice of God whispers at times, "*Be men!*" d the voice of society too often cries, "In the me of Production, be brutes!" and he is come, th a small number of chosen spirits, to be their terpreter. He declares that all the bustle of

matter and of industry in movement d
weigh against the calm, gentle, and divine
that speaks from the depths of a virtuous sou
when found in the lowest grade of mere macl
tenders; that the producer, not the productio
should form the chief object of social institutions;
that the human soul, not the body, should be the
starting-point of all our labours; since the body
without the soul is but a carcase; whilst the soul,
wherever it is found free and holy, is sure to mould
for itself such a body as its wants and vocation
require.

In all his writings, in *Sartor Resartus*, in his *Lectures*, in his *Essays* especially (some of which appear to me to be among the best of Mr. Carlyle's writings), the standard of the ideal and divine is boldly unfurled. He seeks to abolish nothing, but he desires this truth to be acknowledged and proclaimed, that it is the invisible which governs the visible, the spiritual life which informs the exterior; he desires that the universe should appear, not as a vast workshop of material pr
duction (whether its tendency be to centre, as
the present day, in the hands of a few, or to spre
according to the utopian schemes of Owen
Fourier, among the whole community), but as
temple, in which man, sanctified by suffering a
toil, studies the infinite in the finite, and walks
toward his object in faith and in hope, with ey

constantly toward heaven. Toward this the thought of the writer soars continually ervour, sometimes even with a kind of de-. It is a reflection of this heaven, the image the sun in the dew-drop, which he seeks in terrestrial objects. He penetrates the symbol to arrive at the idea: he seeks God through visible forms, the soul through the external manifestations of its activity. We feel that wherever he found the first suppressed, the second extinguished, he would see nothing left in the world but idolatry, falsehood, things to despise or to destroy. For him, as for all who have loved, and suffered, and have not lost in the selfish pursuit of material gratifications the divine sense which makes us men—it is a profound truth that "we live, we walk, and we are in God." Hence his reverence for nature,—hence the universality of his sympathies, prompt to seize the poetical side in all things,—hence, above all, his notion of human life devoted to the pursuit of duty, and not to that of happiness,—"the worship sorrow and renunciation," such as he has given n his chapter "The Everlasting Yea" of *Sartor sartus*, and such as comes out in all his works. ere are, no doubt, many who will term this a sm; there are others who will call it utopian. ould, however, remind the first that it is not ugh to stammer out the sacred words, "sacrifice duty," and to inscribe the name of God upon

the porch of the temple, in order to ren worship real and fruitful : the theory of in well-being rules incontestably at the presen I will not say all our political *parties* (this it more than enough of course), but all our soci *doctrines*, and attaches us all unconsciously to ma- terialism. I would likewise remind the second that although we have pretended for the last fifty years to organise everything with a view to the interests, that is to say the happiness, of society, we yet see before us a society harassed by ills, by misery, and complaints, in eighteen-twentieths of its members. Is it, then, just to treat the contrary practice as utopian ?

Looking around me, I affirm that the spiritual view which Mr. Carlyle takes of human life is the only good, the only essentially religious one,—and one of extreme importance, here especially, where the very men who battle the most boldly for social progress are led away by degrees to neglect the development of what is highest, holiest, and most imperishable in man, and to devote themselves the pursuit of what thay call the useful. There nothing useful but the good, and that which produces ; usefulness is a consequence to be fo seen, not a principle to be invoked. The the which gives to life, as its basis, a *right* to w being, which places the object of life in the sea after happiness, can only lead vulgar minds egoism, noble and powerful minds to deception,

and to despair. It may indeed destroy a evil, but can never establish the good; it dissolve, but cannot re-unite. Whatever ies it assumes, in whatever Utopia it may cradle itself, it will invariably terminate in organising war,—war between the governors and governed in politics, disguised under the name of a system of guarantees, of balance, or of parliamentary majorities—war between individuals in economy, under the name of free competition (*free* competition between those who have nothing and who work for their livelihood, and those who have much and seek a superfluity !)—war, or moral anarchy, by effacing all social faith before the absolute independence of individual opinion. This is nearly the present state of things in the world—a state from which we must at any cost escape. We must come to the conviction, in this as in all other cases, that there exist no rights but those which result from the fulfilment of duty ; that our concernment here below is not to be happy, but to become better; at there is no other object in human life than to cover, by collective effort, and to execute, every for himself, the law of God, without regarding vidual results. Mr. Carlyle is an eloquent ocate of this doctrine, and it is this which ates his power : for there are, thank God, good tincts enough at the bottom of our hearts to ke us render homage to the truth, although

failing in its practice, when it finds amon
pure-minded and sincere interpreter.

I place in the third rank our author's c
politan tendencies,—*humanitarian* I would s
if the word were in use; for cosmopolitism has
at the present day come to indicate indifference,
rather than universality of sympathies. He well
knows that there is a holy land, in which, under
whatever latitude they may be born, men are
brethren. He seeks among his equals in intelli-
gence, not the Englishman, the Italian, the German,
but the *man:* he adores, not the god of one sect, of
one period, or of one people, but God; and as the
reflex of God upon earth, the beautiful, the noble,
the great, wherever he finds it: knowing well, that
whencesoever it beams, it is, or will be, sooner or
later, for all. His points of view are always ele-
vated; his horizon always extends beyond the
limits of country; his criticism is never stamped
with that spirit of nationalism (I do not say of
nationality, a thing sacred with us all), which is
only too much at work amongst us, and whi
retards the progress of our intellectual life by
lating it from the universal life, palpitating am
the millions of our brethren abroad. He has
tached himself earnestly to the literature most
dued with this assimilating power, and has revea
it to us. His Essays on Schiller, on Goethe,
Jean Paul, on Werner, his excellent translati

he German, will remain a testimony of the lisation which he has given to German ture amongst us; as the beautiful pages in Lectures on Dante, and some of those which he has devoted to French writers, testify the universality of that tendency which I distinguish here as forming the third characteristic of his mind.

To descend to qualities purely literary, Mr. Carlyle is moreover a powerful artist. Since the appearance of his work on the French Revolution, no one can any longer dispute his claim to this title. The brilliant faculties which were revealed in flashes in his previous writings burst out in this work, and it is only a very exalted view of the actual duties of the historian that will enable us to judge it coldly and to remark its defects. He carries his reader along, he fascinates him. Powerful in imagination, which is apt to discover the sympathetic side of things and to seize its salient point—expressing himself in an original style, which, though it often appear whimsical, is yet the e expression of the man, and perfectly conveys thought—Mr. Carlyle rarely fails of his effect. ted with that objectivity of which Goethe has recent times given us the highest model, he so ntifies himself with the things, events, or men ich he exhibits, that in his portraits and his deriptions he attains a rare lucidness of outline, force

of colouring, and graphic precision: they are n
tations, but reproductions. And yet he
loses, in the detail, the *characteristic*, the uni
the object, being, or idea which he wishes to
hibit. He works in the manner of a master, indi-
cating by certain touches, firm, deep, and decisive, the general physiognomy of the object, concentrating the effort of his labour and the intensity of his light upon the central point, or that which he deems such, and placing this so well in relief that we cannot forget it. *Humour*, or the faculty of setting off small things, after the manner of Jean Paul, abounds in his writings. Beside the principal idea, secondary ideas meet us at every step, often new and important in themselves, particles of gold scattered upon the shore by the broad wave of the writer's thought. His epithets, although numerous, are seldom without force: they mark a progression in the development of the idea or the qualities of the object. His diction may have faults; of these I shall not treat here, but I may remark that the charge of obscurity so co
monly brought against all thinkers endowed w
originality, is, generally speaking, only a decl
tion of incompetence to comprehend or to ju
of their ideas. Moreover, his style is, as I h
said, the spontaneous expression of his genius,
aptest form to symbolise his thought, the bo
shaped by the soul. I would not that it were oth

what I require in all things is, *the true man unity and completeness.*

Thus frank, honest, and powerful, "*ohne Hast, er ohne Rast,*" Mr. Carlyle pursues his career: may he long continue it, and reap the honours that he merits,—not for himself so much as for the gratification of those who esteem him, of all those who would see the relations between intelligence and the public drawn more and more close; and may he thus, in his pilgrimage here, attain the consciousness that the seed which he has scattered has not been given to the wind.

I have stated sufficiently at large what is absolutely good in the writer I have undertaken to estimate, to allow me freely to fulfil a second duty, that of declaring what appears to me to render this noble talent incomplete, and to vitiate his work by keeping it behind what the times already require elsewhere, and will soon require here.

It is a very important question (too important for the few pages I can here devote to it) that I must now glance at: upon it depends the question the duty imposed at the present time on the ole world. It appears to me that the tendency Mr. Carlyle's genius, hitherto appreciated from y one point of view,—Tory, Whig, or sectarian, ell deserves that we should seek to appreciate m the point of view of the future, from which he present transitionary parties are excluded.

There is but one defect in Mr. Carlyle's opinion, but that one is vital: it influences does, it determines all his views; for logic system rule the intellect even when the latt pretends to rise the most against them. I refer to his view of the *collective* intelligence of our times.

That which rules the period which is now commencing, in all its manifestations; that which makes every one at the present day complain, and seek good as well as bad remedies—that which everywhere tends to substitute, in politics, democracy for governments founded upon privilege—in social economy, association for unlimited competition—in religion, the spirit of universal tradition for the solitary inspiration of the conscience—is the work of an *idea* which not only alters the aim but changes the starting-point of human activity; it is the *collective* thought seeking to supplant the individual thought in the social organism; the spirit of *Humanity visibly* substituting itself (for it has been always silently and unperceived at work) for the spirit of *man*.

In the past, we studied one by one the sm leaves of the calix, the petals of the corolla; at present day our attention is turned to the expansion of the flower. Two thousand ye from the earliest times of Greece down to the l times of pagan Rome, worked out Individu

ne of its phases; eighteen centuries have ened and developed it under the other. At csent day other horizons reveal themselves— leave the individual for the species. The nstrument is organised; we seek for it a law of activity and an outward object. From the point of view of the individual we have gained the idea of right; we have worked out (were it only in thought) liberty and equality—the two great guarantees of all personality: we proceed further—we stammer out the words Duty—that is to say, something which can only be derived from the general law—and *association*—that is to say, something which requires a common object, a common belief. The prolonged plaint of millions crushed beneath the wheels of competition has warned us that freedom of labour does not suffice to render industry what it ought to be, the source of material life to the state in all its members: the intellectual anarchy to which we are a prey has shown us that liberty of conscience does not suffice to nder religion the source of moral life to the state ll its members.

We have begun to suspect, not only that is upon the earth something greater, more more divine than the individual—namely, anity—the collective Being always living, ng, advancing toward God, of which we are ne instruments; but that it is alone from the

summit of this collective idea, from the co
of the Universal Mind, "of which," as E
says, "each individual man is one more in
tion," that we can derive our mission, the rule
our life, the aim of our societies. We labour a
this at the present day. It signifies little that our first essays are strange aberrations: it signifies little that the doctrines of St. Simon, of Owen, of Fourier, and others who have risen, or shall arise, may be condemned to ridicule. That which is important is the idea common to all these doctrines, and the breath of which has rendered them fruitful; it is the object which they all instinctively propose, the starting-point they take.

Half-a-century ago, all the boldest and most innovating theories sought in the organisation of Societies guarantees for free individual action; the State was in their eyes only the power of *all* directed to the support of the rights of *each;* at the present day, the most timid reformers start with a social Principle to define the part of the individual, —with the admission of a general law, of wh
they seek the best interpreter and best applica
What, in the political world, are all these tende
to centralisation, to universal suffrage, to the
hilation of castes? Whence arise, in the reli
world, all these discontents, all this retrogr
toward the past, all these aspirations toward a
confused and uncertain it is true, but wide, to

onciliatory of creeds at present opposed? history, which in old times was satisfied relating the deeds of princes or of ruling ies of men, directed at the present day so much to the masses, and why does it feel the necessity of descending from the summits of society to its base? And what means that word Progress, which, though understood in a thousand different ways, is yet found on every lip, and gradually becomes from day to day the watchword of all labours?

We thirst for unity: we seek it in a new and larger expression of the mutual responsibility of all men towards each other,—the indissoluble *co-partnery* of all generations and all individuals in the human race. We begin to comprehend those beautiful words of St. Paul (Romans xii. 5), "We being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another." We seek the harmony and meaning of the work of individuals in a comprehensive view of the collective whole. Such is the tendency of the present times, and whoever does not labour in accordance with it, ssarily remains behind.

Mr. Carlyle comprehends only the *individual;* true sense of the unity of the human race es him. He sympathises with all men, but with the separate life of each, and not with collective life. He readily looks at every as the representative, the incarnation in a

manner, of an idea: he does not belie
"supreme idea," represented progressively
development of mankind taken as a whole.
feels forcibly (rather indeed by the instinct of
heart, which revolts at actual evil, than by a clear
conception of that which truly constitutes *life*) the
want of a bond between the men who are around
him: he does not feel sufficiently the existence of the
greater bond between the generations past, present,
and future. The great religious idea, *the continued
development of Humanity by a collective labour,
according to an educational plan designed by Pro-
vidence*, fore-felt from age to age by a few rare
intellects, and proclaimed in the last fifty years by
the greatest European thinkers, finds but a feeble
echo, or rather no echo at all, in his soul. Pro-
gressive from an impulse of feeling, he shrinks
back from the idea as soon as he sees it stated
explicitly and systematically; and such expressions
as "the progress of the species" and "perfectibility"
never drop from his pen unaccompanied by a taint
of irony, which I confess is to me inexplicabl
He seems to regard the human race rather a
aggregate of similar individuals, distinct powe
juxtaposition, than as an association of labo
distributed in groups, and impelled on diff
paths toward one single object. The idea
nation itself, the Fatherland,—the second col
existence, less vast, but still for many centuri

ed than humanity—vanishes, or is modified his hand: it is no longer the sign of our n of labour in the common work, the work- p in which God has placed the instruments of labour to fulfil the mission most within our reach; it is no longer the symbol of a thought, of a special vocation to be followed, indicated by the tradition of the race, by the affinity of tendencies, by the unity of language, by the character of localities, etc.; it is something reduced, as much as possible, to the proportions of the *individual.* The nationality of Italy in his eyes is the glory of having produced Dante and Christopher Columbus; the nationality of Germany that of having given birth to Luther, to Goethe, and to others. The shadow thrown by these gigantic men appears to eclipse from his view every trace of the national thought of which these men were only the interpreters or prophets, and of the people, who alone are its depositary. All generalisation is so repugnant to Mr. Carlyle that he strikes at the root of the error, as he deems it, by declaring that the history of the world is fundamentally nothing more than the biography of great men (*Lectures*). This is to plead, distinctly enough, against the idea which rules the movement of the times.*

* This is the essence of Mr. Carlyle's ideas, as they appear to be deducible from the body of his views and opinions and the spirit which breathes in his works. Of course we meet here

In the name of the democratic spirit of [redacted] I protest against such views.

History is not the biography of great [redacted] the history of mankind is the history of the [redacted] gressive religion of mankind, and of the translation by symbols, or external actions, of that religion.

The great men of the earth are but the marking-stones on the road of humanity: they are the priests of its religion. What priest is equal in the balance to the whole religion of which he is a minister? There is yet something greater, more divinely mysterious, than all the great men,—and this is the earth which bears them, the human race which includes them, the thought of God which stirs within them, and which the whole human race collectively can alone accomplish. Disown not, then, the common mother for the sake of certain of her children, however privileged they may be; for at the same time that you disown her, you will lose the true comprehension of these rare men whom you admire. Genius is like the flower which draws one half of its life from the moistur[redacted] that circulates in the earth, and inhales the ot[redacted] half from the atmosphere. The inspiration [redacted] genius belongs one half to heaven, the othe[redacted]

and there with passages in opposition to this spirit, and in [redacted] ance with that of the age. It is impossible for a writer [redacted] Carlyle's stamp to avoid this; but I do not think I [redacted] accused, if my remarks are read with attention, of unfaithfu[redacted] the material point.

d of common mortals from whose life it No one can rightly appreciate or under- t without an earnest study of the medium nich it lives.

I cannot, however, here attempt to establish any positive ideas respecting the vocation of our epoch, or the doctrine of collective progress which appears to me to characterise it: perhaps I may one day take an occasion to trace the history of this doctrine, which, treated as it still is with neglect, reckons nevertheless amongst its followers men who bore the names of Dante, of Bacon, and of Leibnitz. At present I can only point out the existence of the contrary doctrine in the writings of Mr. Carlyle, and the consequences to which, in my opinion, it leads him.

It is evident that, of the two criteria of certainty, individual conscience and universal tradition, between which mankind has hitherto perpetually fluctuated, and the reconcilement of which appears to me to constitute the only means we possess of recognising truth, Mr. Carlyle adopts one alone— e first. He rejects, or at least wholly neglects, other. All his views are the logical conse- nces of this choice. Individuality being every- g, it must *unconsciously* reach Truth. The of God is heard in the intuition, in the in- s of the soul: to separate the *Ego* from every n external agency, and to offer it in native

purity to the breath of inspiration from
this is to prepare a temple to God. God
individual man—Mr. Carlyle sees no other
in the world.

But how can the solitary individual approach God, unless by transport, by enthusiasm, by the unpremeditated upward flight of the spirit, unshackled by method or calculation? Hence arises all Mr. Carlyle's antipathy to the labours of philosophy: they must appear to him like the labours of a Titan undertaken with the strength of a pigmy. Of what avail are the poor analytical and experimental faculties of the individual intellect in the solution of this immense and infinite problem? Hence, likewise, his bitter and often violent censure of all those who endeavour to transform the social state as it exists. Victory may indeed justify them, for victory Carlyle regards as the intervention of God by his decree, from which there is no appeal; but victory alone, for where is the man who can pretend to fore-calculate, to determine this decree? What avails it to fill the echoes with complaint, like Philoctetes? What avails it to contend convulsively in a hopeless struggle? What is, *is*. All our endeavours will not alter it before the time decreed; that time God alone determines. What is to happen will bring to pass; very probably by ways different means from those which we, feeble

ral creatures, may imagine. Point out the lmly, wisely; then resign yourself, trust, ait! There is a deep discouragement, a despair, at the bottom even of Mr. Carlyle's ost fervid pages. He seems to seek God rather as a refuge than as the source of right and of power: from his lips, at times so daring, we seem to hear every instant the cry of the Breton mariner —"My God, protect me! my bark is so small and thy ocean so vast!"

Now all this is partly true, and nevertheless it is all partly false: true, inasmuch as it is the legitimate consequence from Mr. Carlyle's starting-point; false from a higher and more comprehensive point of view. If we derive all our ideas of human affairs and labours from the notion of the individual, and see only in social life "the aggregate of all the individual men's lives"—in history only "the essence of innumerable biographies"* —if we always place *man*, singly, isolated, in presence of the universe and of God, we shall have full reason to hold the language of Mr. arlyle. If all philosophy be in fact, like that of ancient schools, merely a simple physiological dy of the individual,—an analysis, more or less plete, of his faculties,—of what use is it, but kind of intellectual gymnastics? If our rs be limited to such as each one of us may

* *Essays*—"Signs of the Times."

acquire by himself, between those moments
earthly career which we call birth and deat
may indeed be enough to attain the pow
guessing and of expressing a small fragmen
the truth: but who can hope to *realise* it here?

But if we start from the point of view of the collective existence, of Humanity, and regard social life as the continued development of an idea by the life of all its individuals,—if we regard history as the record of this continuous development in time and space through the works of individuals; if we believe in the *copartnery* and mutual responsibility of generations, never losing sight of the fact that the life of the individual is *his* development in a medium fashioned by the labours of all the individuals who have preceded him, and that the powers of the individual are *his* powers grafted upon those of all foregoing humanity,—our conception of life will change. Philosophy will appear to us as the science of the Law of life, as "the soul" (Mr. Carlyle himself once uses this expression in contradiction to the general spirit of his works), "of which religion worship is the body." The sorrowful outc against the actual generation raised by gen from Byron down to George Sand, and so l unregarded or condemned, will be felt to be, it is in truth, the registered, efficacious prot the spirit, tormented by presentiments o

gainst a present corrupted and decayed; shall learn that it is not only our right r duty, to incarnate our thought in action. it matters little that *our* individual powers be of the smallest amount in relation to the object to be attained; it matters little that the result of *our* action be lost in a distance which is beyond our calculation: we know that the powers of millions of men, our brethren, will succeed to the work after us, in the same track,—we know that the object attained, be it when it may, will be the result of *all* our efforts combined.

The object—an object to be pursued collectively, an ideal to be realised as far as possible here below by the association of all our faculties and all our powers—"operatio humanæ universitatis," as Dante says in a work little known, or misunderstood, in which, five centuries ago, he laid down many of the principles upon which we are labouring at the present day—"ad quam ipsa universitas hominum in tantâ multitudine ordinatur, ad quam quidem operationem nec homo unus, nec domus una, nec vicinia, nec una civitas, nec regnum particulare, pertingere potest;"*—this alone gives value and method to the life and acts of the individual.

Mr. Carlyle seems to me almost always to forget this. Being thus without a sound criterion

* *De Monarchia.*

whereby to estimate individual acts, he [illegible] pelled to value them rather by the power [illegible] has been expended upon them, by the energy [illegible] perseverance which they betray, than by the nature of the object toward which they are directed, and their relation to that object. Hence arises that kind of indifference which makes him, I will not say esteem, but love equally men whose whole life has been spent in pursuing contrary objects,—Johnson and Cromwell for example. Hence that spirit of fatalism (to call things by their right names) which remotely pervades his work on the French Revolution, which makes him so greatly admire every manifestation of power or daring, under whatever form displayed, and so often hail, at the risk of becoming an advocate of despotism, might as the token of right. He desires undoubtedly *the good* everywhere and always; but he desires it, from whatever quarter it may come—from above or from below,—imposed by power, or proclaimed by the free and spontaneous impulse of the multitude; and he forgets that the *good* is above all a moral question; that there is no true good apart from the consciousness of good; that it exists only where it is *achieved*, not *obtained* by man; he forgets that we are not machines from which as much work as possible is to be extracted, but free agents, called to stand or fall by our works!

[redacted]ory of the *unconsciousness* of genius, the germ [redacted]ich appears in the *Life of Schiller*, and is [redacted]y defined in his essay "Characteristics," although at first view it may indeed appear to acknowledge human spontaneity, yet does in fact involve its oblivion, and sacrifices, in its application, the social object to an individual point of view.

Genius is not, generally speaking, unconscious of what it experiences or of what it is capable. It is not the suspended harp which sounds (as the statue of Memnon in the desert sounds in the sun) at the changing unforeseen breath of wind that sweeps across its strings: it is the conscious power of the soul of a man, rising from amidst his fellow-men, believing and calling himself a son of God, an apostle of eternal truth and beauty upon the earth, the privileged worshipper of an ideal as yet concealed from the majority: he is almost always sufficiently tormented by his contemporaries to need the consolation of this faith in himself, and this communion in spirit with the generations to come.

Cæsar, Christopher Columbus, were not unconscious: Dante, when, at the opening of the twenty-fifth chapter of the *Paradiso*, he hurled at his enemies that sublime menace which commentators without heart and without head have mistaken for a cry of supplication,—Kepler, when

he wrote, "My book will await its reader: I God waited six thousand years before He c a man to contemplate His works?"*—Shaks himself, when he wrote—

> "And nothing stands . . .
> And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand"†

—these men were not unconscious: but even had they been so, even were genius always unconscious, the question lies not there. It is not the consciousness of his own genius that is important to a man, but of that which he proposes to do: it is the consciousness of the object, and not that of the means, which I assert to be indispensable, whenever man has any great thing to accomplish. *This* consciousness pervaded all the great men who have embodied their thought,—the artists of the middle ages who have transferred to stone the aspiration of their souls towards heaven, and have bequeathed to us Christian cathedrals without even graving their names on a corner-stone.

What then becomes of the anathema hurled by Mr. Carlyle at philosophy? What becomes of the sentence passed with so much bitterness against the restless complaints of contemporary writers? What is philosophy but the science of aims? And is that which he calls the disease of

* *Harmonices Mundi*, libri quinque.

† *Sonnets*, 60. See also *Sonnets*, 17, 18, 55, 63, 81, etc.

[redacted]s, at the bottom aught else than the [redacted]usness of a new object, not yet attained? [redacted]w there are many men who pretend, without [redacted]ght and without reality, that they already possess a complete knowledge of the means. Is it this that he attacks? If so, let him attack the premature cry of triumph, the pride, not the plaint. This is but the sign of suffering, and a stimulus to research: as such it is doubly sacred.

Doubly sacred, I say—and to murmur at the plaint is both unjust and vain; vain—for whatever we may do, the words, "*the whole creation groaneth,*" of the apostle whom I love to quote, will be verified the most forcibly in the choicest intellects, whensoever an entire order of things and ideas shall be exhausted; whensoever, in Mr. Carlyle's phrase, there shall exist no longer any social faith:—unjust, for while on one side it attacks those who suffer the most, on the other it would suppress that which is the symptom of the evil, and prevent attention being awakened to it.

Suffer in silence, do you say? No, cry aloud upon the housetops, sound the tocsin, raise the alarm at all risks, for it is not alone your house that is on fire, but that of your neighbour, that of every one. Silence is frequently a duty when suffering is only personal; but it is an error and a fault when the suffering is that of millions. Can

we possibly imagine that this complai[illegible] expression of unrest and discontent which present day bursts out on every side, is on[illegible] effect of the personal illusions of a few egoistical writers? Do we imagine that there can be any pleasure in parading one's own real suffering before the public? It is more pleasant to cause smiles than tears in those around us. But there are times in which every oracle utters words of ill omen; when the heavens are veiled, and evil is everywhere: how should it not be so in the heart of those whose life vibrates most responsively to the pulse of the universal life? What! after proving the evil that surrounds us every instant in our pages, after showing society hastening through moral anarchy and the absence of all belief towards its dissolution, can we expect the features to remain calm? are we astonished if the voice trembles, if the soul shudders? The human mind is disquieted; it questions itself, listens to itself, studies itself: this is evidently not its normal state. Be it so; but what is to be done? must we abolish thought—deny the intellect the right, the duty, of studying itself, when it is sick? This is indeed the tendency of the essay on "Characteristics," one of Mr. Carlyle's most remarkable works. The first part is truly admirable: the evil existing and the principal symptoms are perfectly described; but the conclusion is most lame and impotent. It ends by

[redacted]anding us to suppress (*how*, is not indicated) [redacted]disquietude, or what he terms the "self-[redacted]ence," the "self-survey," the consciousness. [redacted]ould it not be better to endeavour to suppress the malady which produces it?

"Do we not already know"—he says in this same essay—"that the name of the infinite is GOOD, is GOD? Here on earth we are as soldiers, fighting in a foreign land, that understand not the plan of the campaign, and have no need to understand it; seeing well what is at our hand to be done. Let us do it like soldiers, with submission, with courage, with a heroic joy. 'Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.' Behind us, behind each one of us, lie six thousand years of human effort, human conquest: before us is the boundless Time, with its as yet uncreated and unconquered continents and Eldorados, which we, even we, have to conquer, to create; and from the bosom of Eternity shine for us celestial guiding-stars."

I have quoted this passage, because, approaching as it does near to the truth in the last lines, and contradicting them (in my opinion) in the first, it appears to me to include in essence all the certainties and uncertainties, the "everlasting Yea" and the "everlasting No" of Mr. Carlyle. GOD and DUTY—these are in fact the two sacred words which mankind has in all critical periods repeated,

and which at the present day still contai[redacted] means of salvation. But we must know in [redacted] manner these words are understood.

We all seek God; but where, how, with wha[redacted] aim? This is the question. Seek Him, Mr. Carlyle will say, in the starry firmament, on the wide ocean, in the calm and noble aspect of an heroic man; above all, in the words of genius and in the depths of your heart, purified from all egoistic passions. God is everywhere: learn to find Him. You are surrounded by His miracles: you swim in the Infinite: the Infinite is also within you. BELIEVE—you will be better men; you will be what man should be.

True indeed—but how create belief? This, again, is the question. In all periods of the history of mankind there have been inspired men who have appealed to every generous, great, divine emotion in the human heart, against material appetites and selfish instincts. These men have been listened to; mankind has *believed:* it has, during several centuries, done great and good things in the name of its creeds. Then it has stopped, and ceased to act in harmony with them. Why so? Was the thing it had believed, false? No, it was incomplete: like all human things, it was a fragment of the absolute Truth, overladen with many mere *realities* belonging to time and place, and destined to disappear after having borne their fruit, so soon as the human

[redacted]ence should be ripe for a higher initia-

[redacted]hen this period arrives, all mere isolated exhortation to faith is useless. What is preached may be eminently sage and moral; it may have, here and there, the authority of an individual system of philosophy, but it will never compel belief. It may meet with a sterile theoretic approbation, but it will not command the practice, it will not dictate the action, it will not gain that mastery over the *life* of men which will regulate all its manifestations. If the contrary were true, there is no religion that could not maintain the harmony of the terrestrial world, by the morality which is either developed or involved in it. But there are times in which all individual efforts are paralysed by the general apathy, until (by the development of new relations between men, or by calling into action an element hitherto suppressed) we alter the starting-point of social energy, and vigorously arouse the torpid intellect of the multitudes.

We all seek God; but we know that here below we can neither attain unto Him, nor comprehend Him, nor contemplate Him: the absorption into God of the Brahminical religions, of Plato, and of some modern ascetics, is an illusion that cannot be realised. Our aim is to approach God: this we can do by our works alone. To incarnate, as far as possible, His Word; to translate, to

realise His Thought, is our charge here below; it is not by contemplating His works that we fulfil our mission upon earth; it is by devoting ourselves to our share in the evolution of His work, without interruption, without end. The earth and man touch at all points on the infinite: this we know well, but is it enough to know this? have we not to march onwards, to advance into this infinite? But can the individual finite creature of a day do this, if he relies only upon his own powers? It is precisely from having found themselves for an instant face to face with infinity, without calculating upon other faculties, upon other powers, than their own, that some of the greatest intellects of the day have been led astray into scepticism or misanthropy. Not identifying themselves sufficiently with Humanity, and startled at the disproportion between the object and the means, they have ended by seeing naught but death and annihilation on every side, and have no longer had courage for the conflict. The ideal has appeared to them like a tremendous irony.

In truth, human life, regarded from a merely individual point of view, is deeply sad. Glory, power, grandeur, all perish,—playthings of a day, broken at night. The mothers who loved us, whom we love, are snatched away; friendships die, and we survive them. The phantom of death watches by the pillow of those dear to us: the strongest

and purest love would be the bitterest irony, were it not a promise for the future; and this promise itself is but imperfectly felt by us, such as we are at the present day. The intellectual adoration of truth, without hope of realisation, is sterile: there is a larger void in our souls, a yearning for more truth than we can realise during our short terrestrial existence. Break the bond of continuity between ourselves and the generations which have preceded and will follow us upon the earth, and what then is the devotion to noble ideas but a sublime folly? Annihilate the connecting-link between all human lives; efface the infallibility involved in the idea of progression, of collective mankind, and what is martyrdom but a suicide without an object? Who would sacrifice—not his life, for that is little—but all the days of his life, his affections, the peace of those he loves, for the Fatherland, for human liberty, for the evolution of a great moral thought, when a few years, perhaps a few days, will suffice to destroy it? Sadness, unending sadness, discordance between the will and the power, disenchantment, discouragement,—such is human life, when looked at only from the individual point of view. A few rare intellects escape the common law and attain calmness; but it is the calm of inaction, of contemplation; and contemplation here on earth is the selfishness of genius.

I repeat, that Mr. Carlyle has instinctively all

the presentiments of the new epoch; but following the teachings of his intellect rather than his heart, and rejecting the idea of the collective life, it is absolutely impossible for him to find the means of their realisation. A perpetual antagonism prevails throughout all that he does; his instincts drive him to action, his theory to contemplation. Faith and discouragement alternate in his works, as they must in his soul. He weaves and unweaves his web, like Penelope: he preaches by turns life and nothingness: he wearies out the powers of his readers, by continually carrying them from heaven to hell, from hell to heaven. Ardent, and almost menacing, upon the ground of ideas, he becomes timid and sceptical as soon as he is engaged on that of their application. I may agree with him with respect to the aim—I cannot respecting the means; he rejects them all, but he proposes no others. He desires progress, but shows hostility to all who strive to progress: he foresees, he announces as inevitable, great changes or revolutions in the religious, social, political order; but it is on condition that the revolutionists take no part in them: he has written many admirable pages on Knox and Cromwell, but the chances are that he would have written as admirably, although less truly, against them, had he lived at the commencement of their struggles.

Give him the past—give him a power, an

idea, something which has triumphed and borne its fruits—so that, placed thus at a distance, he can examine and, comprehend it from every point of view, calmly, at his ease, without fear of being troubled by it, or drawn into the sphere of its action—and he will see in it all that there is to see, more than others are able to see. Bring the object near to him, and as with Dante's souls in the *Inferno*, his vision, his faculty of penetration, is clouded. If his judgment respecting the French Revolution be in my opinion very incomplete, the reason is, that the event is yet unconcluded, and that it appears to him living and disturbing. The past has everything to expect from him,—the present, nothing—not even common [illegible]stice. Have patience, he says, to those who com[illegible]ain; all will come to pass, but not in your way: [illegible]od will provide the means. But through whom [illegible]en will God provide means upon earth, unless [illegible]y us? are we not His agents here below? Our [illegible]estinies are within us: to understand them, we [illegible]eed intellect—to accomplish them, power. And [illegible]hy does Mr. Carlyle assign us the first without [illegible]e second? Wherefore does he speak to us at [illegible]nes in such beautiful passages of hope and [illegible]h, of the divine principle that is within us, of [illegible] duty which calls us to act, and the next in[illegible]t smile with pity upon all that we attempt,—and

point out to us the night, the vast night of extinction, swallowing up all our efforts?

There is, in my opinion, something very incomplete, very narrow, in the kind of contempt which Mr. Carlyle exhibits, whenever he meets in his path with anything that men have agreed to call political reform. The forms of government appear to him almost without meaning: such objects as the extension of suffrage, the guarantee of any kind of political right, are evidently in his eyes pitiful things, materialism more or less disguised. What he requires is that men should grow morally better, that the number of just men should increase: one wise man more in the world would be to him a fact of more importance than ten political revolutions. It would be so to m also, were I able to create him, as Wagner doe his Homunculus, by blowing on the furnaces,— the changes in the political order of things did n precisely constitute the very preliminary steps i dispensable to the creation of the just and wis man.

I know well enough that there are too man men who lose the remembrance of God in t symbol, who do not go beyond questions of for but contract a love for them, and end in a kind liberalism for liberalism's sake. I do not need enter my protest against this caprice, if the rea has paid attention to what I have already s

In my view the real problem which rules all political agitation is one of education. I believe in the progressive moral amelioration of man as the sole important object of all labour, as the sole strict duty which ought to direct us: the rest is only a question of means. But where the liberty of means does not exist, is not its attainment the first thing needful?

Take an enslaved country,—Italy for example,—there we find no education, no press, no public meetings; but censors, who, after having mutilated a literary journal for years, seeing that it still survives, suppress it altogether;*—archbishops, who preach against all kinds of popular instruction, and declare the establishment of infant schools to be immoral;†—princes who affix a stamp to all the books allowed to their subjects.‡ What can be done to ameliorate in such a country the moral and intellectual condition of the people?

Take a country of serfs,—Poland or Russia for example,—how can we set about the attempt to annihilate the odious distinctions only to be destroyed by a revolution?

Take a man, for instance, who labours hard from fourteen to sixteen hours a-day to obtain the

* The *Subalpino*, the *Letture Popolari*, in Piedmont; the *Antologia* at Florence, etc.

† The Archbishop of Turin, Franzoni, in a pastoral letter.

‡ The Duke of Modena.

bare necessaries of existence; he eats his bacon and potatoes (when indeed he can get them) in a place which might rather be called a den than a house; and then, worn out, lies down and sleeps; he is brutalised in a moral and physical point of view; he has not ideas but propensities,—not beliefs but instincts; he does not read,—he cannot read; he has not within his reach the least means of self-enlightenment, and his contact with the upper class is only the relation of a servant to a master, of a machine to the director of a machine. Of what use are books to such a being? How can you come at him, how kindle the divine spark which is torpid in his soul, how give the notion of life, of sacred life, to him who knows it only by the material labour that crushes him, and by the wages that abase him? Alas! this man's name is Million; he is met with on every side; he constitutes nearly three-fourths of the population of Europe. How will you give him more time and more energy to develope his faculties except by lessening the number of his hours of labour, and increasing his profits? How can you render his contact with the enlightened classes serviceable to him, except by altering the nature of his relations toward them? How, above all, will you raise this fallen soul, except by saying to him,—by telling him,—in *acts*, not in reasonings which he does not understand,—"Thou too art

man: the breath of God is in thee: thou art here below to develope thy being under all its aspects; thy body is a temple; thy immortal soul is the priest, which ought to do sacrifice and ministry for all?"

And what is this act, this token destined to raise him in his own eyes, to show to him that he has a mission upon earth, to give him the consciousness of his duties and his rights, except his initiation into citizenship—in other words, the suffrage? What is meant by "re-organising labour," but bringing back the dignity of labour? What is a new form, but the *case* or the symbol—of a new idea? We perhaps have had a glimpse of the ideal in all its purity—we feel ourselves capable of soaring into the invisible regions of the spirit. But are we, on this account, to isolate ourselves from the movement which is going on among our brethren beneath us? Must we be told, "You profane the sanctity of the idea," because the men into whom we seek to instil it are flesh and blood, and we are obliged to speak to their senses? Condemn all action, then; for action is only a form given to thought—its application, practice. "The end of man is an *action*, and not a *thought*." Mr. Carlyle himself repeats this in his *Sartor Resartus* (book ii., ch. 6), and yet the spirit which pervades his works seems to me too often of a nature to make his readers forget it.

It has been asked,* what is at the present day the Duty of which we have spoken so much? A complete reply would require a volume, but I may suggest it in a few words. Duty consists of that love of God and man which renders the life of the individual the representation and expression of *all* that he believes to be the truth, absolute or relative. Duty is progressive, as the evolution of the truth; it is modified and enlarges with the ages; it changes its manifestations according to the requirement of times and circumstances. There are times in which we must be able to die like Socrates; there are others, in which we must be able to struggle like Washington: one period claims the pen of the sage, another requires the sword of the hero. But ever, and everywhere, the source of this Duty is God and His law—its object, Humanity—its guarantee, the mutual responsibility of men—its measure, the intellect of the individual and the demands of the period—its limit, power.

Study the universal tradition of humanity, with all the faculties, with all the disinterestedness, with all the comprehensiveness of which God has made you capable; where you find the general permanent voice of humanity agreeing with the voice of your conscience, be sure that you hold in your grasp something of absolute truth—gained, and for ever

* Mr. Horne, in his Preface to Gregory VII.

yours. Study also with interest, attention, and comprehensiveness, the tradition of your epoch and of your nation—the idea, the want, which ferments within them: where you find that your conscience sympathises with the general aspiration, you are sure of possessing the relative truth. Your life must embody both these truths, must represent and communicate them, according to your intelligence and your means: you must be not only MAN, but a man of your age; you must act as well as speak: you must be able to die without being compelled to acknowledge, "I have known such a fraction of the truth, I could have done such a thing for its triumph, and I have not done it." Such is duty in its most general expression. As to its special application to our times, I have said enough on this point in that part of my article which establishes my difference from the views of Mr. Carlyle, to render its deduction easy. The question at the present day is the perfecting of the principle of association, a transformation of the medium in which mankind moves: duty therefore lies in a *collective* labour,—every one should measure his powers, and see what part of this labour falls to him. The greater the intellect and influence a man enjoys, the greater his responsibility; but assuredly contemplation cannot satisfy duty in any degree.

Mr. Carlyle's idea of duty is naturally different.

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Thinking only of individuality, calculating only the powers of the individual, he would rather restrict than enlarge its sphere. The rule which he adopts is that laid down by Goethe—"Do the duty which lies nearest thee." And this rule is good in as far as it is, like all other moral rules, susceptible of a wide interpretation,—bad, so far as, taken literally, and fallen into the hands of men whose tendencies to self-sacrifice are feeble, it may lead to the justification of selfishness, and cause that which at bottom should only be regarded as the wages of duty to be mistaken for duty itself. It is well known what use Goethe, the high-priest of the doctrine, made of this maxim, enshrining himself in what he called "Art;" and amidst a world in misery, putting away the question of Religion and politics as "a troubled element for Art," though a vital one for *man*, and giving himself up to the contemplation of forms, and the adoration of self.

There are at the present day but too many who imagine they have perfectly done their duty, because they are kind towards their friends, affectionate in their families, inoffensive toward the rest of the world. The maxim of Goethe and of Mr. Carlyle will always suit and serve such men, by transforming into duties the individual, domestic, or other affections—in other words, the consolations of life. Mr. Carlyle probably does not carry out his maxim in practice; but his principle leads to

this result, and cannot theoretically have any other. "Here on earth we are as soldiers," he says:—true, but "we understand nothing, nor do we require to understand anything of the plan of the campaign;" he adds,—what law, what sure object can we then have for action, excepting those to which our individual instincts lead us? Religion is the first of our wants, he will go on to say: but whilst I hold religion to be a belief and a worship in common; an ideal, the realisation of which mankind collectively must seek—a heaven, of which the earth must be rendered by our efforts the visible symbol—to him it is only a simple relation of the individual to God. It ought, therefore, according to my view, to preside over the development of collective life; according to his view, its only office is to pacify the troubled soul.

Does it at least lead to this? Is he (I speak of the writer, of whom alone I have a right to speak) calm? No, he is not: in this continual alternation between aspirations as of a Titan and powers necessarily very limited, between the feeling of life and that of nothingness, his powers are paralysed as well as those of his readers. At times there escape from his lips accents of distress, which, whatever he may do, he cannot remove from the minds of those who listen to him with attention and sympathy. What else is that incessant and discouraged yearning after rest, which, although he

has formally renounced the happiness of life, pervades all his works,—*Sartor Resartus* especially, —and which so constantly calls to our minds the words of Arnaud to Nicolle,—'N'avons-nous pas toute l'éternité pour nous reposer?"—"Let me rest here, for I am way-weary and life-weary; I will rest here, were it but to die; to die or to live is alike to me, alike insignificant. . . . Here, then, as I lay in that CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE . . . the heavy dreams rolled gradually away."* Alas! no, poor Teufelsdröck! there is no repose here on earth. It matters little if the limbs be bruised, the faculties exhausted. Life is a conflict and a march: the "heavy dreams" will return: we are still too low; the air is still too heavy around us for them to "roll away." Strength consists in advancing in the midst and in spite of them,—not in causing them to vanish. They will vanish higher up, when, after mounting a step upon the ladder, life shall expand in a purer medium: the flower, too, has its origin and germinates in the earth, to expand only in another element, in the air and sun of God. Meanwhile suffer and act; suffer for thyself, act for thy brethren, and with them. Speak not ill of science, of philosophy, of the spirit of inquiry; these are the implements which God has given us for our labour,—good or bad, according as they are employed for good or for evil. Tell

* *Sartor Resartus*, book ii. ch. 9.

us no longer that "life itself is a disease—knowledge, the symptom of derangement;" talk no more of a "first state of freedom and paradisiacal unconsciousness."* There is more of *what is called* Byronism in these few words than in the whole of Byron. Freedom and paradise are not behind, but before us. Not life itself, but the deviation from life, is disease: life is sacred; life is our aspiration toward the ideal,—our affections, engagements, which will one day be fulfilled, our virtues, a step toward greater. It is blasphemy to pronounce a word of contempt or anger against it.

The evil at the present day is, not that men assign too much value to life, but the reverse. Life has fallen in estimation, because, as at all periods of crisis and disorganisation, the chain is broken which in all forms of belief attaches it through humanity to heaven. It has fallen, because the consciousness of mutual human responsibility, which alone constitutes its dignity and strength, being lost together with all community of belief, its sphere of activity has become restricted, and it has been compelled to fall back upon material interests, minor passions, and petty aims. It has fallen, because it has been too much individualised; and the remedy lies in re-attaching life to heaven—in raising it again, in restoring to it the consciousness of its power and sanctity.

* *Essays*—"Characteristics."

The means consist in retempering the individual life through communion with the universal life; they consist in restoring to the individual that which I have from the outset called the feeling of *the collective*, in pointing out to him his place in the tradition of the species, in bringing him into communion, by love and by works, with all his fellow-men. By isolating ourselves, we have begun to feel ourselves feeble and little; we have begun to despise our own efforts and those of our brethren towards the attainment of the ideal; and we have in despair set ourselves to repeat and comment upon the "*Carpe diem*" of the heathen poet; we must make ourselves great and strong again by association; we must not discredit life, but make it holy. By persisting to search out the secret, the law of individuality in the individuality itself, man ends only in egoism, if he is evil-minded—in scepticism, in fatalism, or in contemplation, if he is virtuous. Mr. Carlyle, whatever he may himself think, fluctuates between these last three tendencies.

The function which Mr. Carlyle at present fulfils in England appears to me therefore important, but incomplete. Its level is perhaps not high enough for the demands of the age; nevertheless it is noble, and nearer to the object which I have pointed out than that perhaps of any other living writer. All that he combats is indeed really false, and

has never been combated more energetically; that which he teaches is not always true. His aspirations belong to the future—the temper and habits of his intelligence attach him to the past. My sympathies may claim the one half of the man,—the other half escapes me. All that I regard as important, he considers so also; all that I foresee, he foresees likewise. We only differ respecting the road to follow, the means to be adopted: we serve the same God, we separate only in the worship. Whilst I would dive into the midst of present things, in order to draw inspiration from them, while I would mingle with men in order to draw strength from them, he would retire to a distance and contemplate. I appeal perhaps more than he to tradition; he appeals more than I to individual conscience. My theory perhaps runs the risk of sacrificing something of the purity of the *idea* in the pursuit of the means; he runs the risk, without intending it, of deserting his brother-labourers.

Nevertheless, let each follow his own path. There will always be a field for the fraternity of noble spirits, even if they differ in their notion of the present life. Their outward manifestations may vary, but only like the radiations of light upon the earth. The ray assumes different colours, according to the different media through which it passes, according to the surface of the objects upon

which it falls; but wherever it falls, it warms and vivifies more or less visibly, and all the beams proceed from the same source. Like the sun, the fountain of terrestrial light, there is a common element in heaven for all human spirits which possess strong, firm, and disinterested convictions. In this sanctuary of the soul Mr. Carlyle will assuredly commune with all the chosen souls 'that adore God and truth, all who have learned to suffer without cursing, and to sacrifice themselves without despair.

I can but briefly refer to Mr. Carlyle's last work, recently published, entitled *Past and Present.* I have read it with attention, and with a desire to find cause to alter my opinions. I, however, find nothing to retract: on the contrary, the present work appears to me to confirm those opinions. *Past and Present* is a work of power, and will do incalculable good. No one will close its pages without having felt awakened in him thoughts and feelings which would perhaps have still slept long in his heart: yet should the reader desire to open it again, with a view to study how he may realise these sentiments and thoughts in the world, he will often, in the midst of eloquent pages, of fruitful truths expressed with an astonishing energy, meet with disappointment. *Past and Present* is, in my opinion, remarkable rather for the tendencies and aptitudes which it presents, than for the paths

which it points out. It is a step *towards* the future, not a step *in* the future. Will Mr. Carlyle take this step? I know not, but there is everything to hope.

ON THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

(First published in the *Monthly Chronicle.*)

. . . . . .

THE praise bestowed upon this book on its first appearance was, I believe, unanimous. Men of opinions the most diametrically opposed were united in their admiration of the writer, and so far as he was concerned, a truce was formed between the two camps into which society is divided in England as elsewhere.

This unusual concord was evidence alike of the merits and demerits of the book. It was a mark of homage rendered to the indisputable and potent genius of Thomas Carlyle, and of the general admiration felt for an artistic power and vigour of execution almost unrivalled in this country. But all who are aware how inexorable is party logic, must have understood, from this very unanimity of praise, that the book was regarded as dangerous by none, and that there was a general sense that admiration might be safely expressed, as it involved no risk of serious concession from any side.

Now is it possible that a book on such a subject as the French Revolution, thus accepted by all parties, can be a work of lasting usefulness, and in no way inferior to the exigencies of the times?

It is not possible.

The actual state of society—it is useless to deny it—is a state of war; of active irreconcilable war on every side and in all things; and at no period perhaps has the great struggle—as old as the world itself—between *fact* and Right, fatalism and Liberty, assumed a character so deep and universal as at present. To those who are capable of tracing the workings of a Prindple throughout all its diverse manifestations, this contest is evident in every branch of human development, from industry up to Religion. The Principle of Emancipation is everywhere at work. The French Revolution did not furnish its programme as has been generally supposed, nor was it even its highest and most mature expression; but it manifested and revealed it with the intensest energy in the political sphere, and diffused it over the whole of Europe.

In the French Revolution the spirit of Emancipation became incarnate in a single people, and [illegible] battle to its enemies. The struggle was long, [illegible] and destructive, fruitful of great deeds and [illegible] crimes, of Titanic fury and of vital [illegible]t.

Can any author remain neutral in the presence of two opposing banners in such a contest, without grave fault or error? How is it possible to avoid taking sides in a conflict between such mighty resentments and such mighty hopes? Yet how is an author to make choice of either side, without awakening the anger of those arrayed upon the other?

He was bound to remain impartial, you will say.

Undoubtedly, but is there no distinction between impartiality and indifference?

Impartiality neither excludes earnestness of conviction, nor choice between two adverse camps. It imposes the duty of neither concealing nor embellishing the faults which occasionally sully the banner of Right, as it does of recording every noble idea or inspiration arising among those ranged beneath the opposite standard.

But such a love of justice would be insufficient to conciliate for the historian the favour of the party he condemned: it might even embitter their anger against him, as against a judge whose sentence, free from all suspicion of partiality, was less open to appeal. Impartiality alone, therefore, will not absolve the historian of such a revolution from the blame or rancour of those whose fathers fought either for or against it, and who are themselves still struggling for or against its consequences.

There must be more than this, to win such tolerance, from both sides. To obtain it, the historian must, as it were, confine himself within a circle revolving around its own axis, and be content to reproduce the isolated *fact* detached from its position as a part of the general progress of the people, apart from its relative value, and without any distinctive sign indicating its rank and importance in the collective life of Humanity. Losing sight of all conception of the whole, in the analysis of a multitude of particular facts; forgetting the idea in the symbol, and the principle in its material expression, the historian must limit himself to the mere study of *Men*, where others would study the *Idea* for the triumph of which they were consciously or unconsciously labouring. He must regard as the offspring of individual impulse, deeds, which others recognise as having derived their source or inspiration from the wants and desires of the multitude, and set before us as the transitory effects of individual action, those results in which others acknowledge the necessary operation of a providential law, often directly opposed to the purposes and intentions of the actors. In short, in order to obtain such general acceptance, the historian must abstain not merely from tracing and developing, but even from admitting the existence of a collective law of life governing the human race, deny or overlook the unity of the divine idea in

course of gradual accomplishment on earth, and in fact (whether consciously or not) take sides with Materialism, by considering every fact as the offspring of accidental circumstance or chance, and destitute of all connecting link with the past or future of Humanity.

It is only when, by his adoption of this method, contending parties are convinced that the historian seeks to introduce no new elements into the contest by his narration of past facts, nor to present them as a presage of the future, but simply as things which may be modified or cancelled by individuals according to circumstances, that they are willing to allow him a few lukewarm expressions of favour even to their adversaries, and feel sufficiently secure to surrender themselves with pleasure to the brief influence exercised by his art.

By this method, however, the sacred mission of the historian is at an end, and in its place we have but the brilliant ephemeral vocation of the artist. I use the term artist, not in the sense in which *I* understand it—as a priest of the universal life and prophet of a high social aim—but as the word is too generally understood at the present day, to describe a being alike the offspring and parent of transitory impressions, idolater of the form and image, whose soulless and fugitive creations, evoked by the power of phantasy alone, are destitute of all serious intent or purpose.

The writer who adopts this method is no longer—as a true comprehension of the wants of the age requires him to be—the depository and conservator for future ages of the law of which Humanity is the sole progressive interpreter; he has even lost the right conceded to the historian by the ancients, of sitting in judgment upon the facts he relates, *ne virtutes silcantur, utque pravis dixtis factisque ex posteritate et infamia metus sit.* For in virtue of what general *criterium* shall he point out *good* and *evil*, crime and virtue, in a past wherein he had no part or share? By renouncing the right of determining the status, worth, and collective mission of a nation and of Humanity, he has deprived himself of all law or rule of judgment save the dictates of his own individual conscience. Lost amid a multitude of different facts, and unable to calculate their relative value and importance, which depend upon and are derived from the series to which they belong; oscillating for ever between horror and admiration, discomfited by the rapid absorption of the forms that excite this horror or admiration into the same eternal night of nothingness, he does but derive bitterness and disquietude from a spectacle that should have brought its lesson of peace to his soul; a sense of impotence from that which should have inspired him with faith—fatalism and scepticism instead of hope and belief.

According to his natural bias or temperament, he will be more strongly moved to sympathy with things that rise or things that fall; his pages will assume the likeness of the elegy or hymn; he will accompany the car of the conqueror with applause, or weep with those who follow the victim to the tomb; he will build a triumphal arch to force, or raise an altar to pity.

Thiers, in his history of the French Revolution, chose the first course: Carlyle the second. Nor could it be otherwise. The first is dominated by egotism and appetite, while the heart of the other is a temple of all the noble and generous affections, revealed to us by everything he writes.

But the reader? Is not the result of each method equally defective as far as he is concerned? Does he not seek in history, and ought he not to derive from it, a lesson as to the means of destroying the causes of suffering, rather than a mere inducement to weep over it? Shall the life of past generations bequeath us no better legacy than an emotion of mournful pity? Is there no immortality on earth as well as in heaven? Do not the past generations live again in us through the lesson they have transmitted to us beyond the tomb? And is it not the special mission of the historian to penetrate and perpetuate this teaching? Is he not the executor of their last will, the angel of their second life here below? Is he not called

upon to immortalise it in that grand pantheon of Humanity to which each passing generation of mankind contributes a stone?

The true historian—Janus of art—wanders among the ruins of the past, with thoughts fixed on the future. His works determine the links of continuity between that which has been and that which is to be. His is a great and holy mission; can he accomplish it by merely teaching us to mourn?

Simply to set before us, incident by incident, fragment by fragment, an external view of the series of facts, the succession of crises through which extinct generations have passed; to drag poor, weak, individual man from time to time into the midst of that *ensemble;* to place him, as if for the mere purpose of crushing and overwhelming him, face to face with the profound *mysteries of time, the darkness without end, the enigma of existence;*—such are not the means by which the historian can rightly fulfil the task he has undertaken. There are in this world enigmata which man is doomed either to unravel or perish, and every historian as highly gifted by genius as Carlyle, is bound—careless of praise or blame—to play the part of Œdipus. If he does not attempt this, he tacitly confesses himself inferior to his task, and renounces all influence upon the companions of his pilgrimage here below. But

by attempting this, even if unsuccessful, he will yet have served Humanity; for even in the errors of powerful minds there is ever some fragment of the truth.

To embrace an entire subject in its complete spiritual unity, from an elevated point of view, indicated by the intellect and approved by conscience; to study it in its relation to universal tradition, in order to assign to it its fitting rank therein, and mark its degree upon the scale of social progress; to derive from these the true character and importance of every act, and estimate the morality of the agent; to reproduce material facts with exactitude and impartiality, yet in such wise as to guide the reader to their generating idea;—such is the office of the historian. But in order to fulfil this, a true conception of Humanity is required, and this conception Carlyle lacks.

It is the capital defect of the book.

Carlyle does not recognise in a people—nor, *à fortiori*, in Humanity—any collective life or collective aim. He recognises only individuals. For him, therefore, there is not, there cannot be, any providential law—in fact every law contemplates mankind as a whole—nor any intelligible chain of connection between cause and effect. He himself declares this in the second chapter of the third book, vol. ii., and in the second chapter of the

first book, vol. i., and elsewhere. What criterium of truth he substitutes for this, or whether indeed he substitutes any, I have been unable to discover —there are only a few lines, which I shall have occasion to quote, which give us any indication of his own feeling or belief—and this want gives rise to an inexpressible sense of obscurity, of something uncertain and nebulous, I might almost say anarchical, in the work. We rise from its perusal disturbed in mind, with a sense of delusion and discouragement, a disposition towards scepticism nearly approaching fatalism—for the one is but a consequence of the other—and the *What boots it?* of the fatalist, is only another form of the *What can we know about it?* of the sceptic.

The spirit of the *Walpurgis Nacht* breathes throughout these pages of Carlyle, inspired by an imagination full of true poetry and power, constantly stirred and excited by the perusal of the documents of the revolutionary period. The writer—I should say the poet—fascinated, passive, and absorbed by the various images that flitted in rapid succession across his brain, has stamped them upon his pages without judging or interpreting them, almost without pausing to gaze upon or to examine them, and as if in terror. The extinct heroes of his poem pass before our eyes as before his own, in *un' aria senza tempo tinta*, a phantasmagoric vision that well might shake the strongest

brain—a vision of gigantic spectres, sad or serene by turns, but all bearing the impress of an inexorable fatality. What task do they perform? what mission do they fulfil? The poet tells us not; he does but mourn over each in turn, to whatsoever race or order they belong. What did they accomplish? what goal did they seek? We know not. Devoured by Time, they pass one after the other across the blood-stained plain, to vanish, lost in night,—in the vast night of Goethe, the nameless and bottomless abyss. If any seem to linger, the voice of the poet bids them "*delay not: onward, onward, to meet thy fate.*"

When all have vanished, you rouse yourself from the whirling vortex, like one awaking from nightmare; you look around, as if for some vestige of those fleeting images, seeking if they have left aught behind to suggest some explanation of the enigma. You see naught but the void: three words alone remain, as summary of the entire history—*Bastile, Constitution, Guillotine.*

This mournful trilogy is the summing up of the narration of the greatest event of modern times; and whilst it makes known to us the intellectual secret of the writer, who has only seized the material and external side of that event, does not it also reveal the secret of his soul—unknown it may be even to himself—and the penalty he has to pay for not having searched

deeper while yet able to do so? Terror and discouragement. The Constitution — the aim of every effort during that period—is placed between a prison and a scaffold: three epigraphs, taken from Goethe, accompany the three words he has chosen as titles for his three volumes; and the last concludes with a menace to all those who believe in the possibility of constituting themselves apostles of liberty.

A *Bastile*, a *Constitution*, and a *Guillotine*.

Is this indeed the whole significance of the French Revolution? Does this gigantic event teach us no other lesson? Has the historian no better counsel for the youth of Europe than the threatening *Versuchs* of Goethe?

No: it cannot be. Five-and-twenty millions of men do not rise up as one man, nor rouse one half of Europe at their call, for a mere word, an empty formula, a shadow. The Revolution, that is to say the tumult and fury of the Revolution, perished; the form perished, as all forms perish when their task is accomplished, but the *idea* of the Revolution survived. That idea, freed from every temporary envelope or disguise, now reigns for ever, a fixed star in the intellectual firmament; it is numbered among the conquests of Humanity.

Every great idea is immortal: the French Revolution rekindled the sense of *Right*, of liberty, and of equality in the human soul, never hence-

forth to be extinguished; it awakened France to the consciousness of the inviolability of her national life; and awakened in every people a perception of the power of collective will, and a conviction of ultimate victory, of which none can deprive them. It summed up and concluded (in the political sphere) one epoch of Humanity, and led us to the confines of the next.

These are results which will not pass away: they defy every protocol, constitutional treaty, or *veto* of despotic power.

Carlyle—if indeed he desired to help or serve us—ought to have made himself the promulgator of this truth. He did not do so; he did not even attempt it. Whether deceived by a false philosophic method, or led astray by the absence of all such method, he has but given us a series of pictures, admirably executed, but wanting a ruling idea, lacking all connection and definite purpose. His book is properly *Illustrations to the French Revolution*—illustrations designed by the hand of a master, but by one from whom we expected a greater and more fruitful work.

I am aware that this judgment of Carlyle is based upon ideas which are apt to bring upon those who hold them the name of dreamers, of believers in formulæ and systems. Nor am I troubled by such epithets. They have ever been bestowed upon the first supporters of new doc-

trines afterwards received and accepted as truth; and at the present day they who apply them do so to conceal their own always injurious, often culpable, indifference. But as I do not wish to be misunderstood, I shall ask the reader to allow me a few observations on this subject. I shall afterwards return to Carlyle.

II.

In consequence of the habit, of which I spoke at the commencement, of confounding two things essentially distinct—impartiality and indifference—we have adopted a mode of viewing the mission of history, which, were it generally to obtain, would end by transforming the historian into a mere chronicler of facts, having naught of the *Man* left but two eyes and a right hand. In order to satisfy this notion of his duties, the historian, albeit assuming to record the *life* of the past, must cease to be a thinker; he must carefully abstain from all belief—that is to say, from all *criterium* of judgment between good and evil, between the useful and the hurtful or useless. He must avoid all intelligent study of the laws which generate the phenomena he observes, and while still repeating the old phrases—*History is enlightened experience, the study of the Past is the school of the Future*, etc.—must profess not to comprehend the facts he narrates.

The office of the historian, so understood, dwindles into that of a collector of mummies, or guardian of inorganic, unclassified bodies. But even that which is required from those who occupy themselves with the study of inorganic bodies, is forbidden by this theory to those who have assumed the duty of preserving for us the tradition of Humanity. That tradition is thus left a prey to anarchy and confusion, and the historian, exiled from the moral world, sinks into the mere annalist: true history is destroyed; chronicles alone remain.

Fortunately our writers generally rebel against this narrow doctrine. The historian is, before all things, a man; gifted with nerves, muscles, blood, and the heart's life. He does in fact both love, hate, and think; and, whether well or ill, he does write in accordance with these sentiments. He is influenced by a theory of some kind, even when he declares himself to have none: he may proclaim himself emancipated from all systems, but he does, in fact, only condemn the systems of others, while he retains one of his own; he would not be a man if he did not. This is as true of Gibbon as it is of Botta; of Hume as of Michelet. I would undertake to declare the personal feelings of any writer, after reading twenty pages of his history.

How indeed is it possible for any writer to narrate any fact without having previously determined its value and importance in his own mind?

and how can he determine these, unless he previously possess some theory of the moral laws by which human action is regulated? A narration, you say, is a picture in words; neither more nor less. Be it so; but even the painter who paints your portrait must place you in some attitude or costume, and will endeavour to select the attitude and costume most characteristic of the predominant disposition of your mind. And the facts he is about to relate ought to present themselves in a definite manner before the mind of the writer, whose aim it should be to place himself in a definite point of view, from which he feels he can most completely grasp their true aspect. The historian must necessarily have some theory of arrangement, perspective, and expression, from which, logically, he will be guided to a theory of *causes*. The cause of every fact is an essential part of that fact, and determines its ruling characteristics. What is a fact, but the effort of *a cause* seeking to create or influence the future?

Is not the historian, to a certain extent, *compelled* to proceed from the theory of causes to that of purposes or *aims?* Can any cause of action exist without generating action? Does not all action necessarily suppose an aim to be reached? Is not the attempt to reach this aim alike the cause and the secret of the development of a *fact?* How then can a fact be rightly viewed and narrated,

otherwise than from an eminence dominating alike the cause, the fact, and the aim?

The cause and the aim are the two extreme points or limits between which the action of every historic work must be comprised. They are the two elements, the right determination of which constitutes the law. It is therefore absolutely necessary that the historian should comprehend the law governing the fact, before he can present it to us in its true light; necessary that he should understand the law of the generation of facts before he can arrange them in their true order for the reader.

I do not mean to say that the historian is bound to expound to us his philosophy of history, but I do mean that he is bound to possess one for his own guidance, and that every history should contain and exemplify the general outlines of that philosophy, just as every number contains its own root.

Every fact is the expression of a *Thought.* Even as no true representation of *Man* can be given by the mere body deprived of its vital spark, so no true representation of a fact can be given by one who overlooks the thought which was its life and soul.

Not all men agree to and accept these ideas when thus expressed; but in practice they are accepted by all. All practically admit—whether

confessedly or no—that no fact can be well represented or understood when viewed in isolation, and that the determination of its rank, and the relation it bears in time and space to the facts by which it was preceded and followed, are inseparable from its true representation; that the historian should view it from an eminence dominating the whole chain of facts with which it is connected; that the law by which facts are governed can alone explain them as a whole; that the law of the individual can only be determined from the species, and that therefore the historian must of necessity have a conception of the laws governing the life of Humanity.

It is therefore of little import that some give these truths the name of formulæ, theories, or systems.

Our researches after a true conception of the laws governing the collective life of Humanity have given rise to two philosophical schools, around which are rallied the infinite secondary varieties represented by individual intellect. These two schools are at open warfare at the present day, and the victory of the one or the other will determine the direction to be taken by human activity in the dawning epoch.

The first school, which has been characterised in our own times as the *Circular Movement School*, is in fact most aptly represented by the

ancient symbol of the serpent biting its own tail. For all those holding the doctrines of this school, collective life, organised progress, and the unity of human aim, are things having no existence. They only recognise a *genus humanum*, a multitude of individuals, urged by wants and desires more or less uniform, to gather together in groups, for the better satisfaction of those wants and desires. Whenever local circumstances and community of language and customs induce in those nuclei a cohesion more complete, a Nation is formed. Each of these nations is under the influence of the law of circular movement, causing it to pass through various stages: from monarchy to aristocracy; from aristocracy to democracy; from democracy to anarchy; from anarchy to despotism, and so on, for ever retracing the same circle.

This law of circular movement is not—in the opinion of the majority of the school at least—the consequence of any preordained design of God (their theory only recognises the God of the individual), but results solely and inevitably from the development of human passions and tendencies in reciprocal contact, and necessarily generating a series of facts. The same human passions and tendencies determine the greater or less duration of the various periods, as well as the general character of the social facts constituting the life of each Nation.

Such, more or less openly avowed, is the formula of this school. Its true source, in spite of every attempt to ascribe to it a different origin, is *Fatalism.* Amid all the vicissitudes of a world agitated by a thousand different aims, impulses, and affections, and unsustained by the consciousness of a providential law of life to regulate individual action, Man, according to the adepts of this school, is abandoned almost without defence to the instincts of appetite, of interest, of everything fatal on earth; the destined victim of circumstances fortuitous and unforeseen, although invariably uniform in result.

Of what avail then his endeavours? Can he recognise any lasting effect from his labour? No; the eternal flux and reflux inexorably swallows up every idea, belief, courage, or sacrifice. The Infinite assumes the form of annihilation as far as man is concerned; and naught is left for him but the adoration of a fleeting happiness, the enjoyment of the present in every possible form if he be an egotist, or, if he be not such, the bitter inertia of impotence, the materialism of despair.

To this alternative is the school logically reduced; and according to the good or evil disposition of the individuals of which it is composed, it is in fact divided into two fractions; at times the servile flatterer of the powers of the day, at times mourning over the destiny of the powers of the

past, its language is always full of sadness, as if its every conceit or symbol were prophetic of death. One might fancy its mission similar to that of the slave who followed the car of the conqueror in the triumphs of the ancients, to remind him: *Thy triumph does but bring thee one step nearer to thy fall.*

"The followers of this school regard every act of enthusiasm with a sort of gloomy pity, and view with the smile of scepticism every act of devotion to an idea. They are suspicious of all general propositions, and delight in details and trifling incidents, as if seeking diversion or amusement. They occupy themselves with analysis, as if desirous of accustoming themselves to the idea of dissolution and of that nothingness which is in their eyes the sum of all the noblest human works. The school boasts many distinguished writers; from Macchiavelli down to the end of the eighteenth century, all modern historians may be numbered in its ranks. Ancient historians belonged to this school, but forgetfulness of Collective Humanity was not in them the result of an intellectual choice; it was a necessary result of ignorance.

The other school, of recent date, though anticipated by the grand prevision of certain thinkers in the 17th, 16th, and even 12th centuries, is now known as the School of Progressive Movement, though destined probably to bear a different title at

a future day. It dates its origin from a new conception of Humanity, and a belief in a providential law of progress and perfectibility, not *infinite*, but *indefinite*, ruling over our human destiny. It deduces that belief from the tendency to association innate in man; from the unity of origin of the human race; from its ceaseless continuity and preservation; from the successive amplification and amelioration of social creeds; from the identity of human goal, and the necessity of concentrating the whole sum of human forces to its achievement; from the unity of God and of His nature, so far as it has been vouchsafed to us to discover it; from the necessity of a certain relation and resemblance between the Creator and the created; from the instinct and necessity, which, as if it were a law of existence, urges every living being to the fuller development of all the germs, the faculties, the forces, the *life* within it; from tradition, which proves to us that the truths achieved by one generation become the indestructible possession of those that succeed it; from that aspiration, common to all of us, which has laid the foundation of all forms of religion, and made known to individuals the *duty* of self-sacrifice for aims impossible of realisation within the limits of earthly existence.

All these synthetic ideas have been confirmed by the study of the past, by the tradition of Humanity. The followers of this school study all

things with a view to discover their mission, function, and scope in relation to the collective human being. They view the various peoples as workmen, so to speak, in the great workshop of Humanity; as instruments of labour, which, even though they may decay or vanish when their task is done, yet leave behind results fruitful to the entire species. This theory affords a *criterium* of judgment by which to determine the character of all events in time and space, to place the actions of individuals in a true and useful light, and to dispense praise or blame according to motives.

The reproach of *Fatalism* which I have brought against the opposite school has been brought against this, but without just reason. Its accusers confound two things completely distinct: the *intention* of the agent and the results of the act.

The school regards individuality and human liberty as sacred; but the acts of the individual cannot alter the providential law, nor long retard the progressive movement of Humanity. The individual has the power of choice between good and evil, and is personally liable to the consequences of that choice; but he cannot achieve the prolonged triumph of Evil in the world. God's law modifies the results of human action, and turns to the profit of Humanity even the crimes and errors of the wicked or mistaken.

From these different doctrines result different

habits of thought, method, and style in the two schools. The last keeps record of evil without failing to recognise the good beyond; it often laments, but never despairs; nor, whatever be the subject treated, do the works of this school instil scepticism into the mind of the reader. It would be more likely to err on the side of an exaggeration of faith. General ideas are welcome to it, as is shown by its method of organisation and arrangement in the narration of facts, so as to bring clearly into view their ruling and generating *idea*.

There are many honoured names among the followers of this school; it has continually increased in power and influence since the beginning of the century, and at the present day nearly all the highest intellects of France and Germany accept its teachings.

In other countries it has been charged with being the *School of Hypotheses*. If they who bring the charge were to remember that all the greatest discoveries of the human intellect in the various sciences have originated in hypotheses, afterwards verified by study; how this hypothesis of the life and progress of Humanity may be traced up to Dante, and illumines the page of Bacon, and how fruitful it already is of life and movement among almost all the populations of Europe at the present day;—they might perhaps be less hasty in condemnation. The existence, and the con-

stantly-increasing power and influence of the school, is, at any rate, a general and important *fact*, worthy of deep and earnest study; the more so as the question involved is one not merely intellectual, but moral in its direct bearing and consequences.

If it be true—as I believe—that the sphere of duty is enlarged in direct proportion to the intellectual capacity, it is clear that the solution of the question will give rise to a new definition of the sphere, activity, and direction of our duties in the actual Epoch.

III.

To return, however, to Carlyle. The results of the doctrines of the two schools are unmistakeably evident in his present work.

Although the noble heart and powerful intellect of the writer instinctively urge him upon a better path, I am compelled, by the general tendency of the work, to class him among the followers of the *Circular Movement School.* And there is one passage in his book (vol. i. lib. 4, chap. 4), where, in speaking of the *States General* of France, he gives us its explicit formula.

"It is the baptism-day of Democracy—the extreme-unction day of Federalism! A superannuated system of society, decrepit with toils (for has it not done much?), produced *you*, and what

you have and know; and with thefts and brawls, named glorious victories, and with profligacies, sensualities, and on the whole with dotage and senility, is now to die: and so, with death-throes and birth-throes, a new one is to be born. What a work! O earth and heavens, what a work! Battles and bloodshed, September massacres, bridges of Lodi, retreats of Moscow, Waterloos, Peterloos, ten-pound franchises, tar-barrels and guillotines! and from this present date, if one might prophesy, some two centuries of it still to fight! Two centuries; hardly less: before Democracy go through its due, most baleful stages of *Quackocracy;* and a pestilential world be burnt up and have begun to grow green and young again!"

Compare this passage with the other (lib. 2, chap. 3).

"So, in this world of ours . . . must innovation and conservation wage their perpetual conflict as they may and can. Wherein the 'dæmonic element' that lurks in all human things *may* doubtless, some once in the thousand years, get vent!" And with many others scattered through the volumes. Compare it especially with the ironical tone adopted by the writer whenever the word *perfectibility*, or phrases belonging to the *Progressive* school, flow from his pen; and no doubt will remain to which of the two Carlyle himself inclines. His book displays the same contempt for every

theory of *causes;* the same habit of deriving great events from fortuitous incidents; the same compassion for every effort made to reduce the soul's ideal into practice.

And now observe the results. By rejecting or neglecting the significance of his subject in its relation to the history of the world, Carlyle has lost sight of the true significance of each separate fact in its relation to his own subject. By refusing or avoiding to determine the Humanitarian aim of the French Revolution, he has lost the only rule or indication by which he might have been guided in the selection of his facts. Rejecting all belief in a providential law by which the individual is linked—through Humanity—to God, he has lost sight of the true greatness of the human race; he stands between the individual and the Infinite without hope or guide: the immensity of the contrast drives him in contemplation of the first to pity, in contemplation of the second to terror. This method leads him to give all that importance to the *external impression* that he has withdrawn from the idea; he allows himself to become passive, and transmits to the reader the image or reflection of each event, as it impressed his *senses;* no more.

What were the causes of the Revolution? why did it burst upon us and convulse the world? why did it assume so profoundly European a character? what was the mission of the Constituent Assembly?

how and to what extent did it fulfil that mission? did the first inspiration and initiative spring from the people to the Bourgeoisie, or from the Bourgeoisie to the people? were its earliest efforts directed to the elevation of the democratic element to power, or of a limited aristocracy? were not the tremendous crises of its later years the result of the choice then made? and when the war burst forth—the war of all the European powers leagued against a single people—what were the causes that determined the triumph of France? through what nucleus or party, in the name of what or whom, was the triumph achieved? what was the mission of the Convention? what was the true significance of the mortal struggle between the Girondins and the Montagne? what gave rise to the reign of terror of 1793? could it have been prevented, and how?

To none of these questions, which crowd upon the mind of all who read and reflect upon the history of that period, does Carlyle's work attempt an answer. Nor in asking them do I demand a complete philosophy of history, but I maintain that a history of that time should at least offer the reader the elements of an answer to these questions. Now the book neither gives you a summary of the resolutions passed by the classes called upon to compose the States General, nor of the legislative acts and institutions founded by the

various assemblies, nor any indication of the meaning of the questions which divided the various parties composing the Convention. And why indeed should there be such? keeping in view the unfortunate system which prevails over the writer's mind, why should he ascribe more importance to such things as these than to a hundred others which may or may not form a subject for his history? In the name of what principle among those he accepts shall we reproach him for these omissions? shall it be in the name of the vitality that still endures in many of those elements? Carlyle does not admit any continuity of life: he sees only a series of realities, each of which is cancelled by or cancels the other in turn. In the name of the lessons taught by the study of these events to future generations? No: to him the science of Humanity, as founded upon the tradition of ages, appears almost always an illusion; power belongs solely to irreflective spontaneity, to those whom he calls men of *instinct* and *intuition*, and still more to accidental circumstances, and whenever such circumstances happen to be reproduced the same results will follow.

We have no right to be surprised therefore if the same man who has given us such splendid inimitable pages as the descriptions of the 14th July, the 10th August, and the nights of September, has given us naught beyond: it was not in

his power. How could he attribute any importance to the study of causes? has he not said (vol. ii. book 3, chap. 6) that one other year of life for Mirabeau—one other year, during which, having sold himself to the court, he would no longer have directed, but sought to repress the revolutionary movement—*would have changed the history of France and of the world?* Does he not again (book 4, chap. 4) say that if Louis XVI. had shown greater firmness when his flight was discovered, and succeeded in passing the frontier, the history of France would have been diverted into a contrary channel? Yes: in his eyes, such things as the conquest of right and truth, the life of a people, the destinies of a world, depend upon the few days' longer life of a faithless man, or the momentary firmness of a fugitive king.

Let us then destroy both books and pens, for if this be so, this life and this earth are but the sport of chance. Ah! gladly do I turn aside to listen to the voice of old Homer declaring to us, from his throne of two thousand years' standing, that *the gods permitted the ruin of Ilion and the death of many heroes, in order that Poetry might hand down her lessons for the benefit of the ages to come.*

It is sad—very sad in the case of a man of such singular power as Carlyle—to see the consequences of the absence of a fixed belief as to the

law, mission, and destiny of Humanity. Here is an earnest and virtuous man, one who both understands and practises the duty of self-sacrifice; whose heart is open to every holy emotion or noble affection, and who, nevertheless, is drawn on, without either desiring or perceiving it, by a system which he would repudiate were all its consequences laid bare before him, to instil scepticism or despair into the hearts of his readers. Here is a mind overflowing with poetry, rapid in conception, master of the art of giving form and substance to the infinite varieties and gradations of his thoughts, reduced to mutilate the subject it has selected, to waste those riches upon the insignificant symbol and outward form, and to descend from the high sphere of eternal truth in which its whole power might have been displayed, to that of an imperfect and fugitive *realism.*

The unity of the event he describes is formed, so to speak, of two parts, which may be called the body and the soul. The soul has remained hidden from the eyes of the writer, and consequently the mere body—great as is the power exerted to galvanise it into motion—still presents the aspect of a corpse. In that uprising of twenty-five millions of men, in spite of the registers of the States General—which, from the very outset, keep record of Institutions, Rights, Education, and the triumph of ideas—he sees nothing but the effects

of famine, the utterances of physical want. The fête of the Federation in 1790 is to him only a theatrical manifestation ; the thunder of the cannon which announced the unification of France to Europe—the echo of which, three years after, repulsed the foreigner from her frontier—is to him but meaningless and empty noise. In a revolution which even yet causes the soil of Europe to tremble beneath the footsteps of her masters, he sees naught but the denial of a gigantic lie, a mere work of destruction, a huge ruin. The positive side of the fact—the fulfilment, in the political sphere, of that which Christianity had fulfilled through the Reformation in the moral sphere, the elevation of the human *individual* to freedom, emancipation, and self-consciousness, in readiness for the approaching transfusion of the actual into the New Epoch, the first rays of which even now illumine the horizon—remains sealed to him. Like Goethe, his master, he has *contemplated*, not *felt* life.

IV.

I have frequently had occasion to name Goethe in the course of these pages. In fact the evil genius of Goethe hovers over the trilogy of Carlyle, and many times as I read I could fancy I saw the chilling glance and Mephistophelian smile of the man whose thoughts and interests were simply

scientific even in the field of Argonne; and upon whose ear the sound of the cannonade that opened the mighty war between Kings and Peoples struck merely—Carlyle himself repeats this—as a noise, "*curious enough, as if it were compounded of the humming of tops, the gurgling of water, and the whistle of birds.*"

To the influence of Goethe we may trace the tone of irony used in describing the struggles of a nation which was then combating for us all; as well as the satirical jokes introduced into the narrative of grave events, such as the night of the 4th August,* and in speaking of the members of the Constituent Assembly.† To the influence of Goethe we may ascribe the constant disposition to crush the human being by contrasting and comparing him with the Infinite, as if the true greatness of man did not consist precisely in his *consciousness* of the Infinite which surrounds him without impeding his *action;* as if the Eternity which is before and behind us were not also *within* us; as if from high above the earth we tread a voice did not reach us from time to time, bidding us: *On-*

* "A memorable night, this 4th of August: dignitaries, temporal and spiritual, peers, archbishops, parliament-presidents, each outdoing the other in patriotic devotedness, and successively to throw their (untenable) possessions on the altar of the fatherland. With louder and louder vivats—for indeed it is after dinner too—they abolish tithes, seignorial dues, gabelle," etc. (chap. 2).

† "In such manner labour the national deputies; perfecting their theory of irregular verbs," etc. (chap. 11).

*ward, in action, in faith, and in the consciousness of thy dignity. God has confided to thee a mission here below; has promised to elevate thee step by step toward Him.**

I do not fail to recognise the amount of good that must infallibly spring from Carlyle's work, and if I do not enlarge upon it here, it is simply owing to lack of space, and the duty of thinking first of what may be useful to others in my remarks, rather than of the pleasure I should myself feel in holding up its beauties to admiration. None think more highly of Carlyle's writings than I, and had I space to enumerate his merits at length, I should find subject for encomium in much that even his greatest admirers disapprove, and point out, as elements of new vitality and vigour in the language, certain semi-Saxon, semi-German modes of expression peculiarly his own, containing the germs of a renovation of style which will help to form that of many writers to follow after him. But it appears to me to be more useful now to point out the sad but inevitable

* In speaking thus of Goethe, I am influenced by no spirit of reaction, but by a profound conviction, that neither from the principles nor sentiments of that great genius—perhaps the greatest of the epoch now closed—can we derive inspiration to lead us in the epoch to come. Goethe is like a magnificent tree growing on the confines of two worlds, marvellous to behold, but fatal to all who rest beneath its shadow. From Goethe we may find materials of deep and useful study, not of example.

results of a false system even in a mind of such power. There is profit for us in the very errors of a writer like Carlyle.

The times are grave. The mortal breath of scepticism has chilled and withered too many youthful minds born for better things, and sooner or later such writers as Carlyle cannot but feel remorse for having added to this evil. In the face of the crisis now threatening Europe, and the grave events coming upon us, history—if unable to assume any higher office—may at least be made a commentary upon the noble words of Thraseas: *Specta* juvenis . . . *en ea tempora natus es quibus firmare animum expedit constantibus exemplis.*

I have written these remarks with my thoughts full of the times that are coming upon us. Carlyle will pardon my frankness, and even in the few words of reproach I have ventured to utter, see only a fresh proof of the hopes which, in common with so many others, I cherish with regard to him.

ON THE MINOR WORKS OF DANTE.

(First published in the *Foreign Quarterly Review.*)

WITHIN the last few years the study of Dante has received a new impulse upon the Continent. In Germany there have been at least four translations in succession; two in *terza rima*, by Kannegiesser (1832), and by Streckfuss (1834); two, in blank verse, by Prince John of Saxony, and by Kopisch. *La Vita Nuova* and *Le Rime di Dante* have also been translated. Philosophical and elaborately-learned commentaries upon the poem have appeared. Lectures upon the *Commedia* have been given at Berlin, Bonn, Königsberg, Halle, Breslau, and other places. In France, the translation of MM. Delecluze and Brizeux, and many others; in Italy, the *Life of Dante*, by M. Balbo, the writings (Catholic, alas!) of M. Fea, of M. Azzelini, of M. Pianciani;—better still, the many editions of the poem and the *Opere minori*, so long neglected, all signalise the same fact. After four or five centuries of accumulated labours upon this man, one might fancy that he was born yesterday. On all sides his life, his works, his system, his belief, are industriously sub-

jected to a new analysis. They are interrogated like an oracle in seasons of emergency, with a sort of feverish anxiety, which never has been, and perhaps never will be paralleled. It is a natural reaction against Bettinelli, and the indifference of the eighteenth century, says Labitte in the *Révue des Deux Mondes.**

Is it nothing more than this? This random style of assertion with regard to the worship which humanity renders to its great men is too frequent in the *Révue.* It is an explanation I cannot accept, nor would it, I believe, be welcome to those who are now devoting such earnest study to the Poet's works.

In all periods of transition men cast these longing glances on the past, and as it were strain to their hearts with redoubled affection the image of some one among their mighty dead. Once it was Plato or Aristotle, now it is Bacon or Dante. It is the last effort men make to seize the guiding thread of Tradition, before adventuring upon the unknown regions of the future. From these giants of the realm of Thought, these high priests of the ideal, they demand alike the meaning of that which has been, and a prevision of that which is to be.

Nor do they appeal in vain. Great men are the landmarks of Humanity; they measure its course along the past, and point out the path of the

* *Biographes et Traducteurs de Dante*, Art. de M. Labitte, 1841.

future,—alike historians and prophets. God has endowed them with the faculty of feeling more largely and intensely, and, as it were, of absorbing more than their fellows of that universal life which pervades and interpenetrates all things, and they breathe it out again at every pore. The potent unity of their own minds enables them to grasp the synthesis of that which mediocrity is constrained to analyse and view only in detail; to organise their impressions, reminiscences, and previsions into one harmonious and complete conception; and from a rapid glance at effects, to seize and comprehend their causes, their generating principle. The conscious thought of such men is the unconscious and still inarticulate thought of a whole nation, which it will require future generations to develope; their speech an historical formula, or an intuition of the future. They do not create—God alone creates—but they look forth and discern stars, where our feebler vision recognises only the indistinct brightness of the Milky Way. Their words are frequently unintelligible to their contemporaries; their Thought appears at times to vanish, submerged beneath the waves of the present; but God watches its passage beneath the abyss, until it again emerges in new splendour, fertile of benefit to posterity.

We are just beginning to know this: in past epochs we looked upon the history of literature as the history of individuals alone—flowers uprooted

from the soil that nourished them—we considered genius as something mysterious and unintelligible, having no necessary connection with the circumstances surrounding it, *no raison d'être;—prolem sine matre creatum*—no definite mission or purpose beneficial to succeeding generations. With astonishment and distrust, men saw rise up amongst them one who was not like themselves, but appeared to tower threateningly above them; and according to their own tendencies, as they were good or evil, weak or strong, did they either bow down before him in servile adoration, or hurl against him the anathema and outrage of the barbarian.

In days nearer our own, mankind began to study genius; but without ceasing to regard it as a phenomenon isolated and distinct from the medium, country, or epoch wherein it made its appearance. Instead of endeavouring to grasp the life of genius in its totality, they applied the anatomist's knife to the outward form, the corpse. Of what use to them was the idea of the genius dead? Whatever that idea might have been, was it not past? did it not die with him? When they had viewed his conception and pronounced it *a beautiful dream*, all was said: accustomed to regard it as a thing belonging to an entirely different sphere from their own, they did not even imagine that the idea of genius could ever be reduced to efficacious action through their own labours. What they called

criticism, was in fact the minute pedantic analysis to which they devoted the form or envelope of that idea: an ungrateful, sterile, Sisyphean task, which had to be begun anew every time a new incarnation of genius, arising to prove that the laws of all *form* must be sought in the *idea* or spirit, and that every new idea has laws of its own, overturned the results of their anterior labours.

Nevertheless we did advance, and while proceeding upon our path of progress, and traversing ground which we believed had never yet been the scene of human labour, it came to pass that we met with deeply-marked traces of travellers who had been there before us, and recognised them as left by those wonderful men whom we had, it is true, admired, but whom we believed to have lived remote from our own road, and regarded but as the apparitions of a day, which had vanished from us the day after, on the path of the Infinite.

From that time our method of studying the works of genius was changed; true criticism arose. We now neither blindly worship nor outrage genius; we endeavour to understand it, and we are learning to love it. We regard the forms it assumes as secondary and perishable phenomena; the idea alone is sacred to us, for it alone has received the baptism of immortal life; and we strive to raise the veil by which the idea is covered. It is in truth our own, even as its revealers are of us.

The great in genius are still our brothers, though blessed with the only privilege we may recognise without self-degradation, for it is not the gift of men, but of God. We shall one day rejoin them; one day we shall *realise* in action the truth of which they had been granted prevision in the soul's heaven, and which we gradually comprehend in proportion to the earnestness of our aspiration towards the future.

Great men, like the great scenes of Nature, must be viewed from an eminence. Formerly, only the towering summits of their greatness were visible to us, and, like the highest peaks of the Alps when seen from immediately below, their isolated grandeur was crushing and overwhelming to our spirits; but now, having ourselves reached a height more nearly on a level with them, our vision embraces the intermediate peaks, and comprehends the unity of the chain. It endeavours to grasp it at least, and even that is much.

The thought that burned within the soul of Dante is the same that ferments in the bosom of our own epoch. Every instinct within us points to this truth. It is for this that we gather with new earnestness around his image, as if to place our wavering belief beneath the protection of the vast wings of his genius.

I do not say that the individual belief of each of the writers I have named is identical with that

entertained by Dante; but I say that the general idea which gave rise to their labours and towards the realisation of which they are endeavouring to raise up a system of beliefs, is the idea to which Dante consecrated the whole energies of his soul and genius five centuries ago.

Whether Catholics, Guelphs, or Ghibellines, these biographers and commentators, though enchained by the formulæ of the past, and incapable themselves of foreshadowing or comprehending the new faith which the times are maturing, nevertheless betray, by their labours and aspirations, an instinct of coming renovation, a yearning after a moral unity, founded upon some great, harmonious, organic, authoritative idea; a sense of the deep need of some comprehensive, religious, political, and artistic *unity*, to strengthen and multiply those powers of intelligence and will which are now frittered away in the pursuit of material interest; an undefined aspiration after the ideal now hidden beneath the materialism of private aims, and by the superficial, venal, and corrupt literature by which we have been overrun during half-a-century. Dante is to them what he is to us, one of the purest worshippers of the ideal mankind has known, and one of the rarest intellects, both for innate vigour and universality of conception, that has existed for our good from the days of Charlemagne down to Napoleon. It is for this that they write with

earnestness, and that we listen to them always with patience, sometimes with affection. The secret of Dante is the secret of our own epoch, and in it we are one with them.

Have these writers revealed this secret? Have they grasped every aspect of that soul, so deeply loving, yet severe, so open to every emotion,* yet so constantly sad; that soul which reflected within itself heaven, earth, and hell, things finite and things infinite by turns? No: each of them appears to have had but a fragmentary and incomplete view of him. One has made him a Guelph; another a Ghibelline; nearly all of them have endeavoured to prove him an orthodox Catholic.

Now Dante was neither a Catholic, a Guelph, nor a Ghibelline; he was a Christian and an Italian.

All of these writers have caught some outlines of his mind; all have laboured upon some accessories of the Parent Idea by which it was directed; all have studied, with more or less impartiality, the age in which he lived, the men and things that lived and moved around him, his *Opere minori* hitherto neglected; and by this means they have opened up the only way through which the individuality both of the Poet and the Man—so long profaned and mutilated by the wretched sectarians of the dead letter—can be rationally judged.

* Io che per mia natura
Trasmutabile son per tutte guise.—*Par.* c

For fifty years Italian literati busied themselves in writing dissertations on the *Pape Satan*—tearing each other to pieces about two different readings,* both equally absurd—about the greater or less harmony in this or that verse, while an ocean of harmony rolls its gigantic waves throughout the whole poem. Now, however, continental Romanticism has condemned this race of syllable-splitters to silence, and may the dust lie lighter upon their tombs than upon their volumes.

Our present writers occupy themselves less about the shadow than the substance; study the whole more than the parts; the idea, rather than the form in which it is clothed. Instead of adding another commentary to the thousand already existing, they endeavour to give us a life of the Poet. Yet a few more such efforts, and this grand figure of the Christian era which hovered indistinctly above our cradle, will be fully revealed to us, illumined with a purer glory, to receive the tribute, not of our admiration only—*that* Dante has compelled for five centuries—but of our love, the love

* Upon the *accuja*, for instance, of the Florentine edition of 1481, and the attuja of other editions (*Pur.* c. 33, v. 48). Accuja and attuja mean nothing, either in Italian or English, or any existing language. They are evidently two errors of the copyists. Abbuja (darkens) is undoubtedly the word Dante wrote, and yet not one of the thousand and one annotators has substituted it for their barbarism. *Foscolo's* edition (Rolandi, London 1842-3) alone gives the true reading.

for which his soul thirsted—which none gave during his lifetime, and which even yet, for want of better knowledge, is but an instinctive love, and bestowed, as it were, by halves.

Poor Dante! he has been more injured by the admiration of pedants than by the hatred of his contemporaries, an admiration which lost sight of the conception, to dwell on the magnificence of its envelope, which worshipped the fire but neglected the altar, which forgot the Thinker and remembered only the Poet. Yet what is Poetry but the faculty of symbolisation consecrated to the service of a great idea?

As in the case of Milton, the grandeur of the great poem threw the minor works into the shade. The majesty of the cupola has caused the lower part of the edifice to be forgotten. Lightly regarded by Dante's contemporaries,* they did not meet with a more favourable reception even when the

* Forgetting that Dante in his *Convito*, written during the last years of his life, entirely confirms his *Vita Nuova*. "Se nella presente opera la quale è Convito nominato, più virilmente si trattasse che nella Vita Nuova, non intendo pero a quella in parte alcuna derogare, ma maggiormente giovare per questa a quella." (If the present work, which is denominated the *Convito*, treats of subjects of more gravity, yet I do not intend to derogate in any wise from that, but rather to render service to it by this.)

Boccaccio in his *Life of Dante* affirms that Dante blushed for his first work, and others speak lightly of those detached pieces which Dante in the great poem causes Casella, the friend of his youth, to sing to him with so much sweetness and love.

press gave them a wider circulation. The age of Patriots was extinct; that of the Thinkers* not yet arisen. High above the torrent of pedantic, Jesuitical, academic literature which overflowed Italy, towered the *Divina Commedia;* traditionally admired—the omnipotent eternal spirit of poetry within it overmastered every human obstacle—but the minor works were nearly overwhelmed in the flood. New editions of them were very rare; and they were, besides—owing to the custom of servilely following one MS. copy without confronting it with others—so disfigured by errors, that the *Convito,* for instance, remained, until the labours of Monti and others, nearly unintelligible. To this may be added the barbarous Latinity of some, and the wearisome scholastic form of all.

Besides this, men, instead of studying such minor works as are incontestably proved to belong to Dante, amused themselves, on the faith of some spurious *codice,* or of God knows what, by attribut-

* The first edition of the *Convito* is that of 1490 by Buonacorsi, Florence. A Titanic Italian conception, like that of Dante, could not in those times be—I will not say *felt*, but even *divined.* Italian civilisation, which instead of spreading civilisation over the world, remained concentrated, like the life-blood at its heart, Florence—already felt the approach of adverse destiny to come. *La Monarchia,* although twice translated by Jacopo del Rossa, and in 1467 by Marsilio Ficino, was first published at Basle by Gio. Opporino in 1559, twenty-nine years after the last ray of Italian liberty had been extinguished by Charles V. and Clement VII. The book *De Vulgari Eloquio* appeared at Vicenza in 1592 in a translated form; the Latin text in 1577 at Paris.

ing to him others, evidently forged, and which are, nevertheless, quoted even in the present day by his biographers. I am not speaking of the *Disputationes de Aqua et Terra*—of a Dissertation *Upon the Nature of Fishes*—of the *Life and Miracles of Saint Torello*, and other trash, attributed to him by Father Negri, Father Soldani, Valvassori, and such-like—they were soon rejected as impostures—I am speaking of forgeries which have obtained credit among literary men, which have been received, one cannot conceive how, by the writers named at the beginning of this article, and which lead to a false appreciation of the life and opinions of Dante; of the inventions of Mario Filelfo, an impudent charlatan and speculator, if ever there was one; I allude to the *Credo*, to the *Magnificat*, to the *Seven Penitential Psalms*, and other sacred poems, which are to be found in almost all the editions of Dante's poems—to a host of compositions, sonnets, and other things belonging to Dante of Majano, his contemporary; to another Dante, an obscure poet of the fifteenth century; perhaps to two of the sons of Dante himself—any way not to him—and yet inserted among the *Rime* of *one* Dante.*

* Among the poems attributed to Dante by the Venetian editor of 1518, and by nearly all others after him, we must reject the canzone, "Perchè nel tempo rio," "Dacchè ti piace, Amore, ch'io ritorni," "L'uom che conosce è degno ch'aggia ardire," "L'alta speranza che mi reca amore," "Oimè lasso quelle treccie bionde—Non spero che giammai per mia salute," "Io non pensava che lo

If to all these sources of error we add the audacious lies introduced into the Life of Dante by Filelfo and others, the anecdotes invented by Franco Sacchetti and other novelists, and received as history—the accusations insinuated against Dante by Popish and Jesuitical writers—the gratuitous affirmations about his travels and his friendships by a servile tribe of writers, working in the hire of some patrician families, whom they seek in all ways to flatter—we shall easily understand why, after all these labours, the Life of Dante still remains to be written, and that his true likeness can scarcely be discerned through the clouds and darkness which centuries have accumulated over it.

cor giammai," "Giovane donna dentro al cuor mi siede," "L'alta virtù che si ritrasse al cielo." Of these several are by Cino. The sonnets, "Dagli occhi belli di questa mia dama," "Un di si venne a noi melancolia," "Messer Brunetto," etc., and "Quel che voi siete, amico, vostro manto," "Non conoscendo, amico, il vostro nome," "Tu che stanzi lo colle ombroso e fresco," "Io ho tutte le cose ch'io non voglio," "Lode di Dio, e della madre pura," "Quando veggio Bechina corrucciata," "O madre di Virtute, luce eterna," and twenty more at least, ought to be equally rejected; also the four lines, "L'amor che mosse già l'eterno Padre," and the epigram, "O tu che sprezzi la nona figura." Among the hundred and fifty compositions attributed to Dante, there are only about seventy that belong to him. Dionisi did much to expunge the rest. M. Fraticelli, the editor and illustrator of the best edition of the *Opere minori*, has done still more: his criticism is almost always just and erudite. I regret, however, that his edition, through some unaccountable timidity, retains *all* the poems, whether genuine or not. Many persons will not read the notes which form an isolated portion of the work, and will persist in the old errors.

A man well known here in England, and whose name, synonymous with literary independence and incorruptible political integrity, is revered by all the youth of Italy, though little mentioned by her authors—Ugo Foscolo—did much to dissipate these clouds of error. Stern and somewhat aggressive in temperament, his mind nourished and fortified by severe study; little calculated for laying new foundations, but endowed with mighty faculties for destruction, he effectually overthrew (except for those who bow down blindly before precedents) a whole edifice of errors which barred the way to the study of Dante. In his different writings, especially in his "*Discorso sul Testo*,"* etc., he cleared the ground for a better understanding of the *Commedia* and the Poet. He confuted historical anachronisms, affirmations taken up on the faith of an academy or a *savant*,—systems dictated by the vanity of a town or a patrician palace. He submitted authority to the test of rational examination; he drove out the profane from the vestibule of the temple, and there he stopped short. He was too much tinged with the materialism or scepticism of his time to constitute himself a priest of the god; but it is imperative on any one who shall undertake to write the

* This "Discorso," published in 1825 by Pickering, was to have formed the first volume of an edition of the *Commedia*, which was suspended by the death of Foscolo. This edition has recently been published by Rolandi, 20 Berners Street, who purchased the MSS. from Pickering.

Life of Dante after him, deeply to study the labours of Foscolo, and follow the rules of criticism he has laid down.

MM. Ozanam, Balbo, and D'Artaud still persist in the old errors whenever it suits them to do so. M. Ozanam sees Beatrice dying "dans tout l'éclat de la virginité," in spite of the *Bici filiæ suæ, et uxori D. Simonis de Bardis*, of the paternal will. He declares that Dante understood Greek, in the face of the testimony of Dante himself, when he speaks in his *Convito* of the translations of Aristotle, on the strength of a sonnet "Tu che stanzi lo colle ombroso e fresco," which is evidently not by Dante, but which he attributes to him on the authority of Pelli and his assistants, without the smallest plausible argument in favour of its assumed paternity. He consoles himself for the faults which to him, as a Catholic, appear to disfigure the life of the poet, by declaring that he showed signs of repentance by leaving behind him a magnificent Hymn to the Virgin, and desiring to be clothed upon his bier in the habit of the order of St. Francis. Now the sonnet "O Madre di Virtute, luce eterna," to which M. Ozanam alludes, though attributed to Dante by Corbinelli, belongs to Monte Andrea, or some other obscure poet: and as to the religious habit in which the Franciscan fathers are said by Tiraboschi to have muffled him, it is one of those stories which in the present day any tolerably well-read

man would be ashamed to quote. Dante was married, and a father, and he has left it written in his *Convito* that is not the habit of St. Bennet, of St. Augustine, St. Francis, or St. Dominic, that constitutes a religious life, and that God requires only the religion of the heart.* In like manner, with M. Ozanam, M. Balbo complacently gives the anecdote of the friar's habit; he believes in the genuineness of *le rime sacre*, and in all the prosaic ribald lines with which Quadrio, Rigoli, Crescimbeni, Frotta, and others like them, have arbitrarily loaded the memory of Dante. He professes clearly to discern the style, the versification, and the reminiscences of the poet. He swears by all the anecdotes which it has pleased Franco Sacchetti and Cinzio Giraldi to introduce into their tales. He believes in the four embassies, in the history of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, in all that it has pleased Mario Filelfo to set down to the account of Dante, forgetting that the quotations which this same Filelfo impudently makes from prose works as by Dante, no one else can discover in them. But above all others in vigorous powers of blind belief is M. le Chevalier Artaud de Montor, "membre de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, de

* "Che non torna a religione pur quelli che a San Benedetto, a Sant' Agostino e a San Francesco, e a San Dominico, si fa d'abito e di vita simile, ma eziandio a buona e vera religione, si può tornare, in matrimonio stando; chè Iddio non volle religioso di noi, se non il cuore."—*Convito.*

l'Académie de la Crusca, de l'Académie de Gottingue," and of ten others, the names of which he fondly cites here and there in his notes. He recites, on the faith of Philelphus, the beginning of a letter, "Beatitudinis tuæ sanctitas nihil potest cogitare pollutum, quæ, vices in terris gerens Christi, totius est misericordiæ sedes, veræ pietatis exemplum," etc.; written, he declares, by Dante, and to whom?—to that same Boniface VIII. against whom he inveighs bitterly no less than nine times in the poem. In the warmth of his zeal as a French Catholic and royalist, he is also tempted to believe that not only Brunetto Latini, but Dante himself, helped to draw up the bull for the canonisation of Louis IX. by Boniface. He is astonished at the first sonnet by Dante, "A ciascun alma presa e gentil core," composed, he assures us, when he was nine years old,* although he might have convinced himself, if he had read the *Vita Nuova* with a little more attention, that Dante wrote it at eighteen. He liberally attributes to Dante (p. 485) four lines, "*L'amor che mosse già l'eterno Padre*," written for a picture in the great council-hall at Venice, painted by Guariento forty-four years after Dante was dead. He quotes at random, without discernment or a shadow of critical skill, alike from authors worthy of credit and imbecile compilers—Philelphus and Tiraboschi,

* The author of the *Curiosities of Literature* has fallen into the same error, vol. vi.

Muratori and Fra Giacomo da Serravalle—they are all one to him.

I have not for many years seen a book (635 pages!) so utterly devoid of erudition, and so full of academical bombast, of errors diffuse, confused, and involved. Yet this book has been cried up in France as an important and deeply-learned production, and it has, I believe, been honoured by an Italian translation.

All this would have been no great matter in my eyes, if these errors had only concerned mere unimportant matters of fact, and did not tend to falsify our conception of the Man; of the inward life, the soul, and the faith of Dante. He might appear more extraordinary, but not greater, if he had composed a sonnet at nine years of age; and he would have been none the less powerful as a Poet, even if in some weak moment he had written some of the wretched verses which ignorant compilers have attributed to him. But the errors I have cited touch the nature of the Man. In consequence of the Guelphic prejudices of most of these writers, the *man* is made to appear before us as incomplete, inconsequent, weak, unstable, and irascible; objective rather than subjective; yielding to circumstances instead of dominating or creating them, and altogether devoid of that potent unity which is the distinguishing sign of the highest Genius, and especially of Dante. The adoration,

at times unreflecting, which these writers profess for the Poet, contrasts strangely with a certain tone of ill-concealed compassion and excuse for the errors of the *Man*, which is an outrage alike upon history and moral truth. They set themselves to explain to us, in a tone of paternal indulgence, how Dante was first a Guelph and then a Ghibelline; how he was urged in opposite directions by the influence of eager and violent passions, by the fury of faction and the weakness inseparable from human nature. They quote from Boccaccio, in whom the novelist at times predominates over the historian, the ancedote of Dante's throwing stones at some adversaries of the Ghibellines. All of them, from the writer in the *Edinburgh Review** down to Cesare Balbo,† describe him as choleric, harsh, obstinate, and vain.

Such general assertions, with the false anecdotes engrafted upon his life, representing him as changing both his political opinions and conduct without sufficient reason, tend to destroy the unity of this powerful individuality, which stands before us as the type of a whole nation, solemn and grand as that nation's sorrows, and incline the numerous class whose study of Dante has never gone beyond

* In every line of the *Divina Commedia* "we discern the asperity produced by Pride struggling with Majesty."—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 84.

† "Si fece per superbia ed ira Ghibelino. Il gran peccato di Dante fu l'ira."—Vol. ii. c. 1.

the *Inferno*, to accept the accusation of sombre ferocity and hatred which, during the last six years, has been frequently cast by a writer, evidently of diseased mind * against a man whose soul was so full of love that he placed morality above all science; who declared that Philosophy and Beauty consist in the harmony of the virtues; who proclaimed that Genius itself is unable to attain certain heights of knowledge unless it is assisted by Love;† and who in the *Convito* defines philosophy as "*un' amoroso uso di sapienza*" (a loving use of knowledge).

Thank God, all these accusations are false. In Dante we may venerate genius without fear or mistrust. The life of Dante has yet to be written; the writers of the present day have only prepared the way for a biographer still to come.

The bare facts of Dante's life, upon which I cannot dwell here, need not occupy much of his future biographer's time. Many facts, many dates, which have been the subject of many pages of discussion, will, I fear, ever remain uncertain; and so—whatever Benvenuti d'Imola may say—will remain the places where he first studied, his masters,—amongst whom we are only certain of Brunetto Latini,—the friends whom he loved—if we except Guido Cavalcanti, Giotto, Casella, the musician; Charles Martel, king of Hungary; Forese, brother

* W. S. Landor. † *Par.* vii.

to Corso Donati; his sister, Piccarda, and perhaps one or two others, whom he himself names in his poem. The dates and places of his pilgrimages across Italy, from his exile in 1302 until his death in 1321, which erudite writers have contrived to complicate still further by dint of random conjectures, can with difficulty be established.

But the life, the true life of Dante, does not lie in the series of the material facts of his existence. The life of Dante consists in the sufferings and aspirations of his soul; in its dominant impulses; in the ceaseless development of the idea which was at once his guide, inspiration, and consolation; in his *belief* as a *man* and as an *Italian*.

Nor is this to be discovered by consulting the biographers and annotators of Dante; nor by rummaging the archives of monasteries, and tracing the precise footsteps of his journeys throughout Italy with M. Ampère. It must be done by penetrating as deeply and earnestly as possible into the *medium*, the element in which Dante lived; and then by the study of his works, the minor works especially, which were visibly designed by him as a preparation for the Poem itself, the crown of the edifice. And in this last, if read in a spirit of reverence, meditation, and love, the writer will find all he can require.

Both as a *man* and as a *poet*, Dante stands the first in modern times; or, more correctly speaking,

the first of all times (since there are none among the ancients who resemble him); he is as the head of that series of great men which, numbering in its ranks Michael Angelo, has been concluded in our own day by Byron; while another parallel series, initiated (Æschylus excepted) by the Greeks, and numbering in its ranks Shakespeare, was concluded by Goethe.

The men of the mighty *subjective* race who form the first category, stamp the impress of their own individuality—like conquerors—both upon the actual world and upon the world of their own creation, and derive the life they make manifest in their works, either from the life *within* themselves, or from that life of the *future* which, prophet-like, they foresee.

The great men of the second category reflect the images of the external world like a tranquil lake, and, as it were, cancel their own individuality to identify their soul successively with each of the *objects* that pass across its surface. Each are equally powerful: the last, more especially call forth our admiration; the first, more especially awaken our affection. In both series great struggles have to be endured, and great victories are won; but while the first, seared and scarred with wounds, bear about them the deep and visible traces of the combat, it is not so with the second. One might almost fancy that the first were gods, who had

descended to strive and suffer with us; and that the second were men, who had soared above us, to contemplate and enjoy with the gods.

In all the works of Dante the life of struggle and suffering he led is revealed to us, and we follow his steps with beating hearts. He is one of the few of whom it may be said, in the spirit of the beautiful Catholic legend, that they leave their image upon their winding-sheet.

The accurate edition of Dante's *Opere minori* which Fraticelli has published is the best biography I know of their author. The idea which Dante pursued during his whole life, finds its philosophical expression in the *Convito;* political, in the *Monarchia;* literary, in the treatise *De Vulgari Eloquio;* political and religious in the *Commedia.**

The *Vita Nuova* is a thing apart. It is the perfume of Dante's early youth; the dream of love which God grants to His privileged children, to

* To the study of these works must be added that of the seven letters of Dante which remain to us. Two of these, that to the princes and peoples of Italy, one to Guido da Polenta (dubious), were only translated in the 15th century. The others—to Cino da Pistoia, to the Emperor Henry VIII., to the Italian Cardinals, to the Florentine friend, and to Can della Scala—are in Latin. Professor Charles Witte, who was the first who gave an edition of them at Padua in 1827, announced in 1838, in his German journal, the discovery of seven other letters by Dante, in a MS. given in 1622 by Maximilian of Bavaria to Gregory XV. But the manuscript was stolen from him, and has remained from that time inaccessible. Other letters by Dante, quoted by his old biographers, cannot now be found.

teach them never to despair of life, nor to doubt or forget the immortality of the soul. Written probably when he was eight-and-twenty, he relates in it the story of his love for Beatrice, both in prose and verse. It is an inimitable little book, full of thoughts sweet, sad, pure, gentle, and delicate; loving as the note of the dove, ethereal as the perfume of flowers; the pen, which in later years became as a sword in the hands of Dante, here traces the image of Beatrice and of his own love, as tenderly as the pencil of Raphaelle himself. There are pages in the *Vita Nuova* in prose—those for instance in which he relates the death of Beatrice—far superior to Boccaccio in style and language; and sonnets far beyond the most admired of Petrarch. I know no one but Shelley who could have translated them; and at the present day I think the task of translating the *Vita Nuova* could only be confided to the heart and mind of a woman.

There have been loud disputes, from the days of Canon Biscioni down to M. Rossetti, about the real existence of such a person as Beatrice. How, from the mystic style of the work and from some ambiguous expressions put there as a prelude to the poem, learned men have been able to bring themselves—in spite of the most positive evidence to the contrary—to doubt the existence of "Bice," or to admit two distinct beings, the Beatrice of the poet, and the Beatrice of the theologian—thus destroying

that progressive continuity which is the peculiar characteristic of the genius and the love of Dante, —I cannot imagine.

It is precisely this endeavour to place a link between the real and the ideal, between the symbol and the invisible, between earth and heaven, which converts the love of Dante into something which has no analogy among mortals; a work of purification and idealisation that stands alone, to point out the mission of woman and of love here below. She who inspired Dante on earth, becomes his guardian angel in heaven. In the face of the mighty love kindled in the heart of the poet, death itself disappeared. The bier, as Jean Paul says, is the cradle of heaven. Dry your eyes, you who weep; the souls who have loved you and whom you have loved to the last moment of their earthly existence, are appointed, in reward of their love and yours, to watch over you, to protect you, to elevate you one step nearer to God in the scale of your progressive transformations. Have you never, in some solemn moment, been visited by an intuition, a thought of genius, an unwonted and brighter ray from the Eternal Truth? It was, perhaps, the breath of the being whom you have loved the most, and who has the most loved you on earth, passing across your burning forehead. When, soul-sickened by delusion and deception, you have shivered beneath the icy touch of Doubt, have you never felt a sud-

den glow of love and faith arise within your heart? It was perhaps the kiss of the mother you wept as lost, while she smiled at your error.

The love of Dante was as the prelude to these previsions of our own day. It is not the pagan love, the joyous, thoughtless, sensual love of Tibullus or Anacreon; it is a love full of sadness; tormented by the sense of and the aspiration towards an ideal it is unable to reach. At an age when most men dream only of hope and pleasure, the first love-dream of Dante tells of death; the death of Beatrice. He never describes her beauty, unless it be her fair hair and the expression of her face: *ove non puote alcun mirarla fiso** ("whence none can gaze upon her steadfastly"), he hastens to add. Nor is it the love of the age of Chivalry. Chivalry—owing to the instinct of equality innate in our people, which rendered them mistrustful of the feudal origin of the institution—never struck firm root in Italy. It cannot be likened to the love of Petrarch—a love which often assumes a divine aspect from the charm of its expression, but is querulous and restless, like all love essentially earthly in its aim; full of agitation during Laura's life, and lamented or accepted as a sort of inevitable misfortune at her death.† The

* The song *Io miro i biondi*, etc., from which, if I recollect aright, Mrs. Jameson draws her portrait of Beatrice in her *Loves of the Poets*, is more than doubtful.

† *Donne che avete*, etc.

love of Dante is calm, resigned, and submissive; death does not convert it into a remorse; it sanctifies it. Far different from the love which in our age of transition has deserved the name of *l'egoisme à deux personnes*, a jealous and convulsive passion, half-pride, half-thirst of enjoyment, which narrows the sphere of our activity and causes us to forget our duties both towards our Country and Humanity —the love of Dante does not dry up the other affection; it fosters and fertilises them all; strengthens the sense of duty and enlarges the heart to embrace the whole earth. He says in the *Vita Nuova*, "Whensoever she appeared before me, I had no enemy left on earth; the flame of charity kindled within me caused me to forgive all who had ever offended me."* The power of further advance upon the path of purity and improvement instilled into him by Beatrice, is the constant theme of his verses.†

* Quando ella appariva da parte alcuna nullo nemico mi rimanea, anzi mi giungea una fiamma di caritade la quale mi facea perdonare a qualunque m'avesse offeso.

† E qual soffrisse di starla a vedere
Divenià nobil cosa o si morià.
(While any who endures to gaze on her,
Must either be made noble or else die.)
Rossetti's Translation.

. . Le ha Dio per maggior grazia dato,
Che non può mal finir chi le ha parlato.
(Also this virtue owns she, by God's will,
Who speaks with her can never come to ill.)
Rossetti's Translation.

Dante's love is love such as Schiller has conceived in his *Don Carlos;* such as the future will know. When Beatrice,—whose affection for the Poet may be inferred from the reproaches she addresses to him in the 31st canto of the *Paradiso* taken together with the canzone *E' m'incresce di me*, etc.,*—was married, Dante fell seriously ill; and when she died not long after, his life was in danger. *He had,* says Boccaccio, *become a thing wild and savage to look upon.* But he felt that the death of Beatrice had imposed new and solemn duties upon him; that he was bound to strive to render himself more worthy of her. He resolved to love her to the last day of his existence, and to bestow upon her an immortality on earth,† and he kept the vow.

* Noi darem pace a voi diletto
Diceano agli occhi miei
Quei della bella donna alcuna volta.

(We will bring peace, beloved, to thy heart,
The lovely lady's eyes at times so spake to mine.).

The disproportion of their fortunes was perhaps the reason why they were not married to each other.

† Apparve a me una mirabile visione, nella quale io vidi cose che mi fecero proporre di non dir più di questa benedetta insino a tanto ch'io non potessi più degnamente trattare di lei; e di venire a ciò studio quanto posso siccome ella sa, veramente. Sicchè se piacere sarà di colui, a cui tutte le cose vivono, che la mia vita per alquanti anni persevera, spero di dire di lei quello che mai non fu detto di alcuna.—*Vita Nuova.*

(It was given to me to behold a very wonderful vision, wherein I saw things which determined me that I would say nothing further of this most blessed one, until such time as I could discourse more worthily concerning her. And to this end I labour all I can, as she

His union with Gemma Donati does not appear to have been, as others have asserted, unhappy ;* but calm and cold ; and rather the accomplishment of a social duty than an irresistible impulse of the heart. The brief weakness of his fancies for Gentucca and Madonna Pietra passed like clouds over his soul's horizon ; above them shone the serene heaven, illuminated by the undying image of Beatrice, the sun of his inward life. He gave her name to one of his daughters, whom Boccaccio afterwards saw when a nun at Ravenna. The memory of Beatrice was his inspiration, not only in the magnificent pages which he consecrated to her towards the close of his life in the great poem ; but in that worship of Woman which pervades it from beginning to end. In his love of every form of Beauty, in his incessant yearning after inward purity, Beatrice was the muse of his intellect, the angel

well knoweth. Wherefore if it be His pleasure through whom is the life of all things that my life continue with me for a few years, it is my hope that I shall yet write concerning her what hath not before been written of any woman.)—*Rossetti's Translation.*

* The lines of the poem, which are often quoted,

"La fera moglie più che altro mi nuoce,"

have nothing which shows the smallest allusion of Dante to his wife. The other proof that is endeavoured to be deduced from his silence, goes for nothing. From a sentiment of delicacy, Dante never mentions either his wife or children, whom he loved, and whom he called round him as soon as circumstances permitted. Throughout the whole poem there is but one reminiscence of his domestic affections : it is the "Benedetta colei che in te s'incinse," *Inf.* viii., which recalls his mother.

of his soul, the consoling spirit sustaining him in exile and in poverty, throughout the cheerless wanderings of the most storm-beaten existence we know.

And another thought sustained him—the *aim* toward which he directed all the energy Love had aroused within him, and on this I especially insist, because, strange to say, it is either neglected or misunderstood by all who busy themselves about Dante. This *aim* is the National Aim—the same desire that vibrates instinctively in the hearts of twenty-five millions of men between the Alps and the sea; and it is the secret of the immense influence exercised by the name of Dante over the Italians. This idea, and the almost superhuman constancy with which he laboured towards its triumph, render Dante the most perfect incarnation of the life of his Nation; and nevertheless it is precisely upon the subject of this idea that his biographers display the greatest uncertainty. Thus Balbo, who in one page calls Dante the most Italian of Italians, when in the next he endeavours to prove it, hesitates, and loses himself in indecision; then, misled by his Guelphic tendencies, he writes (chap. v. 2.) that "Dante forsook the party of his ancestors, the party of the people and of Italian independence, for that of foreign domination," and he pleads for him, Heaven knows what extenuating circumstances! M. Artaud bravely cuts the human unity in twain,

assumes that poetry and politics must pursue different paths, and concludes with an Academic peroration—"*Non, Homère de la peninsule Ausonienne, retourne à la Poesie, abjure la politique, science dans laquelle tu te montrais variable, indécis, non par vilcté, mais par colére.*

M. Lenormant goes so far (God forgive him, I cannot) as to reproach him with the glorious letter in which he refused the amnesty which had been offered to him upon dishonourable conditions.*

Others ignore the National faith of Dante as if it were a thing inferior to his poetical conceptions. Such writers would see no poetry in Moses ascend-

* I give the letter entire although it is well known, for it seems to me that at the present day, wherein our mortal disease is lack of moral courage, it is well to repeat it to the Italians:—"In literis vestris et reverentia debita et affectione receptis, quam repatriatio mea curæ sit vobis ex animo grata mente ac diligenti animadversione concepi: etenim tanto me districtius obligasti quanto rarius exules invenire amicos contingit. Ad illarum vero significata respondeo, et (si non catenus, qualiter forsan pusillanimitas appeteret aliquorum) ut sub examine vestri consilii, ante judicium ventiletur, affectuose deposco. Ecce igitur quod per litteras vestri meique nepotis, nec non aliorum quamplurium amicorum significatum est mihi per ordinamentum nuper factum Florentiæ super absolutione bannitorum, quod si solvere vellem certam pecuniæ quantitatem, vellemque pati notam oblationis, et absolvi possem, et redire ad præsens. In quo quidem duo ridenda et male præconsiliata sunt, pater; dico male præconsiliata per illos qui talia expresserunt, nam vestræ litteræ, discretius et consultius clausullatæ, nihil de talibus continebant. Estne ista revocatio gloriosa, qua Dantes Allighierius revocatus ad patriam, per trilustrium fere perpessus exilium! Hæc me meruit innocentia manifesta quibuslibet? Hæc sudor et labor continuatus in studio? Absit a viro philosophiæ domestico, temeraria terreni

ing Mount Sinai amid the storm, to bring down laws for his people.

This idea of his Nation's greatness illumines every page of Dante; it is the ruling thought of his genius. Never man loved his country with more exalted and fervid love; never man had more sublime and glorious visions of the destinies in store for her. They who see in him a Guelph or a Ghibelline, do but grovel round the base of the monument he sought to raise to Italy. I cannot undertake to discuss here the question as to the feasibility of Dante's ideas about Italy: the future will decide that point. What I seek to show is the *aim* he had in view, so as to afford materials upon which they who hereafter write his life may found their judgment. This I shall do as rapidly as possible, upon the authority of the *Convito* and the treatise *De Monarchia.*

This, then, was the faith by which, in the

cordis humilitas, ut mor cujusdam scioli et aliorum infamium, quasi vinctus, ipse se patiatur offerri! Absit a viro prædicante justitiam, ut, perpessus injuriam, inferentibus, velut benemerentibus, pecuniam suam solvat! Non est hæc via redeundi ad patriam, pater mi; sed si alia, per vos, aut deinde per alios invenitur, quæ famæ Dantis atque honori non deroget, illam non lentis passibus acceptabo. Quod si per nullam talem Florentia introitur, nunquam Florentiam introibo. Quidni? nonne solis astrorumque specula ubique conspiciam? Nonne dulcissimas veritates potero speculari ubique sub cœlo, ni prius inglorium, immo ignominiosum populo, Florentinæque civitati me reddam? Quippe nec panis deficiet."—(*Written in* 1316 *to a Florentine friend.*)

thirteenth century, the soul of Dante was sustained and upheld:

God is one. The universe is a thought of God;* the universe therefore is one as He is one.† All things come from God, and all participate, more or less, in the divine nature, according to the end for which they are created. They all navigate towards different ports upon the great ocean of existence,‡ but all are moved by the same will. Flowers in the garden of God, they all merit our love according to the degree of excellence he has bestowed upon each.§ Of these MAN is the most eminent. Upon him God has bestowed more of his own nature than upon any other created

* "Cum totum universum nihil aliud sit, quam vestigium quoddam divinæ bonitatis."—*Monarchia*, i.

Ciò che non more e ciò che può morire
Non è, se non splendor di quella idea
Che partorisce, amando, il nostro Sire."
Parad, xiii. 52.

† ". . . . Le cose tutte quante
Hanno ordine tra loro; e questo è forma,
Che l'universo a Dio fa simigliante."
Parad. i. 103.

‡ *Convito*, ii. 2.

Onde si muovono a diversi porti
Per lo gran mar dell' Essere, e ciascuna
Con istinto a lei dato, che la porti.
Parad. i. 112.

§ Le frondi, onde s'infronda tutto l'orto
Dell' Ortolano eterno, amo io cotanto
Quanto da lui a lor di bene è porto.
Parad. xxvi. 64.

thing.* In the continuous scale of Being, that man whose nature is the most degraded approaches the animal; he whose nature is the most noble approaches the angel.† Everything that comes from the hand of God tends towards the perfection of which it is susceptible,‡ and man more earnestly and more vigorously than all the rest. There is this difference between him and other creatures, that his perfectibility is what Dante calls "*possible*," which he uses for *indefinite*.§ Coming from the bosom of God, the human soul incessantly aspires towards Him, and endeavours by holiness and knowledge to become re-united with its source. Now, the life of the individual man is too short and too weak to enable him to satisfy that yearning in

* Onde l'anima umana, che è forma nobilissima di queste che sotto il Cielo sono generate, più riceve della natura divina, che alcun altra.—*Conv.* ii. 2.

† "E perocchè nell' ordine intellettuale dell' universo si sale e discende per gradi quasi continui dall' infima forma all' altissima, e dall' altissima all' infima...e tra l'angelica natura che è cosa intellettuale e l'anima umana non sia grado alcuno, ma sia quasi l'uno e l'altro continuo...e trà l'anima umana, e l'anima più perfetta delli bruti animali ancora mezzo alcuno non sia: e siccome noi veggiamo molti uomini tanto vili e di sì bassa condizione che quasi non pare esser altro che bestia; cosi è da porre e da credere fermamente che sia alcuno tanto nobile e di si alta condizione che quasi non sia altro che Angelo, altrimente non si continuerebbe la umana spezie da ogni parte, che esser non può."—*Conv.* vii. 3.

‡ "Ciascuna cosa da providenzia di propria natura impinta è inclinabile alla sua perfezione."—*Convito*, i. 2.

§ "Nam etsi aliæ sunt essentiæ intellectum participantes, non tamen intellectus earum est possibilis ut hominis."—*Monarchia*, i. .

this world; but around him, before him, stands the whole human race, to which he is allied by his social nature,—that lives for ever, accumulating from generation to generation its labours upon the road to eternal truth. Humanity is one.* God has made nothing in vain, and since there exists a *collective* Being, a multitude of men, there exists *one* aim for them all—one work to be accomplished by them all.† Whatever this aim may be, it certainly exists, and it is our duty to endeavour to discover and attain it. Mankind, then, ought to work together in unity and concord, in order that the intellectual power bestowed upon them may receive the highest possible development in the double sphere of thought or action.‡ It is only by harmony, consequently by association, that this is

* *Convito*, iv. 15.

† "Deus et natura nil otiosum facit, sed quicquid prodit in esse, est ad aliquam operationem...Est ergo aliqua propria operatio humanæ universitatis, ad quam ipsa universitas hominum in tanta multitudine ordinatur ad quam quidem operationem nec homo unus, nec domus una, nec vicinia, nec una civitas, nec regnum particulare pertingere potest.....Patet igitur, quod ultimum de potentia ipsius humanitatis est potentia, sive virtus intellectiva. Et quia potentia ista per unum hominem, seu per aliquam particularium communitatum superius distinctarum, tota simul in actum reduci non potest, necesse est multitudinem esse in humano genere per quam quidem tota potentia hæc actuetur."—*Monarchia*, i.

‡ "Proprium opus humani generis totaliter accepti est actuare semper totam potentiam intellectus possibilis per prius ad *speculandum*, et secundario propter hoc ad *operandum* per suam extensionem."—*Monarchia*, i.

possible. Mankind must be *one*, even as God is *one*:—one in organisation, as it is already *one* in its principle. Unity is taught by the manifest design of God* in the external world, and by the necessity of an aim. Unity requires something by which it may be represented; hence the necessity of an unity of government. Therefore it is indispensable that there be some centre to which the collective inspiration of mankind may ascend, thence to descend again in the form of LAW,—a power strong in unity, and in the counsel of the higher intellects naturally destined to rule; providing with calm wisdom for all the different functions,—the distinct employments which are to be fulfilled; itself performing the part of pilot, of supreme chief, in order to achieve the highest possible degree of perfection. Dante calls it "the universal Religion of human nature:"† in other words, empire—IMPERIUM. It will be its

* "Et cum cœlum totum unica motu, scilicet primi mobilis, et unico motore, qui Deus est, reguletur in omnibus suis partibus, motibus, et motoribus . . . humanum genus tunc optime se habet, quando ab unico principe tanquam ab unico motu, in suis motoribus, et motibus regulatur. Propter quod necessarium apparet ad bene esse mundi monarchiam esse, sive unicum principatum, qui Imperium appellatur."—*Monarchia*, i.

"Omne illud bene se habet et optime quod se habet secundem intentionem primi agentis qui Deus est. . . . De intentione Dei est, ut omne creatum divinam similitudinem representet, in quantum propria natura recipere potest . . . . Sed genus humanum maxime Deo assimilatur, quando maxime est unum, quando totum unitur in uno."—*Monarchia*, i.

† . . . A perfezione dell' *universale religione della umana*

duty to maintain concord amongst the rulers of states, and this peace will diffuse itself from that high centre into towns, from the towns among each cluster of habitations, into every household and the individuals of which it is composed.*

But where is the seat of this Empire to be?

At this question Dante quits all analytic argument, and takes up the language of synthetic and absolute affirmation, like a man in whom the least expression of doubt excites astonishment. He is no longer a *philosopher*, he is a *believer*.

He points to ROME, the HOLY CITY, as he calls her,—the city whose very stones he declares to be worthy of reverence—"*There* is the seat of empire. There never was, and there never will be a people endowed with such capacity to acquire command, with more vigour to maintain it, and more gentleness in its exercise, than the Italian nation, and especially the Holy Roman people."† God chose Rome as the Interpreter of his Design among the nations. Twice has she given unity to the world; she will bestow it a third time and for ever. Think

spezie, conviene essere uno quasi nocchiero, che considerando le diverse condizioni del mondo e li diversi e necessari affari ordinando abbia del tutto universale e irrepugnabile ufficio di comandare."—*Convito*, ii. 4.

* *Convito*, id.

† "E perocche più dolce natura signoreggiando e più forte in sostenendo e più sottile in acquistando, ne fù ne sia che quel popolo santo nel quale l'alto sangue Troiano era mischiato, Iddio quello elesse a quell' officio."—*Convito*, ii.; *Monarchia*, ii. passim.

you that it was by physical strength that Rome, a mere city, a handful of men, subjected so many nations? Dante will tell you that there was a moment when he himself believed that it had been thus, and his soul was ready to revolt against the usurping city. Afterwards his eyes were opened: in the pages of the history of this people he saw the working of Providence unfold itself,—"*prædestinationem divinam.*" It was decreed that the world should be prepared, by equality of subjection to a single power, in order that the teachings of Jesus might cause new life to spring up throughout the whole earth. God consecrated Rome to this mission—therein lay the secret of her strength. Rome had no personal ambition; she did not struggle with the universe for her own welfare; she accepted the mission for the benefit of mankind. "Populus ille sanctus, pius, et gloriosus, propria commoda neglexisse videtur, ut publica pro salute humani generis procuraret." And when the work was done, Rome rested from her labours, until the second Gospel of Unity was needed by the world. It is in the writings of Dante (for the quotations would be too long) that we must look for the development of his thesis, from the authority of the poets, whom he always interrogates with reverence, to that of Jesus, who, he says, recognised by his death the legitimacy of the jurisdiction that Rome exercised over all the human race. The

second book of his *Monarchia*, and the fourth and fifth chapters of the second treatise of the *Convito*, are, as it were, an entire hymn to this idea, which Dante revered as religious.

The few and brief quotations I have given will suffice to show that from the study of these works of Dante, the Italians will find not only the consecration of the National Idea by the greatest Italian genius, but an unexpected harvest of truths which have been claimed by writers long posterior. In these pages, written five centuries ago, the tradition of Italian philosophy is linked to the school of Pythagoras, Pelesio, Campanella, and Giordano Bruno. The holy doctrine of progress obtains the support of an authority hitherto unsuspected, but anterior to every other known. The collective life of the human race; the law of its incessant development and progressive advance, accomplished through the medium of perpetually-extending association; the prophetic announcement of a social unity arising from the right distribution of the various social functions with a view to one common *aim*,—the theory of duty, all that forms the basis and the merit of a school generally regarded as French,—we find laid down for us in these books by an Italian of the thirteenth century, which have hitherto been neglected, probably in consequence of their uninviting style and form.

A moderating governing power, then, is necessary; and it is necessary that the seat of this power—the Empire—should be Italy, Rome. Having arrived at this conclusion, Dante naturally looked around for some means of realising his conception.

Italy was divided between the Guelphs and Ghibellines. These names, which in Germany only conveyed, the idea of a family feud, signified in Italy a thing of far more serious import. In the eyes of the majority, the Guelphs were the supporters of the Priesthood, the Ghibellines the supporters of the Empire. But this was only the surface of things: Ghibellinism in fact represented feudality, the Patricians; Guelphism represented the Commune, the *people*, and upheld the Pope because it was upheld by the Pope. The people triumphed: the Commune was established on a foundation of liberty and equality; the Patricians were almost everywhere put down. The feudal element was condemned to impotence from that time forward. Military genius, or wealth, might still render individual members of some of the noble families influential; it might even elevate them to dominion in their own cities; but as a compact collective element, as a *caste*, the nobility were extinguished for ever.

The people, however, the conquerors, knew not how to turn their victory to account. The time was not yet come for the foundation of Italian Unity

upon a popular principle; the day had not yet dawned for the gathering together and fusion of the different races that had crossed and mingled in our land.

The absence of any single moderating Principle —omnipotent over local interests—gave rise to a species of anarchy peculiar to Italy. Within the confines of the Peninsula, twenty republics made fierce war upon each other, and within the bosom of each of these, general ideas give place to private interests; belief to passion; questions of principle to paltry human quarrels. The various factions experienced in consequence a series of modifications, which were further complicated by the intervention of the French, called in by the Popes, whose fatal policy it was to keep one foreign power in check by means of another, without ever appealing to the Italian element. When Urban IV. summoned Charles of Anjou in Italy, the Patricians (Ghibellines) were his enemies; when, after the Bianchi and Neri parties were formed, Boniface VIII. called in Charles of Valois, the Bianchi, who were plebeians, were persecuted; and the Neri (the Patricians) became transformed into Guelphs, because they sympathised with Charles, the envoy of Boniface. The Bianchi then allied themselves with the Ghibellines, whose ancient feudalism, however, had been irrevocably crushed.

Dante, who in early life had been a Guelph, then

became a Ghibelline; that is to say, he was always on the side of the people, the element of Italian futurity.

But the people were at that time unable to constitute the ideal Dante sought to realise; as yet they only represented a corporation, a fraction;—the *Nation*, which Dante dreamed of, was as yet unknown. In looking, therefore, for a centre or link of Unity, Dante found himself compelled to choose, not between Germans, French, or Italians, but between the Germans and the French only.

Italian Unity could not be the work of the Popes, for they, who had made common cause with the people so long as the struggle between the Priesthood and the Empire was undecided, had now abandoned them. Between France and Germany, therefore, it was impossible that the choice could long remain dubious. Germany was distant from Italy, torn by intestine divisions, and weakened by dismemberment, abhorred by the Italians of old, and therefore not likely to be long formidable to Italy. This was not the case with France, already visibly advancing towards Unity herself, and favourably viewed by the Italians. Dante, who had also other reasons for not loving France, addressed himself to Germany.

But how?

He intended to make Germany always subaltern, to cancel her *initiative*, and subject her to the des-

tinies of Italy. All the northern races had thronged to Rome between the fifth and seventh centuries, to accept the Christian faith, and receive, as it were, the word of their mission there. And Dante intended that Germany should thus a second time receive it, in the person of her emperor. What mattered it to him whether the man through whose instrumentality Rome was to assume her providential mission bore the name of Henry or any other? The point of moment to him was, to make it manifest that such a mission did exist; that it existed in Rome, and belonged then and for ever to the Roman people. The individual who was for the time being to represent Rome was but a shadow; to be venerated for a day, and vanish the day after. Rome once recognised as the seat of the double Papacy—spiritual and temporal—and living symbol of the Christian duality, the foreign emperor's successor would probably be an Italian, and even if he were not, the inspiration of which he would be the echo would be Italian.

There is not, in the whole treatise *De Monarchia*, a single word concerning Germany or the emperor. The Roman nation is the hero of the book. Dante makes careful provision to prevent the possibility that the individual chosen should ever be able to substitute his own for the Italian Idea.

"*Humanum genus, potissimum liberum, optime se habit.*" "Arise," writes Dante to his fellow-citizens,

"like free men; and recollect that the emperor is only your first minister." "*Non enim genas propter gentem, sed rex propter gentem.*" * When he speaks to Henry, it is as one power addressing another. "Art thou," he asks him, "he for whom we wait; or must we seek another? Why dost thou stop halfway, as if the Roman Empire were in Liguria? "*Romanorum potestas,*" he exclaims to Henry, "*nec metis Italiæ, nec triconis Europæ margine coarctatur. Nam, etsi vim passa in angustum gubernacula sua contraxit undique, tamen de inviolabili jure fluctus Amphitrires attingens, vix ab inutili unda oceani se circumcingi dignatur.*" Henry, I repeat, is to him nothing more than the agent of the Roman Empire.

There is, I think, some difference between this doctrine and Ghibellinism. Dante, in fact, in many passages of his poem, in the *Paradiso* especially (c. vi. v. 103, and the following lines), clearly separates himself from Ghibellinism. Both factions sought to enlist him in their ranks, but in vain (*Par.* xii. 69; *Inf.* xv. 70). He studied them on every side; he mixed in their ranks; but it was as an independent man, who felt it a duty to study the elements and forces round him in order to adapt and apply them to his lofty aim.

In 1302, exile and other circumstances drew him somewhat nearer to the Ghibellines; but he

* Epistola ai principi e popoli d'Italia.—*Monarchia*, i.

openly quitted them in the course of the same year, disapproving their line of action. In his poem he treats both Guelphs and Ghibellines as one who is partizan of neither. He is almost cruel towards Bocca degli Abati (*Inf.* xxxii.), who betrayed the Guelphs; and severely just towards Carlino dei Pazzi, who betrayed the Ghibellines (*idem*). In the course of his pilgrimage after his exile, he mingled, with solemn and lofty mien, amongst all those whom he judged capable of furthering his design, without distinction of party. He died in the house of a Guelph.

Dante was neither Guelph nor Ghibelline. Like every man bearing within him the sacred flame of genius, he pursued an independent path, having a higher aim in view than his fellows. He looked beyond Guelphism and Ghibellinism, to the National Unity of Italy; beyond Clement V. and Henry VII. he saw the unity of the world, and the moral government of that unity in the hands of Italy.

This idea he never renounced. In his poem he flagellates all the Italian cities, whether Guelph or Ghibelline, without regard or fear; Italy alone is sacred to him; and if he reproves or reproaches her, you feel that his reproaches are mingled with tears, aspiration, and a gigantic pride of country.

In his small unfinished work *De Vulgari Eloquio* he attacks all the Italian dialects, but it is because he intends to found a language common to all

Italy; to create a *form* worthy of representing the National idea. He felt the utmost indignation—he whom the *savans* tell us wrote in French—against all Italians who preferred a foreign tongue to their own, and against those who wrote in favour of the election of a foreign Pope. The Italian spirit was sacred to him in whatever shape it was made manifest.

Dante, as I said some pages back, was a Christian and an Italian. M. Ozanam, almost the only one who rejects the absurd qualifications of Guelph or Ghibelline, goes more widely astray than the others on the point of his religion. The persecutions excited by Boniface VIII., and the fact of the Cardinal Legate del Poggetto being sent by John XXII. to Ravenna, to procure the disinterment of the ashes of Dante, that they might be exposed to public execration, are a sufficient answer to those who in the present day seek to prove him an orthodox Catholic. Nor do I think the Popes, many of whom were venerated as saints in their day, and whom Dante has placed in hell, would greatly applaud the zeal of these writers. There are schools of philosophy now existing in France which prophesy that the Papacy will ere long become the apostle of democracy,—*en attendant*, the Pope has excommunicated them. I have not space fully to enter upon the question of Dante's religion. Foscolo's discourse upon the poem may be con-

sulted with advantage; but the study of the *Convito* and the eleventh canto of the *Paradiso*, will, I think, be quite enough to put a stop for ever to this posthumous ebullition of Catholicity. The Christianity of Dante was derived directly from the first fathers of the church, whose enlarged views had already been departed from by the Roman Papacy of the thirteenth century. His own ideas of the progressive perfecting of the principle of human nature in a future life, and of the participation of all men in the spirit of God, open the way for the still further development of Christian truth itself. To him the Papacy was nothing more than a problem of spiritual organisation. He was willing to submit to it on condition that it did not shackle any of his favourite ideas.

The ideas of which I have here given a sketch, are fermenting, more or less boldly developed, among the youth of Italy. Understanding Dante better than the men who write about him,* they revere him as the prophet of the nation, and as the one who gave to Italy not only the sceptre of modern poetry, but the initiative thought of a new philosophy. But in the time of Dante, in the midst of that whirlwind of personal and local passions

* M. Balbo, who by the way does not believe the Unity of Italy possible, dismisses the book *De Monarchia* with the sentence "un tessuto di sogni" (*a tissue of dreams*). Cesare Cantù, in his *Margherita di Pusterla*, calls it "abbietissimo libro" (*a most abject book*).

which intercepted all view of the future, who understood, who *could* understand thoughts like those which he bore within his soul? And what must have been the life he dragged through in the midst of elements so discordant from his ideal, he who in his native city could find only two just men—himself perhaps, and his friend Guido—both misunderstood (*Inf.* vi.-xiii.)—between an idea vast as the world, and that powerlessness to realise it which became every day more and more apparent!

His was indeed a tragical life—tragical from the real ills that constantly assailed him—from the lonely thought which ate into his soul, because there was none whom he might inspire with it. At the age of twenty-four (1290) he lost Beatrice, after having seen her in the arms of another; at the age of thirty, towards the end of 1295, he lost Charles Martel, to whom he was attached by a warm friendship; and Forese Donati, whom he loved still more tenderly.* Five years afterwards he was PRIORE, and compelled by his duty as a citizen to bring upon himself the hatred of the two parties who harassed Florence, by banishing the chiefs of both; and that of Boniface VIII. and of all the friends of Charles de Valois, whose mediation he caused to be refused. Guido Cavalcanti, for sixteen years his best friend, died that same year; and two years after this began for

* *Parad.* viii. 55, and following lines; *Purg.* xxiii. 76, etc.

Dante the Hell of Exile—that lingering, bitter, agonising death,* which none can *know* but the exile himself,—that consumption of the soul, which has only *one* hope to console it. Accused on the strength of a forged document, and whilst he was absent as ambassador to Boniface VIII., of extorting money, he was sentenced to a fine, and to two years' banishment. His house was given up to pillage, and his lands devastated. Three months afterwards, enraged that he had neither paid the fine nor sought to justify himself, his enemies condemned him to be *burnt to death: ubique comburatur sic quod moriatur.* Then began his life of wandering and disappointment; he went from province to province, from city to city, from court to court, to see if among the heads of parties, among warriors of renown, he might find a man who could or would save Italy, but in vain. The desire and ambition might exist in some, but the capacity in none. Everywhere he found narrowness of intellect; sometimes he was treated with contempt. Poverty assailed him: *urget me rei familiaris egestas.*† He wore at times the semblance of a mendicant. Like a ship without sail or rudder, he was driven through every port, harbour, and shore, by the bleak and bitter wind of

* Piget me cunctis sed pietatem maximam illorum habeo quicunque in exilio tabescentes, patriam tantum somoriando revisunt.—*De Vulg. El.* ii. c. 6; Lion. Aret. *Vita di Dante.*

† Ep. Kani Grandi de Scala.

grievous poverty.* He bore up against it all. His adversity was great, but he was great as his adversity. He who had loved so well was alone, without a single beloved hand to soothe with its caress his brow, burning with the fever of Genius; he whose heart was so great, so gloriously proud, in peril of his life, was reduced to beg, at the gates of men whom perhaps he despised at the bottom of his soul, for the "bitter bread."† He who bore within himself the soul of Italy, was misunderstood by the whole nation; but he did not yield; he wrestled nobly against the external world and ended by conquering it. If for some rare moment he seemed to be borne down by the fury of the storm, it was only to rise up again great as before—

> Come la fronda che flette la cima
> Nel transito del vento, e poi si leva
> Per la propria virtù che la sublima.
>
> *Parad.* xxvi. 85.

Taking refuge in his conscience: "sotto l'usbergo del sentirsi puro"—graving by night his noble ven-

* Per le parti quasi tutte, alle quali questa lingua si stende, peregrino, quasi mendicando, sono andato, mostrando contro a mia voglia la piaga della fortuna, che suole ingiustamente al piagato molte volte essere imputata. Veramente io sono stato legno senza vela, e senza governo, portato a diversi porti e foci e liti dal vento secco che vapora la dolorosa povertà; e sono apparito agli occhi a molti che forse per alcuna fama in altra forma m'aveano imaginato; nel cospetto de' quali non solamente invilio, ma di minor pregio si fece ogni opera si già fatta come quella che fosse a fare.—*Convito.*

† *Che sa da sale.*

geance in the immortal pages which he could only leave to mankind as he descended to the tomb,* he kept himself faithful to his God, to his purpose, to himself. Nothing could bend or corrupt his soul. It was like the diamond, which can only be conquered by its own dust.

And if the pain had not been within, no adversity springing from without could have disturbed this tetragonal† being, who was born to suffer and to do. He was made to govern, not to submit; endowed with an immense power of will, and a patience beyond all proof—inflexible from conviction, and calmly resolute. Whenever I think on the life of Dante, he reminds me, not of Luther himself, but of his beautiful words: "Weil, weder sicher noch gerathen ist, etwas wider gewissen zu thun, hier stehe ich; ich kann nicht anders. Gott helfe mir. Amen." And Dante was of those who recognise no law but that of conscience, and recur for aid to none but God. His soul was naturally loving, but, superior as he felt himself to all his contemporaries, it was the *human species* he loved—MAN, as one day he will be,—but with the men who surrounded him,

* *Parad.* xxvii. 55, et seqq.; *Purg.* xi. 133, et seqq.

† . . . . Avvegna ch'io mi senta
Ben tetragono ai colpi di ventura.—*Parad.* canto xvii.

. . . . On all sides
Well squared to Fortune's blows.—*Carey.*

and whom, with a very few exceptions, he did not esteem, he could have no intimate communion. When, in the *Purg.* (xi. 61, et seqq.*), Omberto dei Conti di Santafiore says to him—

> L'antico sangue e l'opere leggiadre
> De' miei maggior mi fèr si arrogante,
> Che non pensando alla comune madre,
> Ogni nomo ebbi in dispetto tanto avante
> Ch'io ne morii—

Dante bows down his head; one would say that he felt himself guilty of the same fault. He loved glory—he does not conceal it; but it was not so much renown, which he compares to the colour of the grass—which the sun first colours green, and then withers†—as the glory of triumph over the obstacles in the way of the aim—the sanction of those who should call *ancient* the times in which he lived. He desired to live in the future, in the *second life*, and that his thoughts might descend like an inspiration into the hearts of his successors here below. The grand thought of a mutual responsibility, uniting in one bond the whole human race, was ever and ever floating before his eyes. The consciousness of a link between this world and the next, between one period of life and the

* I am decidedly of the opinion put forth by Foscolo, that, with the exception of some fragments, the poem was never published by Dante. For proof of this see the *Discorso sul testo.*

† *Purg.* xi. 115. See also v. 100, et seqq.

remainder, is revealed every moment in the poem: a feeling of tenderness, engendered by this belief, gleams across the *Purgatorio*, and penetrates even into the *Inferno*. The spirits there anxiously ask for tidings of earth, and desire to send back news of themselves.* He loved Florence: the place of his birth—the temple, which he calls "his beautiful St. John,"† where he one day broke a baptismal font to save a child from drowning, are recollected with profound regret:—he did not love the Florentines, and inscribed at the head of his poem the words, omitted in all editions, Foscolo's excepted—

"FLORENTINUS NATIONE, NON MORIBUS."

A man of the middle ages, and endowed with all the strong passions of that time, he knew what *revenge* meant. When Geri del Bello, his relation, passed him without looking, he says with sorrow—

. . . . . La violenta morte
Che non gli è vendicata ancor, diss'io,
Per alcun che dell'onta sia consorte
Fece lui disdegnoso; onde sen gío
Senza parlarmi.—*Infer.* xxix. 31, et seqq.

But he had too much greatness in his soul, and too much pride it may be, to make revenge a personal

* *Inf.* and *Purg.* passim. The beautiful sentiment expressed in the lines, "A miei portai l'amor che quì raffina," which are spoken by Currado Malespina, in the eighth chap. of *Purgatorio*, has been almost universally misunderstood.

† Il mio bel san Giovanni.

matter; he had nothing but contempt for his own enemies, and never—except in the case of Boniface VIII., whom it was necessary to punish in the name of religion and of Italy—did he place a single one of them in the *Inferno*, not even his judge, Conte Gabrielli. The 'non ragioniam di lor ma guarda e passa,' which in the beginning of his poem he applies to those who have been worthy neither of heaven nor hell, appears to have been his own rule towards his enemies. Strong in love and strong in hatred, it is never love of himself nor hatred of others. Life was not sweet or dear enough to him for him to attach much importance to anything personal; but he loved justice and hated wrong. He was able to look Death in the face without that egotistical fear, mingled with egotistical hope, which appears in every turn of Petrarch's poems, and in his letters, and also in the writings of Boccaccio. It appeared to him of more importance to hasten to accomplish his mission upon earth, than to meditate upon the inevitable hour which marks for all men the beginning of a new task. And if at times he speaks of weariness of life,* it is only because he sees evil more and more triumphant in the places where his mission was appointed. He concerned himself not about the length or the shortness of life, but about the end for which life was given; for he felt God in life,

* *Purg.* xx. 10, 14.

and knew the creative virtue there is in action. He wrote as he would have acted, and the pen in his hand became, as we have said, like a sword; nor is it without a purpose that he places a sword in the hand of HOMER, the sovereign poet.* He wrestled, when it was against nothing else, with himself—against the wanderings of his understanding†—against the overweening fire of poesy‡ that consumed him, against the violence of his passions. The purification of heart by which he passed from the hell of struggle to the heaven of victory, to the calmness of one who has made the sacrifice of hope from his earthly life—*in violenta e disperata pace*—is admirably shown in the poem. With a character such as we have sketched—haughty, disdainful, untameable, as the opinion of his contemporaries, even through imaginary anecdotes, tells us—looking upon himself as belonging to the small number of privileged beings endowed with high understanding, and worthy of the communion of the Holy Spirit—impatient of the rule of others, and disposed to infringe it§—Dante evidently was one of those men who pass unscathed and erect through the gravest and most perilous conjunctures, nor ever bow the knee save to the power that works within. That power he adored with a trembling and religious fervour—*Deus fortior;*—he had gone

* *Inf.* iv. 86, et seqq. † *Inf.* xxvi. 21. ‡ *Purg.* xxxiii. 131.
§ Ep. ded. ad Kanem.

through every stage of the growth of an *Idea*, from the moment when it arises for the first time in the soul's horizon, down to that when it incarnates itself in the man, takes possession of all his faculties, and cries to him, "Thou art mine."

It was the *dust of the diamond*—the hidden, mysterious pain of Genius, so real, and yet, from its very nature, understood by so few—the torment of having seized and conceived the ideal and felt the impossibility of reducing it to action in this life—the Titanic dream of an Italy, the leader of humanity, and angel of light among the nations—contrasted with the reality of an Italy divided against herself, deprived of her temporal head, and betrayed by her spiritual ruler—coveted by all strangers, and ready to prostitute herself to them—the sense of the power within to guide men towards good, while condemned, from adverse circumstances and the sway of egotistical passions, to waste that power in enforced impotence—the constant inward struggle between faith and doubt;—all these were the things that changed the author of the *Vita Nuova* into the writer of the *Inferno*—the young angel of peace and gentle poetry, whose features Giotto has preserved to us, into the Dante with whom we are familiar, the Dante come back from hell. It was when bowed down beneath this internal conflict that Dante, one day, wandering across the mountains of Lunigiana, knocked at the gate of the

monastery of Santa Croce del Corvo. The monk who opened it read at a single glance all the long history of misery on the pale thin face of the stranger. "*What do you seek here?*" said he. Dante gazed around, with one of those looks in which the soul speaks, and slowly replied—"Peace"—PACEM.* There is in this scene something that leads our thoughts up to the eternal type of all martyrs of genius and love, praying to His Father, to the Father of all, upon the Mount of Olives, for peace of soul, and strength for the sacrifice.

PEACE—neither monk nor any other creature could bestow it on Dante. It was only the unseen hand, which sends the last arrow, that could, as Jean Paul says, take from his head the Crown of Thorns.†

I have endeavoured in the foregoing pages to show Dante in a point of view hitherto too much neglected, and which is, nevertheless, I think, the most important. I have, at the same time, given an answer to the astonishment of M. Labitte, and of all the Labittes of the day, at the newly-kindled enthusiasm with which this generation studies

* Letter from Fra Flavio to Uguccione della Faggiola v. Troia del Veltro Allegorico.

† "Aber das Grab ist nicht tief; es ist der leuchtende Fusstritt eines Engels, des uns sucht. Wenn die unbekannte Hand den letzten Pfeil an das Haupt des Menschen sendet, so bückt er vorher das Haupt, und der Pfeil hebt bloss die Dornenkrone von seinen Wunden ab."

the old Allighieri. Besides that which all men of heart and intellect at all times look for in the genius of the poet—the Ideal made manifest—his soul—the soul of his epoch—Italy seeks there for the secret of her nationality. Europe seeks there the secret of Italy, and a prophecy of modern Thought.

Dante has found peace and glory; the crown of thorns has long since fallen from his head; the idea which he cast like seed into the world has sprung up, and developed from century to century, from day to day; his soul, which did not find a responsive echo in its course here below, communes in the present day with millions in his native land. More than five hundred years have passed over the country of Dante since the death of his mortal part—years of glory and of shame, of genius and intolerable mediocrity, of turbulent liberty and mortal servitude; but the name of Dante has remained, and the severe image of the poet still rules the destinies of Italian generations, now an encouragement, and now a reproach. The splendour of no other genius has been able to eclipse or dim the grandeur of Dante; never has there been a darkness so profound that it could conceal this star of promise from Italian eyes; neither the profanations of tyrants and Jesuits, nor the violations of foreign invaders, have been able to efface it. "Sanctum Poetæ nomen quod nunquam barbaries

violavit." The poem was long misunderstood and degraded by vulgar commentators; the prose works, in which Dante had written the *National Idea* still more explicitly, were forgotten—concealed, by suspicious tyranny, from the knowledge of his fellow-citizens; and yet, as if there had been a compact, an interchange of secret life between the nation and its poet, even the common people who cannot read, know and revere his sacred name. At Porciano, some leagues from the source of the Arno, the peasants show a tower in which they say Dante was imprisoned. At Gubbio a street bears his name; a house is pointed out as having been dwelt in by him. The mountaineers of Talmino, near Udine, tell the travellers that there is the grotto where Dante wrote—there the stone upon which he used to sit; yet a little while, and the country will inscribe on the base of his statue:

The Italian Nation to the Memory OF ITS PROPHET.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST COMPLETE EDITION OF THE DUTIES OF MAN.*

TO THE ITALIAN WORKING CLASS.

To you, Sons and Daughters of the People, I dedicate this book. In it I have traced for you the Principles, in the name and by the aid of which you may, if you will, fulfil your mission in Italy; a mission of Republican Progress for all your countrymen, and of emancipation for yourselves.

Let those among you whom favourable circumstances or superior ability have rendered more capable of penetrating the deep meaning of these Principles, explain them to the others in the same loving spirit in which I thought, while writing, of your sufferings, your aspirations, and that new life which it will be yours to diffuse over our Italian country, so soon as the unjust inequalities now so fatal to the free development of your faculties shall be overcome.

* The first four chapters of this work were published in the *Apostolato Popolare*, a journal published by Mazzini for the Italian working-men in England, in 1844. It was completed in the *Pensiero ed Azione* in 1858.—*Translator.*

I have loved you from my earliest years. I was taught by the Republican instincts of my mother to seek out among my fellows neither the rich man nor the great, but the true *Man;* while the simple and unconscious virtues of my father accustomed me to value the silent unmarked spirit of self-sacrifice so frequently found in your class, far above the external and assumed superiority of semi-education.

In later years the pages of our history revealed to me the fact that the true life of Italy is the life of her People; and I saw how, during the slow progress of the ages, the shock of different races, and the superficial ephemeral changes wrought by usurpation and conquest, had been ordained to elaborate and prepare our great democratic National Unity.

And I devoted myself to you thirty years ago.

I saw that our Country, our One Country of free men and equals, could never be founded by an Aristocracy such as ours, possessed neither of initiative power nor collective life; nor by a Monarchy destitute of special mission, and devoid of all idea of Unity or Emancipation—a Monarchy which had merely crept in amongst us in the sixteenth century, and in the track of the foreigner.

I saw that our United Italian Country could only be founded by the Italian People, and I declared this to the world.

I saw the necessity that your class should free themselves from the yoke of *hire*, and gradually elevate Labour, through the medium of Association, to be master alike of the soil and capital of the State; and, long before any French sects of Socialists had distorted the question amongst us, I proclaimed it.

I saw that an Italy such as the aspirations of our hearts foretell, can never exist until the Papacy shall be overthrown in the name of the Moral Law, acknowledged as high above all pretended Intermediates between God and the People; and I avowed it.

Nor, amid the wild accusations, calumnies, and derision by which I have been assailed, have I ever betrayed your cause, nor deserted the banner of the Future, even when you—led astray by the teachings of men, not *believers*, but *idolaters*—forsook me for those who but trafficked in your blood, to withdraw their thoughts from you in the sequel.

The hearty and sincere grasp of the hand of some of the best among you, sons and daughters of the People, has consoled me for the faithlessness of others, and for the many bitter delusions heaped upon me by men whom I loved, and who professed to love me. I have but few years of life left to me, but the bond sealed between me and those few among yourselves will remain inviolate to my last day, and will live beyond it.

Think, then, of me as I think of you. Let us commune together in affection for our country. The special element of her future is in you.

But our country's future, and your own, can only be realised by ridding yourselves of two great sores, which still (though I hope for no long while) contaminate our upper classes, and threaten to misdirect the advance of Italy.

These two sores are *Macchiavellism* and *Materialism.*

The first, an ignoble travesty of the doctrine of a great but unhappy man, would lead you away from the frank, brave, and loyal adoration of Truth; the second, through the worship of *Interest,* would inevitably drag you down to egotism and anarchy.

If you would emancipate yourselves from the arbitrary rule and tyranny of man, you must begin by rightly adoring God. And in the world's great battle between the two principles of Good and Evil you must openly enrol yourselves beneath the banner of the first and ceaselessly combat the second; rejecting every dubious symbol, and every cowardly compromise or hypocrisy of all leaders who seek to strike a middle course.

Beneath the banner of the first you will ever find me by your side while life lasts.

It was because I saw these two lies of Macchiavellism and Materialism too often clothe themselves before your eyes with the seductive fascinations of

hopes which only the worship of God and Truth can realise, that I thought to warn you by this book. I love you too well either to flatter your passions or caress the golden dreams by which others seek to win your favour. My voice may sound too harsh, and I may too severely insist on proclaiming the necessity of virtue and sacrifice; but I know, and you too—untainted by false doctrine and unspoiled by wealth—will soon know also, that the sole origin of every Right is in a Duty fulfilled.

Farewell: accept me, now and for ever, as your brother,

JOSEPH MAZZINI

ON THE DUTIES OF MAN.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

I INTEND to speak to you of your duties. I intend to speak to you, according to the dictates of my heart, of the holiest things we know: to speak to you of God, of Humanity, of the Fatherland and the Family.

Listen to me in love, as I shall speak to you in love. My words are words of conviction, matured by long years of study, of experience, and of sorrow. The duties which I point out to you, I have striven, and shall strive while I live, to fulfil as far as I have the power. I may err, but my error is not of the heart. I may deceive myself, but I will not deceive you. Listen to me, then, fraternally: judge freely among yourselves whether I speak truth or error. If it seem to you that I speak error, leave me; but follow me, and act according to my teachings, if you believe me an apostle of the truth. To err is a misfortune, and deserving of

commiseration; but to know the truth, and fail to regulate our actions according to its teaching, is a crime condemned alike by Heaven and Earth.

Wherefore do I speak to you of your *duties* before speaking to you of your *rights?* Wherefore, in a society wherein all, voluntarily or involuntarily, tend to oppress you; wherein the exercise of so many of the rights that belong to man is continually denied to you; wherein your portion is suffering, and all that which men call happiness is for other classes—do I speak to you of *self-sacrifice* rather than of *conquest?* of virtue, of moral improvement, and of education, rather than of material wellbeing?

This is a question which I am bound to answer clearly before I go any farther, because this is precisely the point which constitutes the difference between the school to which I belong and many others now existing in Europe; and also because this is a question that naturally arises in the vexed mind of the suffering working-man.

We are the slaves of labour—poor and unhappy: speak to us of material improvement, of liberty, of happiness. Tell us if we are doomed to suffer for ever; if we are never to enjoy in our turn. Preach duty to our employers; to the classes above us, who treat us like machines, and monopolise the sources of wellbeing, which, in justice, belong to all men. Speak to us of our rights; tell us how to gain them: speak to us of our strength: let us first

obtain a recognised. social and political existence; —then indeed you may talk to us of our duties.

So say too many working-men, and they follow doctrines, and join associations, corresponding to such thoughts and desires; forgetful, however, of one thing, and that is, that these very doctrines to which they still appeal have been preached during the last fifty years, without resulting in any, the slightest material improvement in the condition of the working-man.

All that has been achieved or attempted in the cause of progress and improvement in Europe during the last fifty years—whether against absolute governments or the aristocracy of blood—has been attempted in the name of the *Rights* of man, and of *Liberty* as the means of that wellbeing which has been regarded as the end and aim of life.

All the acts of the great French Revolution, and of those revolutions which succeeded and imitated it, were a consequence of the "*Declaration of the Rights of man.*"

All the works of those philosophers whose writings prepared the way for that revolution were founded upon a theory of Liberty, and of making known to every individual his Rights. The doctrines of all the Revolutionary Schools preached that man was born for *happiness;* that he had a right to seek happiness by every means in his power; and

that no one had a right to impede him in that search; while he had a right to overthrow whatever obstacles he met in his path towards it.

And all those obstacles were overthrown; liberty was achieved: in many countries it lasted for years; in some it exists even yet.

Has the condition of the people improved?

Have the millions who live by the daily labour of their hands acquired any, the smallest amount of the promised and desired wellbeing?

No; the condition of the people is not improved. On the contrary, in most countries it has even deteriorated, and here especially, whence I write, the price of the necessaries of life has continually augmented, the wages of working-men in many branches of industry have progressively diminished, while the population has increased. In almost all countries the condition of the workman has become more uncertain, more precarious, while those crises which condemn thousands of workmen to a certain period of inertia have become more frequent.

The annual increase of emigration from country to country, and from Europe to other parts of the world, and the ever-increasing cipher of benevolent institutions, of poor's rates, and other precautions against mendicity, suffice to prove this. They indicate that public attention is continually being attracted to the sufferings of

the people; but their inefficiency visibly to diminish those sufferings demonstrates an equally progressive augmentation of the misery of the classes in whose behalf they endeavour to provide.*

And nevertheless in these last fifty years the sources of social wealth and the mass of material means of happiness have been continually on the increase. Commerce, surmounting those frequent crises which are inevitable in the absolute absence of all organisation, has achieved an increase of power and activity, and a wider sphere of operation. Communication has almost everywhere been rendered rapid and secure, and hence the price of produce has decreased in proportion to the diminished cost of transport. On the other hand, the idea that there are Rights inherent to human nature is now generally admitted and accepted—hypocritically and in words at least—even by those who seek to withhold those Rights. Why then has not the condition of the people improved? Why has the consumption of produce—instead of being equally distributed among all the members of European society—become concentrated in the hands of a few, of a class forming a new aristo-

* It must be borne in mind that this and the three succeeding chapters were published more than twenty years ago. Great changes have taken place in the English economical system since that time. The work was interrupted by the author's political duties, and was left untouched until 1858, when it was concluded in the *Pensiero ed Azione.—Translator's Note.*

cracy? Why has the fresh impulse given to industry and commerce resulted, not in the well-being of the many, but in the luxury of the few?

The answer is clear to those who look closely into things. Men are the creatures of education, and their actions are but the consequence of the principle of education given to them. The promoters of revolutions and political transformations have hitherto founded them all upon one idea—the idea of the *Rights* appertaining to the individual. Those revolutions achieved *Liberty*—individual liberty; liberty of education, liberty of belief, liberty of commerce, liberty in all things and for all men.

But of what use were Rights when acquired by men who had not the means of exercising them? Of what use was mere liberty of education to men who had neither time nor means to profit by it? Of what use was mere liberty of commerce to those who possessed neither merchandise, capital, nor credit?

In all the countries wherein these principles were proclaimed, Society was composed of the small number of individuals who were the possessors of land, of capital, and of credit; and of the vast multitude who possessed nothing but the labour of their own hands, and were compelled to sell that labour to the first class, on any terms, in order to live. For such men—compelled to spend the whole day in material and monotonous exertion,

and condemned to a continual struggle against hunger and want, what was liberty but an illusion, a bitter irony?

And the only way to prevent this state of things would have been for the upper classes voluntarily to consent to reduce the hours of labour, while they increased its remuneration; to bestow an uniform and gratuitous education upon the multitude; to render the instruments of labour accessible to all, and create a credit for workmen of good capacity and of good intentions.

Now, why should they have done this? Was not wellbeing the end and aim of life? Was not material prosperity the one thing desired by all? Why should they diminish their own enjoyments in favour of others? Let those help themselves who can. When Society has once secured to each individual the free exercise of those Rights which are inherent in human nature, it has done all it is bound to do. If there be any one who from some fatality of his own position is unable to exercise any of these rights, let him resign himself to his fate, and not blame others.

It was natural they should speak thus, and thus in fact they spoke. And this mode of regarding the poor by the privileged classes, soon became the mode in which individuals regarded one another. Each man occupied himself with his own rights and the amelioration of his own position, without

seeking to provide for others; and when those rights clashed with the rights of others, the result was a state of war—a war, not of blood, but of gold and craft; less manly than the other, but equally fatal; a relentless war in which those who possessed means inexorably crushed the weak and inexpert.

In this state of continual warfare men were educated in egotism and the exclusive greed of material wellbeing.

Mere liberty of belief had destroyed all community of faith. Mere liberty of education generated moral anarchy. Mankind, without any common bond, without unity of religious belief or aim, bent upon enjoyment and nought beyond, sought each and all to tread their own path, little heeding if, in pursuing it, they trampled upon the bodies of their brothers—brothers in name, but enemies in fact. This is the state of things we have reached at the present day, thanks to the theory of Rights.

Rights no doubt exist; but when the rights of one individual happen to clash with those of another, how can we hope to reconcile and harmonise them, if we do not refer to something which is above all rights? And when the rights of an individual, or of many individuals, clash with the rights of the country, to what tribunal shall we appeal?

If the right to the greatest possible amount of

happiness exist in *all* human beings, how are we to solve the question between the working-man and the manufacturer?

If the right to existence is the first inviolable right of every man, who shall demand the sacrifice of that existence for the benefit of other men?

Will you demand it in the name of the country, of society, of the multitude, your brothers?

What is their country to those who hold the theory I describe, if it be not the spot wherein their individual rights are most secure? What is society but an assemblage of men who have agreed to bring the power of the many in support of the rights of each?

And you who for fifty years have been preaching to the individual that *society is constituted for the purpose of securing to him the exercise of his rights*, how can you ask of him to sacrifice them all in favour of that society, and submit, if need be, to ceaseless effort, to imprisonment, or exile, for the sake of improving it? After having taught him by every means in your power that the end and aim of life is happiness, how can you expect him to sacrifice both happiness and life itself to free his country from foreign oppression, or produce some amelioration in the condition of a class to which he does not belong?

After you have preached to him for years in the name of material *interests*, can you pretend

that he shall see wealth and power within his own reach, and not stretch forth his hand to grasp them, even though to the injury of his fellow-men?

Working-men, this is no mere individual opinion, the offspring of my own mind, and unsupported by facts: it is history, the history of our own times; a history whose pages are stained with blood—the blood of the people.

Ask the men who transformed the revolution of 1830 into a mere substitution of persons, and made the corpses of your French brothers serve as stepping-stones to raise themselves to power. Their whole doctrine and teaching previously to 1830 was founded on the old theory of the rights, not on a belief in the duties of man. You call them traitors and apostates at the present day, whereas in fact they are only consistent with their own theory.

They combated the government of Charles X. in all sincerity, because that government was directly inimical to the class from which they sprang, and violated, or sought to suppress, their rights. They combated in the name of that happiness of which they considered themselves to have less than they were entitled to possess. Some of them were persecuted in their liberty of thought; others, men of powerful intellect, saw themselves neglected and shut out from offices and employments which were bestowed on men of inferior capacity to

their own. Then even the wrongs of the people irritated them. Then they wrote boldly, and in good faith too, upon the rights inherent to all men.

Afterwards, when *their own* political and intellectual rights were secured; when the path to office was opened to them; when they had achieved the happiness they sought;—they forgot the people, they forgot the millions below them—their inferiors both in education and desires—who were also seeking to achieve a different description of happiness; they ceased to trouble themselves about the matter, and thought only of themselves.

Why should you call them traitors? Why not rather call their doctrine false and treacherous?

In those days there lived a man in France whom some of you have heard of, and whom you ought never to forget. He was opposed to our ideas then, but he believed in Duty. He believed in the duty of sacrificing our whole existence to the common good, to the search after and triumph of Truth. He earnestly studied the times and men; he was neither led astray by applause nor disheartened by delusion. When he had tried one way and found it fail, he tried again some other plan for the improvement of the many; and when the course of events had convinced him that there was only one element capable of achieving it—when the *People* had descended into the arena, and

proved themselves more virtuous and more believing than all those who had pretended to support their cause—he, *Lamennais*, the author of the *Words of a Believer*, which some of you have read, became the best apostle of the cause in which we are united.

In Lamennais, and in the men of whom I have spoken above, you may see exemplified the difference between the men of Rights and the men of Duty. To the first the conquest of their own individual rights, by withdrawing their stimulus to action, was sufficient to arrest their course; the labours of the other ceased only with his life on earth.

And among those peoples who are completely enslaved—where the struggle has far other dangers, where every step taken towards progress is stamped with the blood of a martyr, where the struggle against the governing Injustice is necessarily secret, and deprived of the consolations of publicity and praise—what obligation, what stimulus to constancy, can be sufficient to sustain upon the path of progress those men whose theory reduces the holy social battle we are fighting into a mere struggle for their rights?

I speak, be it understood, of the generality, and not of those exceptional individuals who are to be met with in all schools of doctrine.

And when that tumult of the blood and that spirit of reaction against tyranny which naturally

draw the young into the struggle, are passed, wherefore, after a few years of endeavour, after the inevitable delusions incidental to a similar enterprise, should they not prefer any sort of repose to a life full of inquietude, resistance, and danger, liable at any moment to end in imprisonment, on the scaffold, or in exile?

This is but the too common story of the Italians of the present day, imbued as they are with these French doctrines; story most sad indeed, but how can we alter it, unless we alter the ruling principle which governs their conduct? How, and in the name of what, shall we convince them that danger and delusion ought only to give them new strength, and that they are bound to continue the struggle, not only for a few years, but for their whole life?

Who shall bid any man to continue the struggle for his rights when that struggle costs him dearer than their renunciation?

And even in a society constituted on a juster basis than our own, who shall persuade the man believing solely in the theory of rights that he is bound to strive for the common good, and occupy himself in the development of the social idea? Suppose he should rebel; suppose he should feel himself strong enough to say to you, *I break the social bond; my tendencies and my faculties invite me elsewhere; I have a sacred, an inviolable right to*

develope those tendencies and faculties, and I choose to be at war with the rest;—what answer can you make him within the limits of the Doctrine of Rights? What right have you, merely as a majority, to compel his obedience to laws which do not accord with his individual desires and aspirations? What right have you to punish him should he violate those laws?

The Rights of each individual are equal: the mere fact of living together in society does not create a single one. Society has greater power, not greater rights, than the individual.

How, then, will you prove to the individual that he is bound to confound his will in the will of his brothers, whether of country or of humanity?

By means of the prison or the executioner?

Every society that has existed hitherto has employed these means.

But this is a state of war, and we need peace: this is tyrannical repression, and we need Education.

EDUCATION, I have said, and my whole doctrine is included and summed up in this grand word. The vital question in agitation at the present day is a question of Education. We do not seek to establish a new order of things through violence. Any order of things established through violence, even though in itself superior to the old, is still a tyranny. What we have to do is to propose, for

the approval of the nation, an order of things we believe to be superior to that now existing, and to *educate* men by every possible means to develope it and act in accordance with it.

The theory of Rights may suffice to arouse men to overthrow the obstacles placed in their path by tyranny, but it is impotent where the object in view is to create a noble and powerful harmony between the various elements of which the Nation is composed. With the theory of happiness as the primary aim of existence, we shall only produce egotists who will carry the old passions and desires into the new order of things, and introduce corruption into it a few months after.

We have therefore to seek a Principle of Education superior to any such theory, and capable of guiding mankind onwards towards their own improvement, of teaching them constancy and self-sacrifice, and of uniting them with their fellow-men, without making them dependent either on the *idea* of a single man or the *force* of the majority.

This principle is DUTY. We must convince men that they are all sons of one sole God, and bound to fulfil and execute one sole law here on earth :—that each of them is bound to live, not for himself, but for others ; that the aim of existence is not to be more or less happy, but to make themselves and others more virtuous ; that to struggle against injustice and error, wherever they exist, in

the name and for the benefit of their brothers, is not only a *right* but a Duty; a duty which may not be neglected without sin, the duty of their whole life.

Working-men, brothers—understand me well. When I say that the consciousness of your rights will never suffice to produce an important and durable progress, I do not ask you to renounce those rights. I merely say that such rights can only exist as a consequence of duties fulfilled, and that we must begin with fulfilling the last in order to achieve the first. And when I say that in proposing happiness, wellbeing, or material interests, as the aim of existence, we run the risk of producing egotists, I do not say that you ought never to occupy yourselves with these; but I do say that the exclusive endeavour after material interests, sought for, not as a *means*, but as an *end*, always leads to disastrous and deplorable results.

When the ancient Romans, under the emperors, contented themselves with *bread and amusements*, they had become as abject a race as can be conceived; and after submitting to the stupid and ferocious rule of their emperors, they vilely succumbed to and were enslaved by their barbarian invaders. In France and elsewhere it has ever been the plan of the opponents of social progress to spread corruption by endeavouring to lead men's minds away from thoughts of change and improve-

ment by furthering the development of mere material activity. And shall we help our adversaries with our own hands?

Material ameliorations are essential, and we will strive to obtain them, not because the one thing necessary to man is, that he should be well housed and nourished, but because you can neither acquire a true consciousness of your own dignity, nor achieve your own moral development, so long as you are engaged, as at the present day, in a continual struggle with poverty and want.

You labour for ten or twelve hours of the day: how can you find *time* to educate yourselves? The greater number of you scarcely earn enough to maintain yourselves and your families: how can you find *means* to educate yourselves? The frequent interruption and uncertain duration of your work causes you to alternate excessive labour with periods of idleness: how are you to acquire habits of order, regularity, and assiduity? The scantiness of your earnings prevents all hope of saving a sum sufficient to be one day useful to your children, or to provide for the support of your own old age: how can you acquire habits of economy?

Many among you are compelled by poverty to withdraw your children—I will not say from the instruction, for what educational instruction can the poor wife of the working-man bestow upon her children?—but from the mother's watchfulness and

love, in order that they may gain a few pence in the unwholesome and injurious labour of manufactories. How can children so circumstanced be developed under the softening influence of family affection?

You have no rights of citizenship, nor participation, either of election or vote, in those laws which are to direct your actions and govern your life. How can you feel the sentiment of citizenship, zeal for the welfare of the state, or sincere affection for its laws?

Your poverty frequently involves the impossibility of your obtaining justice like the other classes: how are you to learn to love and respect justice? Society treats you without a shadow of sympathy: how are you to learn sympathy with society?

It is therefore needful that your material condition should be improved, in order that you may morally progress. It is necessary that you should labour less, so that you may consecrate some hours every day to your soul's improvement. It is needful that you should receive such remuneration for your labour as may enable you to accumulate a sufficient saving to tranquillise your minds as to your future; and, above all, it is necessary to purify your souls from all reaction, from all sentiment of vengeance, from every thought of injustice, even towards those who have been unjust

to you. You are bound therefore to strive for all these ameliorations in your condition, and you will obtain them; but you must seek them as a means, not as an end; seek them from a sense of duty, and not merely as a right; seek them in order that you may become more virtuous, not in order that you may be materially happy.

If not so, where would be the difference between you and those by whom you have been oppressed? They oppressed you precisely because they only sought happiness, enjoyment, and power.

Improve yourselves! Let this be the aim of your life. It is only by improving yourselves, by becoming more virtuous, that you can render your condition lastingly less unhappy. Petty tyrants would arise among yourselves by thousands, so long as you should merely strive to advance in the name of material interests or a special social organisation. A change of social organisation is of little moment while you yourselves remain with your present passions and egotism. Social organisations are like certain plants which yield either poison or medicine according to the mode in which they are administered. Good men can work good even out of an evil organisation, and bad men can work evil out of good organisations.

No doubt it is also necessary to improve the classes who now oppress you, but you will never

succeed in doing this unless you begin by improving yourselves.

When, therefore, you hear those who preach the necessity of a social transformation declare that they can accomplish it solely by invoking your rights, be grateful to them for their good intentions, but be distrustful of their success. The sufferings of the poor are partially known to the wealthier classes; *known*, but not *felt*. In the general indifference resulting from the absence of a common faith; in the egotism which is the inevitable consequence of so many years spent in preaching material happiness; those who do not suffer themselves have little by little become accustomed to regard the sufferings of others as a sorrowful necessity of social organisation, or to leave the remedy to the generations to come. The difficulty lies, not so much in convincing them, as in rousing them from their inertia, and inducing them, when once convinced, to *act;* to associate together, and to fraternise with you in order to create such a social organisation as shall put an end—as far as human possibilities allow—to your sufferings and their own fears.

Now, to do this is a work of Faith; of faith in that mission which God has given to His human creature here on earth; in the responsibility which weighs upon all those who fail to fulfil that mission; and in the Duty imposed upon all, of continual endeavour and sacrifice in the cause of truth.

Any conceivable doctrine of Right and material happiness can only lead you to attempts, which—so long as you remain isolated and rely solely on your own strength—can never succeed; and which can but result in that worst of crimes—a civil war between class and class.

Working men! Brothers! When Christ came, and changed the face of the world, He spoke not of rights to the rich, who needed not to achieve them; nor to the poor, who would doubtless have abused them, in imitation of the rich;—He spoke not of utility nor of interest to a people whom interest and utility had corrupted:—He spoke of Duty, He spoke of Love, of Sacrifice, and of Faith; and He said that *they should be first among all who had contributed most by their labour to the good of all.*

And the words of Christ, breathed in the ear of a society in which all true life was extinct, recalled it to existence, conquered the millions, conquered the world, and caused the education of the human race to ascend one degree on the scale of progress.

Working men! We live in an epoch similar to that of Christ. We live in the midst of a society as corrupt as that of the Roman Empire, feeling in our inmost soul the need of reanimating and transforming it, and of uniting all its various members in one sole faith, beneath one sole Law, in one sole Aim—the free and progressive development of all

the faculties of which God has given the germ to his creatures. We seek the kingdom of God *on earth as it is in heaven*, or rather, that earth may become a preparation for heaven, and society an endeavour after the progressive realisation of the Divine Idea.

But Christ's every act was the visible representation of the Faith he preached, and around him stood Apostles who incarnated in their actions the faith they had accepted. Be you such, and you will conquer. Preach Duty to the classes above you, and fulfil—as far as in you lies—your own. Preach virtue, sacrifice, and love, and be yourselves virtuous, loving, and ready for self-sacrifice. Speak your thoughts boldly, and make known your wants courageously; but without anger, without reaction, and without threats. The strongest menace—if indeed there be those for whom threats are necessary—will be the firmness, not the irritation of your speech.

While you propagate amongst your brothers the idea of a better future, which shall secure to them education, work, its fitting remuneration, and the conscience and mission of Men, strive also to instruct and improve yourselves, and to educate yourselves to the full knowledge and practice of your duties.

At present this is a labour rendered impossible to the masses in many parts of England. No plan of popular education can be realised alone: a

change both in the political and material condition of the people is also needed, and they who imagine that an educational transformation may be accomplished alone, deceive themselves.

A few among you, once imbued with the true principles on which the moral, social, and political education of a People depend, will suffice to spread them among the millions, as a guide on their way to protect them from the sophisms and false doctrines by which it will be sought to lead them astray.

CHAPTER II.

GOD.

THE source of your Duties is in God. The definition of your duties is found in His Law. The progressive discovery and application of this law is the mission of Humanity.

God exists. I am not bound to prove this to you, nor shall I endeavour to do so. To me the attempt would seem blasphemous, as the denial appears madness.

God exists, because we exist. God lives in our conscience, in the conscience of Humanity. Our conscience invokes Him in our most solemn moments of grief or joy. Humanity has been able to transform, to disfigure, never to suppress His holy name.

The Universe bears witness to him in the order, harmony, and intelligence of its movements and its laws.

There are, I hope, no atheists among you. Were there any, they would deserve pity rather than malediction. He who can deny God either in the face of a starlight night, when standing beside the tomb of those dearest to him, or in the presence of martyrdom, is either greatly unhappy or greatly guilty. The first atheist was surely one who had concealed some crime from his fellow-men, and who sought by denying God to free himself from the sole witness from whom concealment was impossible, and thus stifle the remorse by which he was tormented. Or perhaps the first atheist was a tyrant, who having destroyed one half of the soul of his brethren by depriving them of liberty, endeavoured to substitute the worship of brute force to faith in Duty and eternal Right.

After these, from age to age, there came men here and there who taught atheism from philosophical aberration, but they were few and ashamed. After these, in days not far removed from our own, came the many who, from reaction against a false and absurd idea of God, created by some Tyranny or Caste, denied God Himself: but it was only for an instant, and even during that instant—so great was the need they felt of Divinity—that even they worshipped a goddess of Reason and a goddess of Nature.

At the present day there are many men who abhor all religion because they see the corruption of the actual creeds, and have no conception of the purity of the Religion of the Future, but none of these venture to declare themselves atheists. There do indeed exist Priests who prostitute the name of God to the calculations of a venal self-interest, and Tyrants who falsify His name by invoking it in support of their tyranny; but because the light of the sun is often obscured by impure vapours, shall we deny the Sun himself, and the vivifying influence of his rays throughout the universe? Because the liberty of the wicked sometimes produces anarchy, shall we curse the name of liberty itself?

The undying light of faith in God pierces through all the imposture and corruption wherewith men have darkened His name. Imposture and corruption pass away—tyrannies pass away—but God remains, as the people—image of God on earth—remains. Even as the people passes through slavery, poverty, and suffering, to achieve self-consciousness, power, and emancipation, step by step; so does the holy name of God arise above the ruins of corrupt creeds, to shine forth surrounded by a purer, more intense, and more rational form of worship.

I do not therefore speak to you of God in order to demonstrate to you His existence, or to tell you

that you are bound to worship Him—you do worship Him whensoever you deeply *feel* your own *life*, and that of the fellow-beings by whom you are surrounded—but in order to tell you how to worship Him, and to admonish you of an error that predominates in the classes by whom you are governed, and through their example influences too many among yourselves—an error as grave and fatal as atheism itself.

This error is the separation, more or less apparent, of God from His work, from that earth upon which you are called to fulfil one period of your existence.

On the one side there are men who tell you—"*It is very true that God exists, but the only thing you can do is to confess His existence, and adore Him. None can comprehend or declare the relation between God and your conscience. Reflect upon all this as much as you please, but neither propound your own belief to your fellow-men, nor seek to apply it to the affairs of this earth.*

"*Politics are one thing, Religion another. Do not confound them together. Leave all Heavenly things to the Spiritual Authorities, whatsoever they may be, reserving to yourselves the right of refusing them your belief if they appear to you to betray their mission. Let each man believe in his own way; the only things about which you are bound to concern yourselves in common are the things of this world.*

Materialists, or spiritualists, whichever you be, do you believe in the liberty and equality of mankind? do you desire the wellbeing of the majority? do you believe in universal suffrage? Unite together to obtain these things; in order to obtain these you will have no occasion to come to a common understanding about Heavenly things."

On the other side you have men who say to you—"*God exists: but He is too great, too superior to all created things, for you to hope to approach Him through any human work. The earth is of clay. Life is but a day. Withdraw yourselves from the first as far as possible, and do not value the other above its worth. What are all earthly interests in comparison with the immortal life of your soul? Think of* this! *Fix your eyes on heaven. What matters it how you live here below? You are doomed to die, and God will judge you, according to the thoughts you have given, not to earth, but to Him. Are you unhappy? Bless the God who has sent you sorrows. Terrestrial existence is but a period of trial, the earth but a land of exile. Despise it, and raise yourselves above it. In the midst of sorrows, poverty, or slavery, you can still turn to God, and sanctify yourselves in adoration of Him; in prayer, and in faith in a future that will largely recompense you for having despised every worldly thing.*"

Of those who thus speak to you, the first do not *love* God, the second do not *know* Him.

I Say to the first that man is One. You cannot divide him in half, and so contrive that he shall agree with you in those principles which regulate the origin of society, while he differs with you as regards his own origin, destiny, and law of life here below. The world is governed by Religions. When the Indians really believed that some of them were born from the head, others from the arms, and others from the feet of Bramah, their Divinity, they organised their society by distributing mankind into *castes;* assigning to one caste an inheritance of intellectual labour, to another of military, and to others of servile duties; and thus condemned themselves to an immobility that still endures, and that will endure so long as belief in that religious principle shall last.

When the Christians declared to the world that *all* men were the sons of God, and brethren in His name, all the doctrines of the legislators and philosophers of antiquity, tending to establish the existence of two races of men, availed not to prevent the abolition of slavery, and a consequent radical re-organisation of society.

For every advance in religious belief we can point to a corresponding social advance in the history of Humanity, while the only result you can show, as a consequence of your doctrine of indifference in matters of religion, is anarchy. You have been able to destroy, never to build up. Disprove this if you can.

By dint of exaggerating one of the principles of Protestantism—a principle which Protestantism itself now feels the necessity of abandoning—by dint of deducing all your ideas from the sole principle of the independence of the individual, you have achieved—what?

In commerce you have achieved anarchy—that is to say, the oppression of the weak. In politics you have achieved liberty—that is to say, the derision of the weak, who have neither time, nor means, nor instruction, sufficient to enable them to exercise their rights. In morals you have achieved egotism—that is to say, the isolation and ruin of the weak, who cannot raise themselves alone.

But what we seek is *Association.*

How shall we realise this securely, unless among brothers, believing in the same ruling principle, united in the same faith, and bearing witness by the same name.

What we seek is *Education.*

How shall we give or receive it, unless in virtue of a principle that sums up and expresses our common belief as to the origin, the aim, and the law of life of mankind upon earth?

We seek a *common* Education.

How shall we give or receive it without belief in a *common* faith and a *common duty?*

And whence can we deduce a common duty, if

not from the idea we form of God and of our relation to Him?

Doubtless universal suffrage is an excellent thing. It is the only legal means by which a people may govern itself without risk of continual violent crises. Universal suffrage in a country governed by a common faith is the expression of the national will; but in a country deprived of a common belief, what can it be but the mere expression of the interests of those numerically the stronger, to the oppression of all the rest?

All the political reforms achieved in countries either irreligious or indifferent to religion have lasted as long as interest allowed—no longer. On this point the experience of political movements in Europe during the last fifty years has taught us lessons enough.

To those who speak to you of heaven, and seek to separate it from earth, you will say that Heaven and Earth are one, even as the *way* and the *goal* are one. Tell us not that the earth is of clay. The Earth is of God. God created it as the medium through which we may ascend to Him. The earth is not a mere sojourn of temptation or of expiation; it is the appointed dwelling-place wherein we are bound to work out our own improvement and development, and advance towards a higher stage of existence. God created us, not to contemplate, but to act. He created us

in His own image, and He is *Thought* and *Action*; or rather, in Him there is no Thought which is not simultaneous Action.

You tell us to despise all worldly things, to trample under foot our terrestrial life in order to concern ourselves solely with the celestial; but what is our terrestrial life save a prelude to the celestial, a step towards it? See you not that while sanctifying the last step of the ladder by which we must all ascend, by thus declaring the first step accursed you arrest us on the way?

The life of a soul is sacred in every stage of its existence; as sacred in the earthly stage as in those which are to follow: each stage must be made a preparation for the next, every temporary advance must aid the gradual ascending progress of that immortal life breathed into us all by God himself, as well as the progress of the great Entity, Humanity, which is developed through the labour of each and every individual.

God has placed you here upon this earth. He has surrounded you with myriads of fellow-beings, whose minds receive aliment from your own, whose development progresses simultaneously with your own, whose life is fecundated by your own. In order to preserve you from the dangers of isolation, He has given you desires which you are incapable of satisfying alone, and those dominating social instincts, which distinguish you from the brute

creation, in which they are dormant. He has spread around you a material world, magnificent in beauty and pregnant with life; a life—be it ever remembered—which, though it reveal itself by divine impulse, yet everywhere awaits your labour, and modifies its manifestations through you, increasing in power and vigour in proportion to your increased activity.

God has given you certain sympathies which are inextinguishable. Such are pity for those that mourn, and joy for those that rejoice; anger against those who oppress their fellow-creatures; a ceaseless yearning after truth; admiration for the genius that discovers a new portion or form of truth; enthusiasm for those who reduce it into beneficial action on mankind, and religious veneration for those who, failing to achieve its triumph, yet bear witness to it with their blood, and die in martyrdom: and you deny and reject all the indications of your mission which God has thus clustered around you, when you cry anathema on the work of His hand, and call upon us to concentrate all our faculties on a work of mere inward purification necessarily imperfect, nay impossible, if sought alone.

Does not God punish those who strive to do this? Is not the slave degraded? Is not one half of the soul of the poor day-labourer, doomed to consume the light divine in a series of physical acts

unrelieved by a gleam of education, buried beneath its animal appetites, in those blind instincts which you name material? Do you find more religious faith in the poor Russian serf than in the Pole, fighting the battle of country and liberty? Do you find more fervent love of God in the degraded subject of a pope or despotic king, than in the Lombard republicans of the twelfth, or Florentine republicans of the fourteenth century?

"Wheresoever is the spirit of God, there is liberty," has been declared by one of the most powerful Apostles the world has known, and the religion he preached decreed the abolition of slavery. Who that crouches at the foot of the creature can rightly know and worship the Creator?

Yours is not a Religion, it is the sect of men who have forgotten their origin, forgotten the battles which their fathers fought against a corrupt society, and the victories they gained in transforming the world which you despise, O men of contemplation!

The first real, earnest religious Faith that shall arise upon the ruins of the old worn-out creeds, will transform the whole of our actual social organisation, because every strong and earnest faith tends to apply itself to every branch of human activity; because in every epoch of its existence the *earth* has ever tended to conform itself to the Heaven in which it then believed;

and because the whole history of Humanity is but the repetition—in form and degree varying according to the diversity of the times—of the words of the Dominical Christian Prayer: *Thy Kingdom come on Earth as it is in Heaven.*

Thy Kingdom come on Earth as it is in Heaven. Let these words—better understood and better applied than in the past—be the utterance of your faith, your prayer, O my brothers! Repeat them, and strive to fulfil them. No matter if others seek to persuade you to passive resignation and indifference to earthly things, if they preach submission to every temporal authority, however unjust, by quoting to you—without comprehending them—the words "*Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.*"

Nothing is of Cæsar unless it be such in conformity with the law of God. Cæsar—that is to say, the Temporal power or Civil government—is but the administrator and executive, as far as lies in its power, of the design of the Almighty. Whensoever it is false to its mission and trust, it is, I do not say your *right*, but your *duty* to change it.

For what purpose are you placed here, if it be not to work out the providential design in your own sphere, and according to your means?

To what purpose do you profess to *believe* in that Unity of the human race which is the neces-

sary consequence of the Unity of God, if you do not strive to verify it, by destroying the arbitrary divisions and enmities that still separate the different tribes of Humanity?

What avails it to *believe* in human liberty—the basis of human responsibility—if you do not labour to overthrow all the obstacles that impede the first and destroy the second?

Why do we talk of fraternity, while we allow any of our brethren to be trampled on, degraded, or despised?

The Earth is our Workshop. We may not curse it, we are bound to sanctify it.

The material forces that surround us are our instruments of labour; we may not reject them, we are bound to direct them for good.

But this we cannot do alone, without God.

I have spoken to you of Duties: I have told you that the consciousness of your rights will never suffice you as a permanent guide on the path towards perfection; it will not even suffice to procure you the continuous progressive improvement in your condition which you seek and desire.

Now, apart from God, whence can you derive Duty?

Without God, whatsoever system you attempt to lean upon, you will find it has no other foundation or basis than Force—blind, tyrannical, brute Force.

There is no escape from this.

Either the development of human things depends upon a Providential Law which we are all bound to seek to discover and apply, or it is left to chance, to passing circumstance, and to that man who contrives best to turn these to account.

We must either obey God or serve man; whether one man or many, matters little.

If there be not a governing Mind, supreme over every human mind, what shall preserve us from the dominion of our fellow-men, whenever they are stronger than ourselves?

If there be not one holy inviolable Law, uncreated by man, what rule have we by which to judge whether a given act be just or unjust?

In the name of whom or of what shall we protest against inequality and oppression?

Without God there is no other rule than that of *Fact*, the accomplished Fact, before which the materialist ever bows his head, whether its name be Bonaparte or Revolution.

How can we expect men to sacrifice themselves, or to suffer martyrdom, in the name of our individual opinions?

Can we transform theory into practice, abstract principle into action, on the strength of interests alone?

Be not deceived. So long as we endeavour to teach sacrifice as individuals, or on whateve

theory our mere individual intellect may suggest, we may find adherents in words, never in act. The cry which has resounded in all great and noble Revolutions, the "*God wills it, God wills it,*" of the Crusades, alone will have power to rouse the inert to action, to give courage to the timid, the enthusiasm of sacrifice to the calculating, and Faith to those who distrust and reject all mere human ideas.

Prove to mankind that the work of progressive development to which you would call them is a part of the design of God, and none will rebel. Prove to them that the earthly duties to be fulfilled here below are an essential portion of their immortal life, and all the calculations of the present will vanish before the grandeur of the future.

Without God you may compel, but not persuade; you may become tyrants in your turn, you cannot be Educators or Apostles.

CHAPTER III.

THE LAW.

YOU live. Therefore you have a Law of life. There is no life without its law. Whatever thing exists, exists in a certain method, according to certain conditions, and is governed by a certain law.

The mineral world is governed by a law of

aggregation; the vegetable by a law of development; the stars are ruled by a law of motion.

Your life is governed by a law higher and nobler than these, even as you are superior to all other created earthly things. To develope yourselves, and act and live according to your law, is your first, or rather your sole Duty.

God gave you life: God therefore gave you the Law.

God is the sole Lawgiver to the human race. His law is the sole law you are bound to obey. Human laws are only good and valid in so far as they conform to, explain, and apply the Law of God. They are evil whensoever they contrast with or oppose it, and it is then not only your right, but your duty to disobey and abolish them.

He who shall best explain the law of God, and best apply it to human things, is your legitimate ruler. Love him, and follow him. But you have not, and cannot have, any Master save God Himself. To accept any other is to be unfaithful and rebellious to Him.

The foundation of all morality, therefore, the regulation of all your acts and duties, and the measure of your responsibility, is to be found in the knowledge of your law of life, of the Law of God. It is also your defence against the unjust laws which the tyranny of one man, or many men, may seek to impose upon you.

Unless you know this Law, you may not pretend to the name or the rights of men. All rights have their origin in a law, and while you are unable to invoke this law, you may be tyrants or slaves—tyrants if you are strong, the slaves of the stronger if you are weak—naught else.

In order to be *Men*, you must know the Law which distinguishes *Human* nature from that of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and to it you must conform your actions. Now, how are you to know this Law?

This is the question which Humanity has ever addressed to those who have pronounced the word Duty, and the answers are various even yet.

Some have replied by pointing to a Code, or book, saying: *The whole law of morals is comprised in this book.*

Others have said: *Let every man interrogate his own conscience: he will find the definition of good and evil there.*

Others again, rejecting the judgment of the individual, invoke the universal judgment, and declare: *Whenever Humanity is agreed in a belief, that belief is the truth.*

Each and all of these are in error. And facts, unanswerable in the history of the human race, have proved the impotence of all these answers.

Those who declare that the *whole* moral law is contained in a book, or uttered by one man,

forget that there is no single code of morals which Humanity has not abandoned, after an acceptance and belief of some centuries, in order to seek after and diffuse another more advanced than it; nor is there any special reason for supposing that Humanity will alter its course now.

It will be sufficient to remind those who declare the conscience of the individual to be an adequate criterion of the just and true, that no Religion, however holy, has existed without heretics, dissenters who dissented from conviction, and were ready to endure martyrdom for their conscience sake.

The Protestant world is at the present day divided and subdivided into a thousand sects, all founded on the rights of individual conscience, all eager to make war on one another, and perpetuating that anarchy of beliefs which is the sole true cause of the social and political disturbances that torment the peoples of Europe.

And on the other hand, to those who reject the testimony of individual conscience, and invoke the consent of Humanity in their faith, suffice it to say, that all the great ideas that have contributed to the progress of Humanity hitherto, were at their commencement in *opposition* to the belief then accepted by Humanity, and were preached by *individuals* whom Humanity derided, persecuted, and crucified.

Each of these rules, then, is insufficient in order to obtain a knowledge of the Law of God, of Truth.

Yet, nevertheless, individual conscience is sacred, and the common consent of Humanity is sacred; and he who refuses to interrogate either of these deprives himself of one essential means of reaching Truth. The common error hitherto has been the endeavour to reach truth by the help of one of these tests alone; an error fatal and decisive in its consequences, because it is impossible to elevate individual conscience as the sole judge of truth without falling into anarchy; and it is impossible to appeal at a given moment to the general consent of Humanity without crushing human liberty, and producing tyranny.

Thus—and I quote these examples in order to show how far more than is generally supposed the entire social edifice is founded upon these primary bases—thus some men have fallen into the error of organising society solely with respect to the rights of the individual, wholly forgetful of the educational mission of society; while others have based their organisation solely on the rights of society, sacrificing the free action and liberty of the individual.*

France after her great revolution, and (still

* *I speak, of course, of those countries governed by a constitutional monarchy, and in which a certain organisation of society is attempted. In countries despotically governed there is no society; individual and social rights being equally sacrificed.*

more markedly) England, have taught us that the first system results in inequality and the oppression of the many. Communism—were it ever elevated into a *Fact*—would teach as how the second condemns society to petrifaction, by destroying alike all motive and all opportunity of progress.

Thus some, in consideration of the pretended rights of the individual, have organised, or rather disorganised society, by founding it upon the sole basis of unlimited freedom of competition; while others, merely regarding social unity, would give the government the monopoly of all the productive forces of the state.

The first of these conceptions has resulted in all the evils of anarchy. The second would result in immobility and all the evils of tyranny.

God has given you both the consent of your fellow-men and your own conscience, even as two wings wherewith to elevate yourselves towards Him. Why persist in cutting off one of them? Wherefore either isolate yourselves from, or absorb yourselves in, the world? Why seek to stifle the voice of the individual or of the human race? Both are sacred. God speaks through each. *Whensoever they agree*, whensoever the cry of your own conscience is ratified by the consent of Humanity, God is there. Then are you certain of having found the truth, for the one is the verification of the other.

If your duties were merely negative, if they merely consisted in not doing evil, in not injuring your brother man, perhaps, even in the stage of development which the least educated among you have reached, the voice of conscience might suffice you for a guide. You are born with a tendency towards good, and every time you act directly contrary to the moral Law, every time you commit what mankind has agreed to name sin, there is a something within you that condemns you, a cry of reproval which you may conceal from others, but cannot from yourselves.

But your most important duties are *positive*. It is not enough *not to do:* you are bound to *act*. It is not enough to limit yourselves to not acting against the Law: you are bound to act according to the Law. It is not enough not to do harm to your brethren: you are bound to do good to them.

Hitherto morality has too often been presented to mankind in a form rather negative than affirmative. The interpreters of the law have said to us: "Thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not steal." Few or none have taught us the active duties of man, how he may be useful to his fellow-creatures, and further the design of God in the creation. Yet this is the primary aim of morals, and no individual can reach that aim by the light of conscience alone.

Individual conscience speaks in proportion to

the education, tendencies, habits, and passions of the individual. The conscience of the savage Iroquois speaks a different language to that of the enlightened European of the nineteenth century. The conscience of the freeman suggests duties which the conscience of the slave does not even imagine.

Ask* the poor Lombard or Neapolitan peasant, whose only teacher of morality has been a bad priest, or to whom—even if he know how to read—the Austrian catechism is the sole book allowed; he will perhaps tell you that his sole duties are to work hard for any remuneration he can obtain in order to maintain his family, to submit without examination to the laws of the State, whatsoever they may be, and to do no wrong to others. Should you say to him: *But you injure your brother men by accepting a remuneration below the value of your labour, and you sin against God and your own soul by obeying laws which are unjust,* he will answer you with the fixed gaze of one who understands you not.

Interrogate the Italian workmen, to whom more fortunate circumstances and contact with men of greater intellectual enlightenment have made known a portion of the truth; he will tell you that his country is enslaved, that his brothers are *unjustly* condemned to pass their days in moral and

* This was written twenty-three years ago.—*Translator's Note.*

material want, and that he feels it his duty to protest as far as he can against that injustice.

Whence this great difference between the dictates of the conscience of two individuals at the same epoch in the same country? Wherefore, among ten individuals belonging substantially to the same religious belief—that which decrees the development and progress of the human race—do we find ten different opinions as to the mode of reducing that belief to action—that is to say, as to their *duties?*

Evidently the voice of individual conscience does not suffice at all times, without any other guide, to make known to us the law. Conscience alone may teach us that a law exists; it cannot teach us the duties thence derived.

Thus it is that martyrdom has never been extinguished amongst mankind, however great the predominance of egotism; but how many martyrs have sacrificed their existence for imaginary duties, or for errors patent to all of us at the present day!

Conscience therefore has need of a guide, of a torch to illumine the darkness by which it is surrounded, of a rule by which to direct and verify its instincts.

This rule is the *Intellect of Humanity.*

God has given intellect to each of you in order that you may educate it to know His Law. At the present day you are deprived by poverty, and

the inveterate errors of ages, of the possibility of full education, and therefore the obstacles to education are the first you have to overcome.

But even were all these obstacles removed, the intellect of the individual man would still be insufficient to acquire a knowledge of the law of God, unless aided and supported by the intellect of Humanity. Your life is brief, your individual faculties weak and uncertain; they need alike a verification and support.

Now God has placed beside you a being whose life is continuous, whose faculties are the results and sum of all the individual faculties that have existed for perhaps four hundred ages; a being which, in the midst of the errors and crimes of individuals, yet ever advances in wisdom and morality; a being in whose development and progress God has inscribed, and from epoch to epoch does still inscribe, a line of His law.

This being is Humanity.

A thinker of the past century has described Humanity as *A man that lives and learns for ever.* Individuals die, but the amount of truth they have thought, and the sum of good they have done, dies not with them.

The men who pass over their graves reap the benefit thereof, and Humanity garners it up.

Each of us is born to-day in an atmosphere of ideas and beliefs which has been elaborated by all

anterior Humanity, and each of us brings with him (even if unconsciously) an element, more or less important, of the life of Humanity to come.

The education of Humanity is built up like those Eastern pyramids to which every passing traveller added a stone. We pass along, the voyagers of a day, destined to complete our individual education elsewhere, but the education of Humanity, which is seen by glimpses in each of us, is slowly, progressively, and continuously evolved through Humanity.

Humanity is the Word, living in God. The Spirit of God fecundates it, and manifests itself through it, in greater purity and activity from epoch to epoch, now through the instrumentality of an individual, now through that of a people.

From labour to labour, from belief to belief, Humanity gradually acquires a clearer perception of its own life, of its own mission, of its God, and of His law.

Humanity is the *successive* incarnation of God.

The law of God is one, as God Himself is one; but we only discover it article by article, line by line, according to the accumulated experience of the generations that have preceded us, and according to the extension and increased intensity of *association* among races, peoples, and individuals.

No man, no people, and no age may pretend to have discovered the whole of the Law. The Moral

Law, the Law of Life of Humanity, can only be discovered in its entirety by all Humanity united in holy association, when all the forces, and all the faculties that constitute our human nature, shall be developed and in action.

But meanwhile, that portion of Humanity most advanced in education does in its progress and development reveal to us a portion of the Law we seek to know. Its history teaches us the design of God; its wants teach us our duties, because our first duty is to endeavour to aid the ascent of Humanity upon that stage of education and improvement towards which it has been prepared and matured by time and the Divinity.

In order, therefore, to know the Law of God, you must interrogate not only *your own* conscience, but also the conscience and consent of Humanity. In order to know your own duties you must interrogate the present wants of Humanity.

Morality is progressive, as is your education and that of the human race. The morality of Christianity was different from that of Paganism, the morality of our own age differs from the morality of eighteen hundred years ago.

Be assured that without education you cannot know your duties, and that whenever society prevents you from obtaining education, the responsibility of your errors rests upon society, not on you; your responsibility begins upon the day in

which a path to instruction is opened to you, and you neglect to pursue it; on the day in which the means are offered to you by which to transform the society which has too long condemned you to ignorance, and you neglect to seize them.

You are not guilty because you are ignorant, but you are guilty when you resign yourselves to ignorance. You are guilty whenever—although your conscience whispers that God did not give you faculties without imposing upon you the duty of developing them—you allow the faculty of reflection to lie dormant within you; whenever—although you know that God would not have given you a love of truth without giving you the means by which to attain it—you yet despairingly renounce every effort to discover it, and accept as truth, without examination, the assertions either of the temporal powers, or of the Priest who has sold himself to them.

God, the *Father and Educator of Humanity*, reveals His Law to Humanity through time and space.

Interrogate the tradition of Humanity, which is the council of your brother men, not in the restricted circle of an age or sect, but in all ages, and in the majority of mankind past and present. *Whensoever that consent of Humanity corresponds with the teachings of your own conscience, you are certain of*

the Truth—certain, that is, of having read one line of the Law of God.

I believe in Humanity, sole interpreter of the law of God on earth, and from the consent of Humanity in harmony with my individual conscience I deduce what I am now about to tell you with regard to your duties.

CHAPTER IV.

DUTIES TOWARDS HUMANITY.

YOUR first duties, first not as to time, but as to importance—because unless you understand these, you can only imperfectly fulfil the rest—your first duties are towards Humanity.

You have duties as citizens, as sons, as husbands, and as fathers; duties sacred and inviolable, and of which I shall shortly speak to you in detail; but that which constitutes the sacredness and inviolability of these duties is the mission, the duty springing from your *Human* nature.

You are fathers in order that you may educate men in the worship and fulfilment of the Law of God.

You are citizens, you have a Country, in order that in a given and limited sphere of action the concourse and assistance of a certain number

men, already related to you by language, tendencies, and customs, may enable you to labour more effectually for the good of *all men*, present and to come; a task in which your solitary effort would be lost, falling powerless and unheeded amid the immense multitude of your fellow-beings.

They who pretend to teach you morality while limiting your duties to those you owe to your family and to your Country, do but teach you a more or less enlarged egotism, tending to the injury of others and yourself. The family and the Fatherland are like two circles drawn within a larger circle which contains them both: they are two steps of the ladder you have to climb; without them your ascent is impossible, but upon them it is forbidden to rest.

You are *men:* that is to say, creatures capable of rational, social, and intellectual progress *solely through the medium of association:* a progress to which none may assign a limit.

This is all we as yet know with regard to the Law of Life of Humanity. These characteristics constitute *human* nature: these characteristics distinguish you from the different creatures that surround you, and are given to each of you as the germ you are bound to fructify.

Your whole life should tend to the organised development and exercise of these faculties of your nature. Whensoever you suppress, or allow

to be suppressed, one of these faculties, whether completely or partially, you descend from the rank of men to that of the inferior animals, and violate your Law of Life, the Law of God.

You descend to the level of the brutes whenever you suppress, or allow to be suppressed, any of the faculties that constitute human nature, either in yourself or others. God wills that you shall fulfil His Law not as individuals alone. Had he intended this he would have created you solitary.

He wills that the Law be fulfilled over the whole earth, among all the creatures He created after His own image.

God wills that the Divine Idea of perfectibility and love which he has incarnated in the World shall be revealed in ever-increasing brightness, and worshipped, through its gradual realisation, by His creatures.

In your terrestrial existence, limited both in education and capacity, the realisation of this Divine Idea can only be most imperfect and momentary. Humanity alone, continuous in existence through the passing generations, continuous in intellect through the contributions of all its members, is capable of gradually evolving, applying, and glorifying the Divine Idea.

Life therefore was given to you by God in order that you might employ that life for the

benefit of Humanity, that you might direct your individual faculties to aid the development of the faculties of your brother men, and contribute by your labour another element to the collective work of Progress, and the discovery of the Truth, which the generations are destined slowly but unceasingly to promote.

Your duty is to educate yourselves, and to educate others; to strive to perfect yourselves, and to perfect others.

It is true that God lives within you, but God lives in all the men by whom this earth is peopled. God is in the life of all the generations that have been, are, and are to be. Past generations have progressively improved, and coming generations will continue to improve, the conception which Humanity forms of Him, of his Law, and of our duties. You are bound to adore Him and to glorify Him wheresoever He manifests his presence. The Universe is his Temple, and the sin of every unresisted or unexpiated profanation of the Temple weighs on the head of each and all of the Believers.

It is of no avail to assert your own purity, even were true purity possible in isolation. Whensoever you see corruption by your side, and do not strive against it, you betray your duty. It is of no avail that you worship Truth; if you see your brother men ruled by Error in some other portion

of the earth—our common mother—and you do not both desire and endeavour, as far as lies in your power, to overcome that error, you betray your duty.

The image of God is disfigured in the immortal souls of your fellow-men. God wills to be adored through His Law, and His Law is violated and misinterpreted around you. Human nature is falsified in the millions of men to whom, even as to you, God has confided the associate fulfilment of His Design. And do you dare to call yourselves Believers while you remain inert?

A People—Greek, Pole, Italian, or Circassian—raises the flag of country and independence, and combats, conquers, or dies to defend it. What is it that causes your hearts to beat at the news of those battles, that makes them swell with joy at their victories, and sink with sorrow at their defeats?

A man—it may be a foreigner in some remote corner of the world—arises, and amidst the universal silence, gives utterance to certain ideas which he believes to be true, and maintains them throughout persecution, and in chains, or dies upon the scaffold, and denies them not. Wherefore do you honour that man, and call him saint and martyr? Why do you respect, and teach your children to respect, his memory? Why do you read so eagerly the prodigies of patriotism registered in Grecian history, and relate them to

your children with a sense of pride, as if they belonged to the history of your ancestors?

Those deeds of Greece are two thousand years old, and belong to an epoch of civilisation which is not, and never can be, yours. Those men whom you still call martyrs perhaps died for a faith which is not yours, and certainly their death cut short their every hope of individual progress on earth. That people whom you admire, in its victories or in its fall, is a foreign people, almost unknown to you, and speaking a strange tongue. Their way of life has no influence on yours. What matters it, then, to you whether they be ruled by Pope or Sultan, by the King of Bavaria, the Czar of Russia, or a free government sprung from the consent of the nation?

It is that there is in your heart a voice that cries unto you: "Those men of two thousand years ago, those populations now fighting afar off, that martyr for an idea for which you would not die, are your Brothers; brothers not only in community of origin and of nature, but in community of labour and of aim. Those Greeks passed away, but their deeds remained; and were it not for them, you would not have reached your present degree of moral and intellectual development. Those populations consecrate with their blood an idea of national liberty for which you too would combat. That martyr proclaimed by

his death that man is bound to sacrifice all things, and, if need be, life itself, for that which he believes to be truth. What matters it that he, and all of those who thus seal their faith with their blood cut short their individual progress on earth? God will provide for them elsewhere. But it is of import that the coming generation, taught by your struggles and your sacrifice, may arise stronger and nobler than you have been, in fuller comprehension of the Law, in greater adoration of the truth. It is of import that human nature, fortified by these examples, may improve, develope, and realise still further the Design of God on earth. And wheresoever human nature shall improve or develope, wheresoever a new truth be discovered, wheresoever a step be taken on the path of education, progress, and morality;—that step taken, and that truth discovered, will sooner or later benefit all humanity.

"You are all soldiers in one army: an army which is advancing by different paths, and divided into different corps, to the conquest of one sole aim. As yet you only look to your immediate leaders; diversity of uniform and of watchword, the distances which separate the different bodies of troops, and the mountains that conceal them one from another, frequently cause you to forget this great truth, and concentrate your thoughts exclusively on your own immediate goal. But there

is One above you who sees the whole and directs all your movements. God alone has the plan of the battle, and He at length will unite you in a single camp, beneath a single Banner."

How great is the distance between this faith, which thrills within our souls, and which will be the basis of the morality of the coming Epoch, and the faith that was the basis of the morality of the generations of what we term antiquity! And how intimate is the connection between the idea we form of the Divine Government and that we form of our own duties!

The first men *felt* God, but without comprehending or even seeking to comprehend Him in His Law. They felt Him in His power, not in His love. They conceived a confused idea of some sort of relation between Him and their own individuality, but nothing beyond this. Able to withdraw themselves but little from the sphere of visible objects, they sought to incarnate Him in one of these: in the tree they had seen struck by the thunderbolt, the rock beside which they had raised their tent, the animal which first presented itself before them.

This was the worship which in the history of Religions is termed *Fetishism.*

In those days men comprehended nothing beyond the *Family*, the reproduction in a certain form of their own individuality: all beyond the

family circle were strangers, or more often enemies: to aid themselves and their families was to them the sole foundation of morality.

In later days the idea of God was enlarged. From visible objects men timidly raised their thoughts to abstractions; they learned to generalise. God was no longer regarded as the Protector of the family alone, but of the association of many families, of the cities, of the peoples. Thus to *fetishism* succeeded *polytheism*, the worship of many gods. The sphere of action of morality was also enlarged. Men recognised the existence of more extended duties than those due to the family alone; they strove for the advancement of the *people*, of the *Nation*.

Yet nevertheless Humanity was still ignored. Each nation stigmatised foreigners as *barbarians*, regarded them as such, and endeavoured to conquer or oppress them by force or fraud. Each nation also contained foreigners or barbarians within its own circle, millions of men not admitted to join in the religious rites of the citizens, and believed to be of an inferior nature; slaves among free men.

The idea of the Unity of the human race could only be conceived as a consequence of the Unity of God. And the Unity of God, though forefelt by a few rare thinkers of antiquity, and openly declared by Moses (but with the fatal restriction

of believing one sole people His elect) was not a recognised creed until towards the close of the Roman Empire, and through the teachings of Christianity.

Foremost and grandest amid the teachings of Christ were these two inseparable truths—*There is but one God; All men are the sons of God;* and the promulgation of these two truths changed the face of the world, and enlarged the moral circle to the confines of the inhabited globe. To the duties of men towards the Family and Country were added duties towards Humanity. Man then learned that wheresoever there existed a human being, there existed a brother; a brother with a soul immortal as his own, destined like himself to ascend towards the Creator, and on whom he was bound to bestow love, a knowledge of the faith and help and counsel when needed.

Then did the Apostles utter words of sublime import, in prevision of those great truths of which the germ was contained in Christianity; truths which have been misunderstood or betrayed by their successors.

"For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office: so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another" (St. Paul, Rom. xii. 4, 5).

"And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall

hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd" (St. John, x. 16).

And at the present day, after eighteen hundred years of labour, study, and experience, we have yet to develope these germs, we have yet to apply these truths, not only to *each* individual, but to all that complex sum of human forces and faculties, present and future, which is named humanity.

We have yet to teach mankind not only that humanity is one sole being, and must be governed by one sole law, but that the first article of the law is *Progress*;—progress here, on this earth, wherein we are bound to realise, as far as in us lies, the design of God, and educate ourselves for higher destinies.

We have yet to teach mankind that as humanity is one sole body, all we, being members of that body, are bound to labour for its development, and seek to render its life more harmonious, vigorous, and active.

We have yet to be convinced that we can only elevate ourselves towards God through the souls of our fellow-men, and that it is our duty to improve and purify them, even though they seek not such improvement and purification. And we have yet —since only by entire humanity can the design of God be fully accomplished here below—we have yet to substitute a work of *association* tending to elevate the mass, to the exercise of *charity* towards

individuals, and to organise both the family and the country to that aim.

Other and vaster duties will be revealed to us in the future in proportion as we acquire a clearer and less imperfect conception of our law of life.

Thus does God, the Father, by means of a slow but uninterrupted religious education, direct the advance of humanity, and our individual improvement corresponds with that advance.

Our individual improvement corresponds with that advance; nor, without the advance and improvement of the whole, may you hope for any lasting improvement in your own moral or material individual condition.

Strictly speaking, you cannot, even if you would, separate your life from that of humanity. You live in it, by it, and for it. Your souls—with the exception of certain men of extraordinary power—cannot rid themselves of the influence of the elements amongst which they move; even as your bodies, however robust, cannot rid themselves of the effects of the corrupt air by which they are surrounded.

How many are there among you, who, knowing that they thereby expose them to persecution, yet strive to educate their children to absolute truthfulness, in a society where ignorance or prejudice enforces silence or concealment of two-thirds of their opinions?

How many of you strive to teach them to despise wealth in a society wherein gold is the sole power that obtains respect, influence, and honour?

What mother is there among you, who, although belonging to that faith which adores in Christ the voluntary martyr for humanity, yet would not throw her arms round her son's neck, and seek to wean him from all perilous endeavour to benefit his brother men?

And even should you have strength to teach the better lesson, would not all Society, with its thousand tongues and thousands of evil examples, destroy the effect of your words? Can you purify and exalt your own souls in an atmosphere of moral degradation and contagion? Or—to descend to your material condition—think you it can be durably ameliorated, unless by the amelioration of all?

Here in England, where I now write, millions of pounds sterling are annually bestowed in private charity, for the relief of individual misery; yet that misery annually increases, and private charity is proved impotent to meet the evil, and the necessity of collective organic remedies is ever more universally acknowledged.

And in countries despotically governed, where taxes and restrictions are imposed at the sole caprice of the ruler, the cost of whose armies, spies, agents, and pensioners, is continually in-

creasing as the necessity of providing for the safety of the despotism increases, think you that a constant activity and development of industry and manufactures is possible?

Think you that it will suffice to improve the government and social condition of your own country? No, it will not suffice. No nation lives exclusively on its own produce at the present day. You live by exchanges, by importation and exportation. A foreign nation impoverished, and in which the cipher of consumers is diminished, is one market the less for you. A foreign commerce ruined in consequence of evil administration, produces mischief and crises in your own. Failures in America and elsewhere entail failures in England. Credit now-a-days is no longer a national but an European institution.

Moreover, all other governments will be hostile to your national improvements, for there is an alliance among the princes, who were among the first to understand that the social question has become a general question at the present day.

The only lasting hope for you is in the general amelioration, improvement, and fraternity of all the peoples of Europe, and, through Europe, of Humanity.

Therefore, my brothers, in the name of your duty, and for the sake of your interest, never forget that your first duties—duties without fulfilling

which, you cannot rightly fulfil those towards your country and family—are towards Humanity.

Let your words and your actions be for all men, as God is for all men in His Law and Love.

In whatsoever land you live, wheresoever there arises a man to combat for the right, the just, and the true, that man is your brother. Wheresoever a man is tortured through error, injustice, or tyranny, that man is your brother. Free men or slaves, you are all brothers.

You are one in origin, one in the law that governs you, and one in the goal you are destined to attain. Your faith must be one, your actions one, and one the banner under which you combat. Say not, *The language we speak is different.* Acts, tears, and martyrdom, are a language common to all men, and which all understand. Say not, *Humanity is too vast, and we are too weak.* God does not judge the power but the intention. Love Humanity. Ask yourselves, as to every act you commit within the circle of family or country: *If what I now do were done by and for all men, would it be* beneficial or injurious to Humanity? and if your conscience tell you it would be injurious, desist: desist, even though it seem that an immediate advantage to your country or family would be the result.

Be you the Apostles of this faith: Apostles of the fraternity of nations, and of that Unity of the

human race, which, though it be admitted in principle, is denied in practice at the present day. Be such, wheresoever and howsoever you are able. Neither God nor man can require more of you than this. But I tell you that by becoming such, and even—should more be impossible—by becoming such to yourselves alone, you will yet serve Humanity. God measures the stages of education he permits the human race to ascend by the number and the purity of the Believers. When the pure among you are many, God, who numbers you, will disclose to you the way to action.

CHAPTER V.

DUTIES TOWARDS YOUR COUNTRY.

YOUR first duties—first as regards importance—are, as I have already told you, towards Humanity. You are *men* before you are either citizens or fathers. If you do not embrace the whole human family in your affection, if you do not bear witness to your belief in the Unity of that family—consequent upon the Unity of God;—and in that fraternity among the peoples which is destined to reduce that Unity to action; if, wheresoever a fellow-creature suffers, or the dignity of human nature is violated by falsehood or

tyranny—you are not ready, if able, to aid the unhappy, and do not feel called upon to combat, if able, for the redemption of the betrayed or oppressed—you violate your Law of life, you comprehend not that Religion which will be the guide and blessing of the future.

But what can each of you, singly, *do* for the moral improvement and progress of Humanity? You can from time to time give sterile utterance to your belief; you may, on some rare occasions, perform some act of *charity* towards a brother man not belonging to your own land;—no more. But charity is not the watchword of the Faith of the future. The watchword of the Faith of the future is *association*, and fraternal co-operation of all towards a common aim, and this is as far superior to all charity, as the edifice which all of you should unite to raise would be superior to the humble hut each one of you might build alone, or with the mere assistance of lending and borrowing stone, mortar, and tools.

But, you tell me, you cannot attempt united action, distinct and divided as you are in language, customs, tendencies, and capacity. The individual is too insignificant, and Humanity too vast. The mariner of Brittany prays to God as he puts to sea: *Help me, my God! my boat is so small and Thy ocean so wide!* And this prayer is the true expression of the condition of each one of you,

until you find the means of infinitely multiplying your forces and powers of action.

This means was provided for you by God when he gave you a country; when, even as a wise overseer of labour distributes the various branches of employment according to the different capacities of the workmen, he divided Humanity into distinct groups or nuclei upon the face of the earth, thus creating the germ of Nationalities. Evil governments have disfigured the Divine design. Nevertheless you may still trace it, distinctly marked out—at least as far as Europe is concerned—by the course of the great rivers, the direction of the higher mountains, and other geographical conditions. They have disfigured it by their conquests, their greed, and their jealousy even of the righteous power of others; disfigured it so far that, if we except England and France—there is not perhaps a single country whose present boundaries correspond to that Design.

These governments did not, and do not, recognise any country save their own families or dynasty, the egotism of caste. But the Divine design will infallibly be realised. Natural divisions, and the spontaneous innate tendencies of the peoples, will take the place of the arbitrary divisions sanctioned by evil governments. The map of Europe will be re-drawn. The countries of the Peoples, defined by the vote of free men, will arise

upon the ruins of the countries of kings and privileged castes, and between these countries harmony and fraternity will exist. And the common work of Humanity, of general amelioration, and the gradual discovery and application of its Law of Life, being distributed according to local and general capacities, will be wrought out in peaceful and progressive development and advance.

Then may each one of you, fortified by the power and the affection of many millions, all speaking the same language, gifted with the same tendencies, and educated by the same historical tradition, hope even by your own single effort to be able to benefit all Humanity.

O my brothers, love your Country! Our country is our Home, the House that God has given us, placing therein a numerous family that loves us, and whom we love; a family with whom we sympathise more readily, and whom we understand more quickly, than we do others; and which, from its being centred round a given spot, and from the homogeneous nature of its elements, is adapted to a special branch of activity.

Our Country is our common workshop, whence the products of our activity are sent forth for the benefit of the whole world; wherein the tools and implements of labour we can most usefully employ are gathered together; nor may we reject them without disobeying the plan of the Almighty, and diminishing our own strength.

In labouring for our own country on the right principle, we labour for Humanity. Our country is the fulcrum of the lever we have to wield for the common good. In abandoning that fulcrum, we run the risk of rendering ourselves useless not only to humanity but to our country itself.

Before men can *associate* with the nations of which humanity is composed, they must have a National existence. There is no true association except among equals. It is only through our country that we can have a recognised *collective* existence.

Humanity is a vast army advancing to the conquest of lands unknown, against enemies both powerful and astute. The peoples are the different corps, the divisions of that army. Each of them has its post assigned to it, and its special operation to execute; and the common victory depends upon the exactitude with which those distinct operations shall be fulfilled. Disturb not the order of battle. Forsake not the banner given to you by God. Wheresoever you may be, in the centre of whatsoever people circumstances may have placed you, be ever ready to combat for the liberty of that people should it be necessary, but combat in such wise that the blood you shed may reflect glory, not on yourselves alone, but on your country. Say not *I*, but *we*. Let each man among you strive to incarnate his country in

himself. Let each man among you regard himself as a guarantee, responsible for his fellow-countrymen, and learn so to govern his actions as to cause his country to be loved and respected through him.

Your country is the sign of the mission God has given you to fulfil towards humanity. The faculties and forces of *all* her sons should be associated in the accomplishment of that mission.

The true country is a community of free men and equals, bound together in fraternal concord to labour towards a common aim. You are bound to make it and to maintain it such.

The country is not an *aggregation*, but an *association.*

There is therefore no true country without an uniform Right. There is no true country where the uniformity of that Right is violated by the existence of castes, privilege, and inequality.

Where the activity of a portion of the powers and faculties of the individual is either cancelled or dormant; where there is not a common Principle, recognised, accepted, and developed by all, there is no true Nation, no People; but only a multitude, a fortuitous agglomeration of men whom circumstances have called together, and whom circumstances may again divide.

In the name of the love you bear your country you must peacefully but untiringly com-

bat the existence of privilege and inequality in the land that gave you life.

There is but one sole legitimate privilege, the privilege of Genius when it reveals itself united with virtue. But this is a privilege given by God, and when you acknowledge it and follow its inspiration, you do so freely, exercising your own reason and your own choice.

Every privilege which demands submission from you in virtue of power, inheritance, or any other right than the Right common to all, is an usurpation and a tyranny which you are bound to resist and destroy.

Be your country your Temple. God at the summit; a people of equals at the base.

Accept no other formula, no other moral law, if you would not dishonour alike your country and yourselves. Let all secondary laws be but the gradual regulation of your existence by the progressive application of this supreme law.

And in order that they may be such, it is necessary that *all* of you should aid in framing them. Laws framed only by a single fraction of the citizens, can never, in the very nature of things, be other than the mere expression of the thoughts, aspirations, and desires of that fraction; the representation, not of the Country, but of a third or fourth part, of a class or zone of the Country.

The laws should be the expression of the

universal aspiration, and promote the universal good. They should be a pulsation of the heart of the Nation. The entire Nation should, either directly or indirectly, legislate.

By yielding up this mission into the hands of a few, you substitute the egotism of one class for the Country, which is the Union of all classes.

Country is not a mere zone of territory. The true Country is the Idea to which it gives birth; it is the Thought of love, the sense of communion which unites in one all the sons of that territory.

So long as a single one amongst your brothers has no vote to represent him in the development of the National life, so long as there is one left to vegetate in ignorance where others are educated, so long as a single man, able and willing to work, languishes in poverty through want of work to do, you have no Country in the sense in which Country ought to exist—the Country of all and for all.

Education, labour, and the franchise, are the three main pillars of the Nation. Rest not until you have built them strongly up with your own labour and exertions.

Never deny your sister Nations. Be it yours to evolve the Life of your Country in loveliness and strength; free from all servile fears or sceptical doubts; maintaining as its basis the People; as its guide the consequences of the principles of its Religious Faith, logically and energetically applied;

its strength, the united strength of all; its aim, the fulfilment of the mission given to it by God.

And so long as you are ready to die for Humanity, the Life of your Country will be immortal.

CHAPTER VI.

DUTIES TOWARDS THE FAMILY.

THE Family is the Heart's Fatherland. There is in the Family an Angel, possessed of a mysterious influence of grace, sweetness, and love; an Angel who renders our duties less arid, and our sorrows less bitter. The only pure and unalloyed happiness, the only joys untainted by grief granted to man on this earth, are—thanks be given to this Angel!—the happiness and the joys of the Family. He who, from some fatality of position, has been unable to live the calm life of the Family, sheltered beneath this Angel's wing, has a shadow of sadness cast over his soul, and a void in his heart which nought can fill, as I who write these pages for you know.

Bless the God who created this Angel, O you who share the joys and consolations of the Family! Hold them not in light esteem, because you fancy you might find more ardent pleasures and more facile consolations elsewhere. There is in the Family an element rarely found elsewhere—the

element of durability. Family affections wind themselves round your heart slowly and all unobserved, but, tenacious and enduring as the ivy round the tree, they cling to you, hour by hour, mingling with and becoming a portion of your very existence. Very often you are unconscious of them, because they are a part of yourselves; but when once you lose them, you feel as if an intimate and necessary portion of your life were gone. You wander restless and unhappy; it may be that you again succeed in finding some brief delights or consolations, but never the supreme consolation of calm: the calm of the waters of the lake, the calm of trusting sleep, a repose like that of the child on its mother's breast.

This Angel of the Family is Woman. Whether as mother, wife, or sister, Woman is the Caress of existence, the soft sweetness of affection diffused over its fatigues, a reflex on the individual of that loving Providence which watches over Humanity. She has in her a treasure of gentle consolation sufficient to soothe every sorrow. Moreover, she is for each of us the Initiatrix of the future. The child learns its first lesson of love from its mother's kiss. In the first sacred kiss of the beloved one Man learns the lesson of hope and faith in life; and hope and faith create that yearning after progress, and that power to achieve it step by step—that *future*, in short—whose living symbol is the

infant, our link with the generations to come. It is through Woman that the Family—with its divine mystery of reproduction—points to Eternity.

Hold then the Family sacred, my brothers! Look upon it as one of the indestructible conditions of life, and reject every attempt made to undermine it, either by men imbued with a false and brutish philosophy, or by shallow thinkers, who, irritated at seeing it too often made the nursery of egotism and the spirit of caste, imagine, like the savage, that the sole remedy for this evil growth is the destruction of the tree itself.

The conception of the family is not human, but divine, and no human power can extinguish it. Like the country—even more than the country—the family is an element of existence.

I have said even more than the country. Distinctions of country—sacred now—may possibly disappear whenever man shall bear the moral law of humanity inscribed upon his own heart, but the family will endure while man himself endures. It is the cradle of humanity.

Like every other element of human life, it is of course susceptible of progress, and from epoch to epoch its tendencies and aspirations are improved, but it can never be cancelled.

Your mission is ever more to sanctify the family, and to link it ever more closely with the country. That which the country is to humanity

the family must be to the country. Even as the scope and object of our love of country is, as I have told you, to educate you as *men,* so the scope and object of the family is to educate you as *citizens.* The family and the country are the two extreme points of one and the same line. And wheresoever this is not the case, the family degenerates into egotism ; an egotism the more odious and brutal inasmuch as it prostitutes and perverts from their true aim the most sacred things that be—our affections.

Love and respect Woman. Seek in her not merely a comfort, but a force, an inspiration, the redoubling of your intellectual and moral faculties.

Cancel from your minds every idea of superiority over Woman. You have none whatsoever.

Long prejudice, an inferior education, and a perennial legal inequality and injustice, have created that *apparent* intellectual inferiority which has been converted into an argument of continued oppression.

But does not the history of every oppression teach us how the oppressor ever seeks his justification and support by appealing to a *fact* of his own creation ? The feudal castes that withheld education from the sons of the people excluded them on the grounds of that very want of education from the rights of the citizen, from the sanctuary wherein laws are framed, and from that right of vote which is the initiation of their social mission.

The Slaveholders of America declare the black race radically inferior and incapable of education, and yet persecute those who seek to instruct them.

For half-a-century the supporters of the reigning families in Italy have declared the Italians unfit for freedom,* and meanwhile, by their laws, and by the brute force of hireling armies, they close every path through which we might overcome the obstacles to our improvement, did they really exist, as if tyranny could ever be a means of educating men for liberty.

Now, we men have ever been, and still are, guilty of a similar crime towards Woman. Avoid even the shadow or semblance of this crime: there is none heavier in the sight of God, for it divides the human family into two classes, and imposes or accepts the subjugation of one class to the other.

In the sight of God the Father there is neither *man* nor *woman*. There is only the *human* being, that being in whom—whether the form be of male or female—those characteristics which distinguish humanity from the brute creation are united —namely, the social tendency and the capacity of education and progress.

Wheresoever these characteristics exist, the Human nature is revealed, and thence perfect equality both of rights and of duties.

* Written in 1858.

Like two distinct branches springing from the same trunk, man and woman are varieties springing from the common basis—Humanity. There is no inequality between them, but—even as is often the case among men—diversity of tendency and of special vocation.

Are two notes of the same musical chord unequal or of different nature? Man and woman are the two notes without which the Human chord is impossible.

Suppose two Peoples,—one of which is called by circumstances and by special tendencies to the mission of diffusing the idea of human association by means of colonisation, and the other to teach that idea by the production of universally-admired literature and art: are their general rights and duties therefore different? Both of these peoples are, consciously or unconsciously, Apostles of the same Divine idea, equals and brothers in that idea.

Man and Woman—even as these two peoples —fulfil different functions in Humanity, but these functions are equally sacred, equally manifestations of that Thought of God which He has made the soul of the universe.

Consider Woman, therefore, as the partner and companion, not merely of your joys and sorrows, but of your thoughts, your aspirations, your studies, and your endeavours after social ameli-

oration. Consider her your Equal in your civil and political life. Be ye the two human wings that lift the soul towards the Ideal we are destined to attain.

The Mosaic Bible has declared: *God created Man, and Woman from Man;* but your Bible, the Bible of the Future, will proclaim, that *God created Humanity, made manifest in the Woman and the man.*

Love the children given to you by God, but love them with a true, deep, and earnest affection; not with the enervated, blind, unreasoning love, which is but egotism in you, and ruin to them. In the name of all that is most sacred, never forget that through them you have in charge the future generations; that towards them, as souls confided to your keeping, towards Humanity, and before God, you are under the heaviest responsibility known to mankind.

You are bound to initiate your children, not merely to the joys and desires of life, but to life itself; to its duties, and to its moral Law of Government.

Few mothers, few fathers, in this irreligious age—and even especially in the wealthier classes—understand the true gravity of their educational mission. Few mothers, few fathers, remember that the numerous victims, the incessant struggles, and the life-long martyrdoms of our day, are in a

great measure the fruit of the *egotism* instilled thirty years back by the weak mothers and heedless fathers who allowed their children to accustom themselves to regard life, not as a mission and a duty, but as a search after happiness, and a study of their own wellbeing.

For you, the sons of labour, these dangers are less: the greater number of you know only too well what it is to live the life of privation. But, compelled by your inferior social position to constant toil, you are also less able to bestow upon your children a fitting education. Nevertheless, even you can in part fulfil your arduous mission, both by word and by example.

You can do it by example.

"Your children will resemble you, and become corrupt or virtuous in proportion as you are yourself corrupt or virtuous.

"How shall they become honest, charitable, and humane, if you are without charity for your brothers? How shall they restrain their grosser appetites, if they see you given up to intemperance? How shall they preserve their native innocence, if you shrink not from offending their modesty by indecent act or obscene word? You are the living model by which their pliant nature is fashioned. It depends then upon you, whether your children be men or brutes" (Lamennais, *Words of a Believer*).

And you may educate your children by your words.

Speak to them of your Country; of what she was, and is, and ought to be. At evening, when beneath the smile of their mother, and amid the innocent prattle of your children seated on your knee, you forget the day's fatigue, repeat to them the names and deeds of the good men who have loved their Country and the people, and who have striven, amid sorrows, calumny, and persecution, to elevate their destiny. Instil into their young hearts the strength to resist injustice and oppression. Let them learn from your lips, and the calm approval of their mother, how lovely is the path of virtue; how noble it is to become Apostles of the truth, how holy to sacrifice themselves, if need be, for their fellows.

Infuse into their tender minds, not merely the energy of resistance to every false or unjust authority, but due reverence for the sole legitimate and true authority—that of virtue crowned by genius. See that they grow up enemies alike to tyranny and anarchy, and in the Religion of a conscience inspired but not enchained by tradition.

The Nation is bound to aid you in this work. And you have a right to exact this aid in your children's name. There is no true Nation without a National Education.

Love and reverence your Parents. Let not

the Family that issues from you make you unmindful of that from which you sprang. Too often do the new ties weaken the old, whereas they should be but another link in the chain of love that should unite the three generations of the Family in one.

Surround the gray hairs of your mother and father with tender affection and respectful care even to their last day. Strew their path to the tomb with flowers. Let your constant love shed a perfume of faith and immortality over their weary souls. And be the affection you bestow on your own parents a pledge of that you shall receive from your children.

Parents, sisters, brothers, wives, and children, be they all to you as branches springing from the same stem. Sanctify the Family by unity of love, and make of it the Temple wherein you unite to bear sacrifice to your Country.

I know not whether you will be happy if you act thus; but I do know that even in the midst of adversity you will find that serene peace of the heart, that repose of the tranquil conscience, which will give you strength in every trial, and cheer your souls with a glimpse of heavenly azure even in the darkest storm.

CHAPTER VII.

DUTIES TOWARDS YOURSELVES.

I HAVE already said to you: *You have life, therefore you have a Law of life. To develope yourselves, to act and live according to your Law of life, is your first or rather your sole Duty.*

I have told you that God has given you two means of arriving at a knowledge of your law of life. He has given you your own conscience, and the conscience of Humanity, the common consent of your fellow-men. I have told you that whenever, on interrogating your own conscience, you find its voice in harmony with the mighty voice of the Human race transmitted to you by History, you may be certain of holding an immutable and eternal truth.

At present it is difficult for you fitly to interrogate this mighty voice of Humanity transmitted by History. You are in want of really good popular books on this subject, or you have not time to study them. But the men whose intellect and virtue have rendered them the best exponents of historical study, and of the science of Humanity, during the last half-century, have deduced from them some of the characteristics of our Law of life.

They have discovered that our human nature is essentially *social,* and susceptible of *education.*

They have discerned that as there is, and can be, but one sole God, so there is, and can be, but one sole Law, governing alike *individual* and *collective* man. They have discerned that the fundamental character of this Law is PROGRESS.

From this truth—irrefutable, because confirmed by every branch of human knowledge—are deduced all your duties towards yourselves, and also all your rights. The last may be summed up in one, viz.—*the right to be in no way impeded, and to be to a certain extent assisted, in the fulfilment of your duties.*

You are, and you feel within you that you are, free agents. All the sophisms of the wretched philosophy that seeks to substitute the doctrine of I know not what fatalism to the cry of our human conscience, avail not to silence the two invincible witnesses in favour of human liberty—*Remorse and Martyrdom.*

From Socrates to Jesus, from Jesus down to the men who from time to time still die for their country, all the martyrs of Faith protest against the servile doctrine, and cry aloud unto you: "We also loved life, we also loved the beings who made that life dear, and who implored us to yield. Every impulse of our hearts cried, *Live!* But, for the salvation of the generations to come, we *chose* to die."

From Cain down to the vulgar spy of the

present day, all the betrayers of their fellows, all the men who have chosen the path of evil, have heard and hear in the depths of their secret soul a voice of blame, disquiet, and reproof, which says unto them: "*Wherefore did you forsake the right path?*"

You are free agents, and therefore responsible.

From this moral liberty results your right to political liberty, your duty to achieve it and maintain it inviolate, and the duty of others not to restrain you therein.

You are susceptible of Education.

There is in each of you a certain sum of moral tendencies and intellectual capacity to which education alone can give life and movement, and which, if uneducated, remain inert and sterile, or but reveal themselves by fits, and without regular development.

Education is the bread of the soul. Even as physical organic life is unable to flourish and expand without material aliment, so does our moral and intellectual life require for its expansion and manifestation the external influence, and the assimilation—in part at least—of the affections and tendencies of others.

Individual life springs up like the flower. Each variety is gifted with a special existence and a special character, upon the common soil, and is nourished by the elements common to the

life of all. The individual is an offshoot of Humanity, and aliments and renews its vital forces in the vital force of Humanity. This work of alimentation and renovation is accomplished by Education, which transmits (directly or indirectly) to the individual the results of the progress of the whole human race.

Education therefore is not merely a necessity of your true *life;* it is also as a holy communion with your fellow-men, with the generations who lived (that is to say, thought and acted) before you, that you are bound to obtain for yourselves a moral and intellectual education, that shall embrace and fecundate all the faculties which God has given you, even as seed to fructify, and wherewith to constitute and maintain the link between your individual life and the life of collective Humanity.

And in order that this work of education may be more rapidly achieved, in order that your individual life may be more intimately and surely linked with the collective life of your brothers—the life of Humanity—God has created you beings eminently social.

Each of the inferior beings *can* live alone, without communion save with Nature, with the elements of the physical world. You cannot. You have need of your brother men at every step, and cannot satisfy the simplest wants of your existence

without aiding yourself by their work. Superior to all other beings when in association with your fellows, you are when isolated inferior in force to many of the lower animals, weak, and incapable of development and of fulness of life.

All the noblest aspirations of your heart—such as love of country—even the least elevated—such as the desire of glory and praise—indicate your innate tendency to mingle your existence with the life of the millions by whom you are surrounded.

You are then created for *Association.*

Association centuples your strength; it makes the thoughts of others, and the progress of others, your own, while it elevates and sanctifies your nature through the affections, and the growing sentiment of the unity of the human family. In proportion as your association with your brother men is extended, in proportion as it is intimate and comprehensive, will you advance on the path of individual improvement.

The law of life cannot be fulfilled in its entirety, save by the united labour of all. For every step taken in progress, for every new discovery of a portion of that law, history shows a corresponding extension of human association, a more extended contact and communication between peoples and peoples.

Before the first Christians came to declare the

unity of human nature, in opposition to the pagan philosophy that admitted two human natures (that of the Master, and that of the Slave), the Roman people had already carried their eagles across all the known countries of Europe.

Before the papacy—baleful to mankind at the present day, but useful during the first ages of its institution—proclaimed *the Superiority of Spiritual to Temporal Authority*, the barbarian invaders had violently brought into contact the Latin and Germanic worlds.

Before the idea of liberty—as applied not only to individuals but to peoples—had produced the conception of Nationality which now agitates and is destined to triumph in Europe, the wars of the Revolution and the Empire had aroused and called into action an element until then remote, the Slavonian element.

Finally, you are *progressive* beings.

This word of PROGRESS, unknown to antiquity, is destined henceforth to be a sacred word to Humanity. In it is included an entire social, political, and religious transformation.

The ancients, the men of the old Oriental and Pagan religions, believed in fate, in chance, in a hidden incomprehensible power, the arbitrator of human things; a Power alternately creator and destroyer, the action of which man was neither able to understand, accelerate, nor promote. They

believed man to be incapable of founding any stable or permanent work on earth. They believed that nations—destined to move for ever in a circle similar to that described by individuals here below—arose, became powerful, and sank in decay, doomed infallibly to perish.

With a mental horizon thus restricted, and destitute of all historical knowledge save that of their own nation, or it might be of their own city, they regarded the human race as a mere aggregate of men, without any general collective life or law, and based their ideas solely upon the contemplation of the individual. The natural consequence of such a doctrine was a disposition to accept all dominant and ruling *facts*, without hoping or endeavouring to modify them. Where circumstances had produced a republican form of government, the men of that day were republicans; where despotism existed, they were its submissive slaves, indifferent to progress. And both under the republican and tyrannic governments, the human family was everywhere divided, either into four castes, as in the East, or into two (the free citizens and the slaves), as in Greece. This division into castes, and the doctrine of the two natures of men, were accepted by all, even by the most powerful intellects of the Greek world, Plato and Aristotle. The emancipation of your class would have been an impossibility among such men as these.

The men who, with the word of Christ upon their lips, founded a religion superior to Paganism or the religions of the East, had but dimly foreseen, not grasped or assimilated, the sacred idea contained in this word *Progress.* They understood the idea of the unity of the human race, and the unity of the Law; they understood the idea of the perfectibility of man, but they did not comprehend that God has given man the power of realising it by his *own* efforts, nor the mode by which it has to be achieved.

They also limited themselves to deducing the rule of life from the contemplation of the individual. Humanity, as a collective being, remained unknown to them.

They comprehended the idea of a Providence, and substituted it for the Fatality of the ancients; but in this Providence they saw only the protector of the individual, not the Law of Humanity.

Finding themselves placed between the immense ideal of perfectibility they had faintly conceived, and the poor brief life of the individual, they felt the necessity of an intermediate term or link between man and God; but, not having reached the idea of Collective Humanity, they had recourse to that of a divine incarnation, and declared faith in this dogma to be the sole source of strength, of salvation, of *grace* to man.

Not suspecting the *continuous* Revelation trans-

mitted from God to man through Humanity, they believed in an unique, immediate revelation, vouchsafed at a particular time, and by a special favour of God.

They perceived the link that unites man with his Creator, but they perceived not the link that unites all men, past, present, and future, in Humanity on earth.

The sequence of generations being of little moment to those who comprehended nothing of the action of one generation on another, they accustomed themselves to disregard it. They endeavoured to detach man from the earth, from all that regarded Humanity at large, and ended by regarding the earth itself (which they abandoned to the existing Powers, and deemed a mere sojourn of expiation) as in antagonism to that Heaven to which man might, by the help of faith and grace, ascend, but from which all wanting in faith and grace were exiled.

Believing Revelation to have been immediate and *unique* at a given period, they thence deduced the impossibility of all addition thereunto, and the consequent infallibility of its depositaries. They forgot that the Founder of their religion had come not to destroy the law, but to add to and continue it; they forgot the solemn occasion when, with a sublime intuition of the Future, Jesus declared "that he had many things yet to say, but men

could not bear them then, but that after him would come the Spirit of truth, who should speak not of himself, but whatsoever he should hear, that he should speak" (St. John xvi. 7, 12, 13, 25, *et passim*);—words prophetic of the idea of Progress, of collective inspiration, and of the continuous Revelation of the Truth through the medium of Humanity.

The whole edifice of the faith that succeeded Paganism is founded on the bases I have described. It is clear that your earthly emancipation cannot be founded upon these bases alone.

Thirteen hundred years after the above sublime words of Jesus were spoken, a man, an Italian, the greatest of Italians, wrote the following truths:

"God is One. The Universe is a Thought of God; the Universe therefore is also One. All things spring from God. All things participate in the Divine nature, more or less, according to the end for which they are created. Man is the noblest of created things. God has given to man more of His own nature than to the others. Everything that springs from God tends towards that amount of perfectibility of which it is susceptible. The capacity of perfectibility is indefinite in man. Humanity is One. God has created no useless thing. Humanity exists; hence there must be a single aim for *all* men, a work to be achieved by

all. The human race must therefore work in unity, so that all the intellectual forces diffused among men may obtain the highest possible development in the sphere of thought and action. There exists therefore one Universal Religion for the human race."

The man who wrote these words was called Dante. Every city of Italy, when Italy shall be free, is bound to raise a monument to his memory, for these ideas contain the germ of the Religion of the Future. He wrote thus in Latin and in Italian, in two books, entitled *De Monarchia* and *Il Convito*, works difficult of comprehension, and neglected at the present day even by the literary men of his own country. But ideas, once sown in the intellectual world, never die. Others reap and gather them up, even while forgetting whence they sprang. All men admire the oak, but who thinks of the acorn from which it grew? The germ planted by Dante struck root, was fecundated from time to time by some powerful intellect, and the tree bore fruit towards the close of the last century. The idea of Progress, as the Law of life, accepted, developed, and verified by History and confirmed by Science, became the banner of the Future. At the present day there is no earnest thinker with whom it is not the cardinal point of his labour and endeavour.

We now know that the Law of life is PRO-

GRESS—progress for the individual, progress for Humanity.

Humanity fulfils the law on Earth : the individual, on earth and elsewhere.

One sole God, one sole Law. That law has been, is, and will be, gradually but inevitably fulfilled by Humanity from the first moment of its existence.

Truth does not manifest itself suddenly, nor entire.

A continuous Revelation from epoch to epoch makes manifest to man a fragment of the Truth, a word of the Law.

The discovery of every one of these words modifies human life by a sensible advance on the path of improvement, and constitutes a *belief*, a Faith.

The development of the Religious Idea is then indefinitely progressive, and sucessive beliefs, each one developing and purifying that Idea, contribute, like the columns of a temple, to build up the Pantheon of Humanity, the one grand, sole Religion of our earth.

The men most blessed by God with genius and virtue are its Apostles : the People—the collective sense of Humanity—its interpreter ; accepting that revelation of the truth, transmitting it from generation to generation, and reducing it to practice, by applying it to the different branches and manifestations of human life.

"Humanity is as a man who lives and learns for ever."

Therefore there is not, there cannot be, infallibility either in man or Powers; there is not, there cannot be, any privileged caste of depositaries or interpreters of the Law; there is not, there cannot be, need of any interpreter between God and man, save Humanity.

God by ordaining the accomplishment of a Providential Design of progressive education for Humanity, and infusing the instinct of progress into the heart of every man, granted to human nature the capacity and the power to fulfil that Design.

Individual man, a free and responsible creature, is able to use or abuse the faculties given to him in proportion as he follows the path of Duty or yields to the seductions of a blind egotism. He may thus delay or accelerate his own progress, but the Providential design can be cancelled by no human means. The education of Humanity *must* be completed. Thus do we even see the barbarian invasions, which from time to time threaten to extinguish the existing civilisation, result in a new civilisation, superior to the former, and diffused over a wider zone, and even individual tyranny subsequently produce a more rapid and vigorous growth of liberty.

Progress, the Law, will be fulfilled on earth even as elsewhere.

There is no antagonism between earth and heaven, and it is blasphemous to imagine that God's work, the *Home* he has given us, may be by us despised, and abandoned to the influence of evil, egotism, or tyranny, without sin.

The earth is no sojourn of expiation. It is the home wherein we are to strive towards the realisation of that ideal of the True and Just of which each man has in his own soul the germ. It is the ladder towards that condition of Perfection which we can only reach by glorifying God in Humanity, through our own works, and by consecrating ourselves to realise in action all that we may of His Design.

The judgment that will be held on each of us, and that will either decree our ascent one step on the ladder of Perfection, or doom us mournfully to pursue again the stage already trod, will be founded on the amount of good done to our brothers, on the degree of progress to which we have aided them to ascend.

Association, even more intimate and more extended with our fellow-men, is the means by which our strength will be multiplied, the field wherein we fulfil our duties, and reduce the law of progress to action. We must strive to make of Humanity one single family, every member of which shall be himself a reflex of the moral law, for the benefit of the others. And as the gradual perfection of

Humanity is accomplished from epoch to epoch, from generation to generation, so the perfection of the individual is wrought out from existence to existence, more or less rapidly in proportion to our own labour and effort.

These are some of the truths contained in that word Progress, from which the religion of the future will spring. In its name alone can your emancipation be achieved.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIBERTY.

YOU live. The life which is in you is not the work of chance; the word chance is void of meaning, and was invented to express the ignorance of mankind in certain things. The life which is in you comes from God, and in its progressive development it reveals an intelligent design. Your life, then, has necessarily a scope, an aim.

The *ultimate* aim for which we were created is still unknown to us: it cannot be otherwise, but this is no reason why we should deny its existence. Does the infant know the aim towards which it must tend through the family, the country, and humanity? No; but this aim exists, and we are beginning to comprehend it for him. Humanity is the infant of God: He knows the end and aim towards which it must develope itself.

Humanity is only now beginning to comprehend that progress is the law. It is beginning vaguely to comprehend somewhat of the universe by which it is surrounded; but the majority of the individuals that compose it are still incapable, through barbarism, slavery, or the absolute absence of all education, of studying that law and obtaining a knowledge of that universe; both of which it is necessary to comprehend before we can truly know ourselves.

Only a minority of the men who people our little Europe is as yet capable of developing itself towards the right use and understanding of its own intellectual faculties.

Amongst yourselves, deprived as the greater number of you are of instruction, and bowed down beneath the necessity of an ill-organised physical labour, those faculties lie dormant, and are unable to bring their tribute to raise the pyramid of science.

How then should we pretend as yet to understand that which will require the associate labour of the whole? Wherefore rebel against our not having already achieved that which will constitute the last stage of progress, while, few in number, and still disunited, we are but learning to lisp its sacred name?

Let us resign ourselves then to our ignorance of those things which must yet a long while re-

main inaccessible to us, and let us not in childish anger abandon the study of the truths we may discover. Impatience and human pride have destroyed or misled more souls than deliberate wickedness. This is the truth which the ancients sought to express when they told us how the despot who strove to scale the heavens succeeded only in building up a Babel of confusion, and how the giants who attacked Olympus were cast down by the thunderbolt, and buried beneath our volcanic mountains.

That of which it is important to be convinced is this, that whatever be the end and aim towards which we are created, we can only reach it through the progressive development and exercise of our intellectual faculties. Our faculties are the instruments of labour given to us by God. It is therefore a necessity that their development be aided and promoted, and their exercise protected and free.

Without liberty you cannot fulfil any of your duties. Therefore have you a right to liberty and a duty to wrest it at all risks from whatsoever Power shall seek to withhold or deny it.

Without liberty there is no true Morality, because if there be not free choice between good and evil, between devotion to the common progress and the spirit of egotism, there can be no responsibility.

Without liberty there is no true Society, because association between free men and slaves is

impossible; there can only exist the rule of the one over the others.

Liberty is sacred, as the individual, of whose life it is the reflex, is sacred.

Where liberty is not, life is reduced to a mere organic function, and when man allows the violation of his liberty, he is false to his own nature, and rebels against the decree of God.

There is no true liberty whenever a Caste, a Family, or a Man, assumes to rule over others in virtue of a pretended right divine, or from any privilege of birth or riches. Liberty must be for all men, and in the face of all men.

God does not delegate the Sovereign power to any individual. That degree of Sovereign Power which can be justly represented on this earth, has been entrusted by God to Humanity, to the Nations, to Society. And even that ceases, and is withdrawn from those collective fractions of Humanity, whensoever they cease to wield it for good, and in accordance with the Providential Design. The Sovereign rule therefore exists *of right* in none, the true Sovereignty being in the *Aim*, and in those acts which bring us nearer to that. These acts, and the aim towards which we are advancing, must be submitted to the judgment of all. There is not, therefore, there cannot be, any permanent Sovereignty.

The institution which we term Government is

merely a Direction, a mission confided to a few in order more speedily to attain the National Intent or Aim; and should that mission be betrayed, the power of Direction confided to those few must cease.

Every man called to the Government is an Administrator of the Common Thought. He should be elected, and be subject to have his election revoked whensoever he misconceives or deliberately opposes that Thought.

Therefore, I repeat, there can exist neither Family nor Caste possessing the Governing Power in its own right, without a violation of your liberty. How could you call yourselves free in the face of men possessing the power to command you without your consent? The Republic is then the only logical and truly legitimate form of Government.

You have no master save God in heaven, and the People on earth. Whensoever you discover a line of the Law, of the will of God, you are bound to bless and obey it. Whensoever the people, the Collective Unity of your brother men, shall declare that such is their belief, you are bound to bow the head, and abstain from any act of rebellion.

But there are certain things constituting your own individuality, and which are essential elements of human life. Over these not even the People has any right. No majority may decree tyranny, or destroy or alienate its own freedom. You can-

not employ force against the People that should commit this suicidal act, but there exists and lives eternally in each of you a right of protest, in the manner circumstances may suggest.

You must have liberty in all that is indispensable to the moral and material aliment of life: personal liberty, liberty of locomotion, liberty of religious faith; liberty of opinion upon all subjects, liberty of expressing that opinion through the Press, or by any other peaceful means; liberty of association in order to render that opinion fruitful by cultivation and contact with the thoughts and opinions of others; liberty of labour, and of trade and commerce with its produce; all these are things which may not be taken from you (save in a few exceptional cases which it is unnecessary here to enumerate) without your having a right to protest.

No one has any right to imprison you, or subject you to personal espionage or restraint in the name of Society, without telling you wherefore, telling it you with the least possible delay, and immediately conducting you before the judicial power of the Country.

No one has any right of persecution, intolerance, or exclusive legislation as to your religious opinions: no voice, save the grand peaceful voice of Humanity, has any right to interpose itself between God and your conscience.

God has given you the faculty of Thought:

no one has a right to suppress or restrain its expression, which is the act of communion between your soul and the souls of your brother men, and is our one sole means of progress.

The Press must be absolutely free. The rights of intellect are inviolable, and every *preventive* censorship is tyranny. Society may, however, punish the errors of the Press, or the teaching of crime or immorality, just as it may punish any other description of error. This right of punishment (decreed in virtue of a solemn public judgment) is a consequence of our human responsibility; but every anterior intervention is a negation of liberty.

The right of peaceful association is as sacred as thought itself. God gave us the tendency to association as a perennial means of progress, and as a pledge of that Unity which the human family is destined one day to attain.

No power then has a right to limit or impede Association.

It is the duty of each of you to employ the life given him by God, to preserve it, and to develope it: each of you then is bound to labour as the sole means of its material support. Labour is sacred. No one has a right to impede it, forbid it, or render it impossible by arbitrary regulations. No one has any right to forbid free trade in its productions. Your Country is

your lawful market, which no one may limit or restrain.

But when all these various forms of liberty shall be held sacred, when the State shall be constituted according to the universal will, and in such wise that each individual shall have every path towards the free development of his faculties thrown open before him,—forget not that high above each and every individual stands the Intent and *Aim* which it is your duty to achieve, your own moral perfectibility, and that of others, through an ever more intimate and extended communion between all the members of the human family, so that the day may come when all shall recognise one sole Law.

"Your task is to found the Universal Family, to build up the City of God, and unremittingly to labour towards the active progressive fulfilment of His great work in Humanity.

"When each of you, loving all men as brothers, shall reciprocally act like brothers; when each of you, seeking his own wellbeing in the wellbeing of all, shall identify his own life with the life of all, and his own interest with the interest of all; when each shall be ever ready to sacrifice himself for all the members of the Common Family, equally ready to sacrifice themselves for him; most of the evils which now weigh upon the human race will disappear, as the gathering

vapours of the horizon vanish on the rising of the sun; and the will of God will be fulfilled, for it is His will that love shall gradually unite the scattered members of Humanity and organise them into a single whole, so that Humanity may be One, even as he is One." *

Let not these words, the words of a man whose life and death were holy, and who loved the people and their future with an immense love, ever be forgotten by you, my brothers. Liberty is but a *means*. Woe unto you and to your future should you ever accustom yourselves to regard it as the *end!* Your own individuality has its rights and duties, which may not be yielded up to any; but woe unto you and to your future, should the respect you owe unto that which constitutes your individual life ever degenerate into the fatal crime of egotism.

Liberty is not the negation of all authority: it is the negation of every authority that fails to represent the Collective Aim of the Nation, or that presumes to impose or maintain itself upon any other basis than that of your free consent.

In these later days the sacred idea of Liberty has been perverted by sophistical doctrines. Some have reduced it to a narrow and immoral egotism, have made *self* everything, and have declared the aim of all social organisation to be the satisfaction

* Lamennais, *Livre du Peuple*, iii.

of its desires. Others have declared that all government and all authority is a necessary evil, to be restricted and restrained as far as possible; that liberty has no limit, and that the aim of all society is that of indefinitely promoting liberty, which man has the right of using or abusing, provided his doing so result in no direct evil to others, and that government has no other mission than that of preventing one individual from injuring another.

Reject these false doctrines, my brothers! The first has generated the egotism of class: the second makes of society—which, well organised, would be the representation of your collective life and aim—naught better than the soldier or police-officer commissioned to maintain an external and apparent peace.

The tendency of all such doctrines is to convert liberty into anarchy; to cancel the idea of collective moral improvement, and that mission of Progress which society ought to assume. If you should understand liberty thus, you would deserve to lose it, and sooner or later you would lose it.

Your liberty will be sacred so long as it shall be governed by and evolved beneath an idea of duty, of faith in the common perfectibility.

Your liberty will flourish, protected by God and man, so long as you hold it—not as the right to use or abuse your faculties in the direction it

may please you to select—but as the right of free choice, according to your separate tendencies —of the means of doing good.

CHAPTER IX.

EDUCATION.

GOD has created you susceptible of *Education.* Therefore it is your duty to educate yourselves as far as lies in your power, and it is your right that the society to which you belong shall not impede your education, but assist you in it, and supply you with the means thereof when you have them not.

Your liberty, your rights, your emancipation from every injustice in your social position, the task which each of you is bound to fulfil on earth—all these depend upon the degree of education you are able to attain.

Without education you are incapable of rightly choosing between good and evil: you cannot acquire a true knowledge of your rights; you cannot attain that participation in political life without which your complete social emancipation is impossible; you cannot arrive at a correct definition and comprehension of your own mission.

Education is the bread of your soul. Without it your faculties lie dormant and unfruitful even as

the vital power lies sterile in the seed cast into untilled soil, and deprived of the benefits of irrigation and the watchful labour of the agriculturist.

At the present day your class is either uneducated, or receives its education at the hands of men or governments who, having no ruling principle to guide them, necessarily mutilate or misdirect it. Present directors of Education imagine that they have fulfilled their duties towards you when they have opened a certain number of schools—distributed unequally over the territory they govern—wherein your children *may* receive a certain degree of elementary instruction, consisting principally of reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Such teaching is properly called *instruction*, and it differs and is as distinct from true *education* as the various organs of our existence differ and are distinct from our *life*. The organs of existence are not our life. They are the mere instruments of our life, and its means of manifestation; they neither govern nor direct it, but are equally the manifestation of life the holiest or the most corrupt; and just so does instruction provide the means of putting in practice that which is taught by education, but it can never take the place of education.

Education addresses itself to the moral facul-

ties; instruction to the intellectual. The first developes in man the knowledge of his duties; the second gives him the capacity of achieving them. Without instruction, education would be too often inefficient; without education, instruction is a lever deprived of its fulcrum.

You know how to read. What avails this knowledge if you are unfit to judge between the books containing error and those containing truth? You have learned to communicate your thoughts to your fellow-men in writing. What avails this knowledge, if your thoughts are the mere reflex of your own egotism?

Instruction, like wealth, is either a source of good or of evil, according to the manner and motive of its use. Consecrated to aid the progress of all, it is a means of civilisation and of liberty; turned to mere personal uses, it becomes an agent of tyranny and corruption.

In Europe at the present day, instruction, unaccompanied by a corresponding degree of moral education, is too often a serious evil; it assists in maintaining inequality between class and class of the same people, leads men to false doctrines, and produces a spirit of calculation, of egotism, and of compromise between the just and the unjust.

The distinction between those who offer you more or less of instruction, and those who preach

education, is more important than you are aware of, and deserves to be spoken of at some length.

The Camp of the Liberal party in Europe at the present day is split up into two schools of doctrine.

The first of these Schools proclaims the sovereignty of the Individual. The second declares that sovereignty belongs to Society alone, and makes the manifest consent of the majority its Law.

The first imagines that it has fulfilled its mission when it has proclaimed the Rights believed to be inherent in human nature, and preserved liberty. The second looks almost exclusively to *association,* and from the Social Pact that constitutes that association it deduces the duties of each individual.

The first does not go beyond what I have termed instruction, for instruction does in fact tend to develope the individual faculties, without direction or rule. The second understands the necessity of education, and regards it as the manifestation of the Social programme.

The first inevitably tends to moral anarchy. The second, unmindful of liberty, runs the risk of upholding despotism—the despotism of the majority.

To the first of these schools belonged that generation of men known in France as the *Doctrinaires,* who betrayed the hopes of the people,

after the revolution of 1830, and who, by proclaiming Liberty of Instruction, and nothing more, perpetuated the monopoly of Government in the hand of the *bourgeois* class, who did possess the means of developing their individual faculties. The second, unfortunately, is only represented at the present day by Powers or sects belonging to antiquated creeds or beliefs, and hostile to the Dogma of the Future, which is Progress.

Both of these schools are defective. The tendency of both is narrow and exclusive.

The following is the truth:

All Sovereignty is in God, in the moral Law, in the Providential Design—which rules the world, and is from time to time revealed to Humanity, in different epochs of its existence, by virtuous Genius—in the Aim we have to reach, in the Mission we have to fulfil.

Sovereignty cannot exist in the individual, nor in Society, except in so far as one or the other act in accordance with that Design and Law, and tend towards that Aim.

The individual Ruler is either the best interpreter of that Law, and governs in its name, or he is an Usurper to be overthrown.

There is no legitimate sovereignty in the mere will of the majority, if it be contrary to the supreme moral law, or deliberately close the path of future progress.

The social weal, Liberty, and progress: there can be no real sovereignty beyond these three terms.

Education teaches in what the social weal consists.

Instruction assures to the individual a free choice of the means of securing a continuous advance in the conception of the social weal.

That which is most important for you is that your children be taught what are the ruling principles and beliefs directing the life of their fellowmen, during the span of existence allotted to them on earth; what the moral, social, and political programme of their nation; what the spirit of the legislation by which their actions will be judged; what the degree of progress already achieved by humanity; what the goal it is destined to attain.

And it is important that they should be taught in their earliest years a spirit of equality and love, which links them in a common aim with the millions, the brothers given them by God.

The education that will afford your children such teaching as this, can only be given them by the nation.

At present their moral teaching is a mere anarchy. Left exclusively to the direction of the parents, it is *null* in those cases where poverty and the necessity of constant material labour deprive them alike of the knowledge and time required to

enable them to teach their children themselves, and of the means of providing other instructors. It is *evil* in those cases where egotism and corruption have perverted or contaminated the family.

Even where parents have the means of providing instruction for their children, they are too often brought up in materialism or superstition, in ideas of mere liberty or of passive resignation, of aristocracy or mere reaction against it, according to the character of the instructor—priestly or secular—whom the parents select. How can such education in childhood fit men to work together in harmony and fraternity towards a common aim, and to represent in their own persons the unity of the country?

Society calls upon them to promote the development of a common idea in which they have been instructed. Society punishes them for the violation of laws of which they were left in ignorance, the scope and spirit of which society has never taught them. Society requires from them co-operation and sacrifice for an aim which no teachers have explained to them at the outset of their civil life.

Strange to say, the *Doctrinaire* School of which I have already spoken recognises the right of each separate individual to rule and teach the young, and does not admit the same right in the association of individuals, the nation. Their cry of

liberty of instruction disinherits the nation of all moral direction. They proclaim the importance of unity in the monetary system, and the system of weights and measures; but that unity of *Principle*, upon which all national life should be founded and developed, is nothing to them.

Without a national education, the nation has no moral existence, for upon it alone can a national conscience be formed.

Without a national education—common to all the citizens—all equality of rights and duties is an unmeaning formula, for all knowledge of duties, and all capacity for the exercise of rights, are left to the chances of fortune, or the arbitrary choice of those who select the teacher.

The opponents of Unity of Education invoke liberty in their support. The liberty of whom? Of the fathers, or of the children? In their system the moral liberty of the children is violated by the despotism of the father; the liberty of the young generation is sacrificed to the old; and liberty of progress is rendered an illusion.

Individual opinions and beliefs—false, it may be, and adverse to progress—are alone transmitted with all the authority of the father to the son, at an age when their examination is impossible. As they advance in life the position of the majority among you, and the necessity of occupying every hour in material employment, will prevent the

mind already stamped and impressed with those opinions and beliefs from modifying them by comparison with others.

In the name of this false liberty, the anarchical system I have described tends to perpetuate that worst of despotisms, a moral *caste*.

This system, in fact, produces a form of despotism, not liberty. True liberty cannot exist without equality, and equality can only exist among those who start from a common ground, a common principle, and an uniform consciousness and knowledge of duty. Liberty can only rightly be exercised as a consequence of that knowledge.

I said, a few pages back, that true liberty is not the right to choose evil, but the right of choice between the various paths that lead to good. The liberty invoked by these shallow philosophers is in fact an arbitrary right given to the father to choose the wrong for his child. What!—if a father should threaten to mutilate or in any way injure the *body* of his child, Society would interfere, called on and invoked by all; and shall the *soul* of that child be of less worth than the body? Shall not Society interfere to protect him from the mutilation of his faculties, from ignorance, from the perversion of his moral sense, from superstition?

The cry of Liberty of Instruction was of use in the day when it first arose, and it is useful even now in all countries where moral education is the

monopoly of a despotic government, a retrograde caste, or a Priesthood the nature of whose dogma renders it antagonistic to progress. That cry was a cry of emancipation, imperfect, but indispensable and necessary at the time.

But I speak to you of a time in which Religion shall inscribe the word Progress over the portal of the Temple; when all your institutions shall be so many repetitions of that word in various forms, and when a National education shall be given to the people which will conclude its teachings to its pupils with these words:—

To you, as beings destined to live under a common Pact with ourselves, we have now declared the fundamental bases of that Pact; the Principles in which your Nation believes at the present day; but remember that the first of these principles is Progress; remember that your mission, both as a man and a citizen, is to improve, as far as you may, the minds and hearts of your fellow-men. Go: examine and compare; and if you discover a truth superior to that which we believe ourselves to possess, diffuse it freely, and the blessing of your country be with you.

Then, though not before, you may renounce the cry of liberty of instruction as inferior to your need, and fatal to the unity of the country; then you may ask—nay, exact—the foundation of a system of gratuitous National Education, *obligatory* upon all.

The nation is bound to transmit its programme to every citizen. Every citizen should receive in the national schools a moral education, a *course of nationality*—comprising a summary view of the progress of humanity and of the history of his own country; a popular exposition of the principles directing the legislation of that country, and that elementary instruction about which we are all agreed. Every citizen should be taught in these schools the lesson of equality and love.

The National Programme once transmitted to all the citizens, liberty resumes its rights. Not only family education, but every other, is sacred. Every man has an unlimited right to communicate his ideas to his fellow-man; every man has a right to hear them. Society should encourage and promote the free utterance of thought in every shape, and open every path to the modification and development of the National Programme.

CHAPTER X.

ASSOCIATION—PROGRESS.

GOD has created you social and progressive beings. It is therefore your duty to associate yourselves, and to progress as far as the sphere of activity in

which circumstances have placed you will permit. You have a right to demand that the society to which you belong shall in no way impede your work of association and progress, but, on the contrary, shall assist you, and furnish you with the means of association and progress of which you stand in need.

Liberty gives you the power of choosing between good and evil; that is to say, between duty and egotism. Education will teach you to choose rightly. Association will give you the means of reducing your choice to action. Progress, the *Aim* by which you must be guided in your choice, is, at the same time, when visibly achieved, the proof that your choice was not mistaken.

Whenever any one of these conditions is neglected or betrayed, the man and the citizen either do not exist, or exist in a state of imperfection and impeded development.

You have therefore to strive to realise all these conditions, and above all, the right of association, without which both liberty and education are useless.

The right of association is as sacred as Religion itself, which is the association of souls. You are all the sons of God: you are therefore brothers. Who then may without guilt set limits to association, the communion among brothers?

This word *communion*, which I have written

advisedly, was taught us by Christianity, which the men of the past declared to be an immutable Religion, but which is in fact a step in the scale of the religious manifestations of Humanity.

And it is a sacred word. It taught mankind that they were a single family of equals before God, and united master and servant in a single thought of salvation, of love, and of hope in Heaven.

It was an immense advance upon the preceding ages, when both philosophers and people believed the souls of citizens and the souls of slaves to be of different nature and race. And this mission alone would have sufficed to stamp the greatness of Christianity. The Communion was the symbol of the equality and fraternity of souls, and it rested with Humanity to amplify and develope the truth hidden under that symbol.

The Church did not and could not do this. Timid and uncertain in the beginning, and allied with the nobles and the Temporal Powers in the sequel; imbued, from self-interest, with an aristocratic tendency which had no existence in the mind of its founder, the Church wandered out of the true path, and even receded so far as to diminish the moral value of the Communion by limiting it in the case of the laity to a communion in bread alone, and reserving solely to Priests the Communion in *both species.*

At that time arose a cry from all who felt within their souls the right of the whole human family to the symbols of unlimited communion, without distinction between the laity or ecclesiastics: *Communion in both species for the people; the Cup for the people!*

In the fifteenth century that cry became the watchword of the aroused multitudes; it was the prelude to the Religious Reformation, and was sanctified by martyrdom. A holy man named John Huss, of Bohemia, who was the leader of that movement, perished in the flames kindled by the Inquisition.

At the present day most of you are ignorant of the history of those struggles, or believe them to have been the quarrels of fanatics about merely theological questions. But when a National Education shall have popularised History, and taught you how every religious progress carries with it a corresponding progress in civil life, you will appreciate those contests at their true worth, and honour the memory of those martyrs as your benefactors.

We owe it to those martyrs and their predecessors that we have learned that there is no privileged class of interpreters between God and the people; that the best amongst us in wisdom and virtue may and ought to counsel and direct us on the path of improvement, but without any

monopoly of power or supremacy; and that the right of communion is indeed equal for all men. That which is holy in Heaven is holy on earth, and the communion of mankind in God carries with it the association of mankind in their terrestrial life.

The religious association of souls carries with it the association of intellect and of action, which converts thought into reality.

Consider association, therefore, both your duty and your right.

There are those who seek to put a limit to the rights of the citizen by telling you that the true association is the State, the Nation: that you ought all to be members of that association, but that every partial association amongst yourselves is either adverse to the state or superfluous.

But the State, the Nation, only represents the association of the citizens in those matters and in those tendencies which are common to *all* the men who compose it. There are tendencies and aims which do not embrace *all* the citizens, but only a certain number of them. And precisely as the tendencies and the aims which are common to all constitute the Nation; so the tendencies and aims which are common to a portion of the citizens should constitute special associations.

Moreover—and this is the fundamental basis of the right of association—association is a

security for progress. The State represents a certain sum or mass of *principles*, in which the universality of the citizens are agreed at the time of its foundation. Suppose that a new and true principle, a new and rational development of the truths that have given vitality to the State, should be discovered by a few among its citizens. How shall they diffuse the knowledge of this principle except by association?

Suppose that in consequence of scientific discovery, or of new means of communication opened up between peoples and peoples, or from any other cause, a new *interest* should arise among a certain number of the individuals composing the State. How shall they who first perceive this make their way among the various interests of long standing, unless by uniting their efforts and their means?

Inertia, and a disposition to rest satisfied with the order of things long existing, and sanctioned by the common consent, are habits too powerful over the minds of most men to allow a single individual to overcome them by his solitary word. The association of a daily-increasing minority can do this. Association is the method of the future. Without it, the State would remain motionless, enchained to the degree of civilisation already reached.

Association should be progressive in the scope

it endeavours to attain, and not contrary to those truths which have been conquered for ever by the universal consent of Humanity and of the Nation.

An association founded for the purpose of facilitating theft of the property of others; an association obliging its members to polygamy; an association which should preach the dissolution of the Nation or the establishment of Despotism, would be illegal. The Nation has the right of declaring to its members: *We cannot tolerate the diffusion amongst us of doctrines in violation of that which constitutes Human Nature, Morality, or the Country. Go forth, and establish amongst yourselves, beyond our frontiers, the associations which your tendencies suggest.*

Association must be peaceful. It may not use other weapons than the apostolate of the spoken and written word. Its object must be to persuade, not to compel.

Association must be public. Secret associations—which are a legitimate weapon of defence where there exists neither liberty nor Nation—are illegal, and ought to be dissolved, wherever Liberty and the inviolability of thought are rights recognised and protected by the country.

As the scope and intent of association is to open the paths of progress, it must be submitted to the examination and judgment of all.

And finally, association is bound to respect in others those rights which spring from the essential characteristics of human nature. An association which, like the corporations of the middle ages, should violate the rights of labour, or which should tend directly to restrict liberty of conscience, ought to be repressed by the government of the nation.

With these exceptions, liberty of association among the citizens is as sacred and inviolable as that progress of which it is the life.

Every government which attempts to restrain them betrays its social mission, and it becomes the duty of the people first to admonish it, and—all peaceful means being exhausted—to overthrow it.

Such, my brothers, are the bases upon which your duties are founded, the sources from which spring your Rights. An infinite number of questions will arise in the course of your civil life, which it is no part of the present work either to foresee or to assist you in resolving. My sole aim in this book has been to present to you, even as torches to light you on your way, those *Principles* which should guide you through them all, and in the earnest application of which you will find a method of resolving them for yourselves.

And this I believe I have done.

I have led you to God, as the source of Duty

and pledge of the equality of man: to the moral law, as the source of all civil laws and basis of your every judgment as to the conduct of those who frame those laws.

I have pointed out to you the people—yourselves, ourselves, the universality of the citizens composing the nation—as the sole interpreter of the law, and the source of all political power.

I have told you that the fundamental character of the law is progress; progress indefinite and continuous from epoch to epoch; progress in every branch of human activity, in every manifestation of thought, from religion down to industry and to the distribution of wealth.

I have described to you your *duties* towards Humanity, your country, your family, and yourselves. And I have deduced those duties from those essential characteristics which constitute the *human* creature, and which it is your task to develope.

These characteristics—inviolable in every man—are: liberty, susceptibility of education, the social tendency, and the capacity for and necessity of progress. And from these characteristics—without which there is neither true *man* nor true *citizen* possible—I have deduced not only your duties, but your rights; and the general character of the government you should seek for your country.

Never forget these *Principles.* Watch that they never be violated. Incarnate them in yourselves. You will be free, and you will improve.

The task I have undertaken for you would then be complete, were it not for a tremendous obstacle, arising in the bosom of society itself (as it is now constituted), to the possibility of your fulfilling your duties or exercising your rights.

This obstacle is the inequality of means.

In order to fulfil duties and to exercise rights, time, intellectual development, and the certainty of material existence, are necessary.

Now, very many of you do not possess these first elements of progress. Their life is a constant and uncertain battle in order to conquer the means of material existence. For them, the question is not one of *progress,* but of *life* itself.

There is then some deep and radical vice in the present organisation of society. And my work would be rendered useless were I not to define that vice, and indicate a method of correcting it.

The economical question will therefore constitute the last portion of my work.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ECONOMICAL QUESTION.

MANY, too many, of you are poor. Life, for at least three-fourths of the working-class, whether labourers or mechanics, is a daily struggle to obtain the *indispensable* material means of existence. They are occupied in manual labour for ten, twelve, sometimes fourteen hours a-day, and by this constant, monotonous, and painful industry, they scarcely gain the bare necessaries of physical existence. The attempt to teach such men the duty of progress, to speak to them of their intellectual and moral life, of their political rights, or of education, is sheer irony in the present state of things.

They have neither time nor means to improve and progress. Wearied, worn out, half-stupified by a life consumed in a round of petty and mechanical toil, all they do learn is a mute, impotent, and often unjust rancour against the class of men who employ them. They too often seek forgetfulness of the troubles of the day and the uncertainty of the morrow in the stimulus of strong drink, and sink to rest in places better described as dens than rooms, to waken to a repetition of the same dull exercise of their merely physical powers.

It is a sad condition, and it must be altered.

You are *men*, and as such you possess faculties, not merely physical, but intellectual and moral: faculties which it is your duty to develope.

You should be *citizens*, and as such exercise for the good of all certain rights which require a certain degree of education and a certain portion of time.

It is clear that you ought to labour less and gain more than you now do.

Sons of God, all of us, and brethren in Him and amongst ourselves, we are called to constitute one sole great Family.

In this family there may exist such inequality as is the result of diversity of aptitude, of capacity, or of disposition for labour, but it should be governed by one single principle: *Whosoever is willing to give—for the benefit of the whole—that amount of labour of which he is capable, ought to receive such amount of recompense for that labour as will enable him more or less to develope his individual life in each of the essential characteristics by which individual life is defined.*

This is the ideal which all of us ought to strive and study to approach more nearly from age to age.

Every change, every revolution that fails to advance us one step towards this ideal, which does not produce a moral and social progress

corresponding to the political progress achieved," which does not result in one degree of improvement of the material condition of the poorer classes, violates the Providential Design, and reduces itself to the rank of a mere war of faction against faction, each seeking illegitimate dominion, and each alike a falsehood and an evil.

But up to what point can we realise this aim at the present day? How and by what means can we reach this point?

Some of the more timid amongst your well-wishers have sought the remedy in the morality of the working-man himself. They have founded Savings-banks, and similar institutions, saying to the operative: *Bring your wages here, economise, abstain from every excess, whether of drink or otherwise; emancipate yourselves from poverty by privation.*

And such advice is excellent, in so far as it tends to the moral improvement of the workman, without which all reforms are useless. But it neither solves the question of poverty itself, nor takes any account of social duty.

Very few of you *can* economise your wages. And all that those few can achieve by their slow accumulation is the possibility of providing to a certain extent for their old age. Now, the economical question has more than this in view. Its object is also to provide for the years of

manhood, to develope and expand *life*, as far as possible, while in its full vigour and activity, while it may most efficaciously aid the progress of the Country and Humanity.

Even with regard to the mere material well-being of the working-class, this advice falls short of the aim, as it does not even hint at any method of increasing wealth or production.

Moreover, society, which lives by the labour of the sons of the people, and demands from them their tribute of blood in the hour of danger, incurs a sacred debt towards them in return.

There are other men, not enemies of the people, but indifferent to the cry of suffering which bursts from the hearts of the sons of Labour, and fearful of every great innovation, who belong to the school of Economists, and who have worthily and usefully fought the battle of industry and labour, but without reflecting that the necessity of progress and of association is an irradicable element of human nature.

This school has maintained, and still—like the philanthropists of whom I have spoken—does maintain, that every man *can*, even in the present state of things, build up his own independence on his own activity, that any change in the organisation of labour would be either injurious or superfluous, and that the formula, *Each for himself and liberty for us all*, is sufficient to create by degrees

an approximate equilibrium of ease and comfort among the various classes that constitute society.

Liberty of internal traffic, liberty of commerce among nations, a progressive reduction of customs duties (especially upon raw materials), a general encouragement offered to great industrial enterprises, to the multiplication of means of communication, and all machinery tending to increase activity of production—these, according to the *Economists*, are all that society can offer for the amelioration of the position of your class, and any further intervention on its part would, in their opinion, be a source of evil.

If this were indeed true, the evil of poverty would be incurable, but God forbid, my brothers! that I should ever give your sufferings and your aspirations an answer so despairing, atheistic, and immoral. God has ordained for you a better future than that offered by the remedies of the Economists.

Their remedies in fact merely point to the possible and temporary increase of the production of wealth: they do not tend to its more equitable distribution. While the Philanthropists, regarding individual man alone, content themselves with the endeavour to make him more moral, without seeking to increase the common prosperity so as to give him an opportunity of progress; the Economists think only of increasing the sources

of production without occupying themselves with the condition of the individual man. Under the exclusive *régime* of liberty which they preach, and which has more or less regulated the economical world in these later days, the most irrefutable documentary evidence has shown an increase of productive activity and of capital, but not of universally-diffused prosperity.

The misery of the working-classes is unchanged. Liberty of competition for him who possesses nothing, for him who, unable to save on his daily earnings, cannot even initiate a competition, is a lie; even as political liberty is a lie for those who, from want of education, instruction, time, and material means, are unable to exercise their rights.

Increased facilities for the exchange and conveyance of the products of labour would by degrees emancipate labour from the tyranny of trade and commerce, and the existing classes of *Intermediates* between the producer and the consumer, but they cannot emancipate it from the tyranny of Capital, they cannot give the means of labour to him who has them not.

And from the want of an equal distribution of wealth, and of a just division of produce, combined with the progressive increase of the cypher of consumers, Capital itself is turned aside from its true economic aim, and becomes in part stationary in

the hands of a few, instead of spreading and circulating; or it is directed towards the production of objects of superfluity, luxury, and fictitious wants, instead of being concentrated on the production of objects of primary necessity to life, and is risked in perilous and too often immoral speculations.

At the present day—and this is the curse of our actual Social economy—Capital is the tyrant of labour. Society is at present composed—economically speaking—of three classes; that is to say, of Capitalists, being the possessors of the means and implements of labour, of land, of factories, ready money, and raw material; of *middlemen*, chiefs and organisers of labour, and dealers, who are, or ought to be, the representatives of the intellectual; and of *Operatives*, who represent the material side of labour.

The first of these three classes is sole master of the field, and is in a position to promote, accelerate, delay, or direct labour toward certain special aims, at will. And the share of this class of the results of labour and the value of production is comparatively settled and defined, the location of the instruments of labour is variable only within certain known and definite limits, and even time itself may be said to be to some extent in their power, as they are removed from the pressure of immediate want.

The share of the second class is uncertain. It depends upon their intellect, their activity, and, above all, on circumstances, such as the greater or less development of competition and the flux and reflux of capital, which is regulated by events not within the reach of their calculation.

The workman's share consists simply of his wages, determined previously to the execution of the work, and without regard to the greater or less profits of the undertaking; and the limits within which those wages vary are determined by the relation that exists between the supply and demand, or, in other words, between the population of operatives and capital.

Now, as the first constantly tends to increase, and to an increase generally superior (however slightly) to the increase of the second, the tendency of wages, where no other causes intervene, is of course to decrease.

Time also is altogether beyond the power of the working-man. Financial and political crises, the sudden application of new machinery to the different branches of industrial activity, the irregularities of production, and its frequent excess and accumulation in a given direction (an evil inseparable from partially-enlightened competition), the unequal distribution of the working-classes upon certain points, or in certain branches of activity, and a hundred other causes tending to

the interruption of labour, take from the operative all free choice as to his own condition. On the one side he sees absolute starvation, on the other the necessity of accepting whatever terms are offered to him.

Such a state of things, I repeat, indicates the germ of a moral evil which must be cured.

The remedies proposed both by the philanthropists and economists are unequal to this task.

And nevertheless there is progress in the class to which you belong; a progress historical and continuous, and which has overcome still greater difficulties.

You were first *slaves*, then *serfs*. Now you are *hirelings*. You have emancipated yourselves from slavery and from serfdom. Why should you not emancipate yourselves from the yoke of *hire*, and become free producers, and masters of the totality of production which you create?

Wherefore should you not accomplish, through your own peaceful endeavours and the assistance of a society having sacred duties towards each of its members, the most beautiful Revolution that can be conceived—a Revolution which, accepting labour as the commercial basis of human intercourse, and the fruits of labour as the basis of property, should gradually abolish the class distinctions, and tyrannical dominion of one element of labour over another, and by proclaiming one sole law of just

equilibrium of production and consumption, harmonise and unite all the children of the country, the common mother?

Owing principally to the teachings of the republican party, the sense of a social duty towards the sons of labour—the earnest of a better future for the peoples—had gradually been awakened in Europe during the last thirty years, when certain schools arose (in France especially), composed for the most part of well-meaning and sincere friends of the people, but led astray by an overweening love of system-making, and by individual vanity.

These schools introduced certain exclusive and exaggerated doctrines under the name of *Socialism*—doctrines frequently antagonistic to the wealth already acquired by other classes, as well as economically impossible. By terrifying the multitude of smaller shopkeepers, and creating a sense of distrust between the different classes of citizens, they caused the social question to recede, and split up the republican party into two separate camps.

I cannot now pause to examine these different schools one by one. They were called *Saint Simonianism, Fourierism, Communism,* etc. etc. Nearly all of them were based upon ideas good in themselves, and long accepted by all who belonged to the creed of Progress, but they spoiled or nullified these ideas by the erroneous and

tyrannical methods by which they proposed to apply and reduce them to practice. And it is necessary that I should briefly point out to you wherein their errors consisted, because the promises held out to the people by these systems are so magnificent as to be likely to seduce your approval, and you would run the risk, by accepting them, of retarding your emancipation, which is inevitable in a not far distant future.

It is true—and this fact alone should awaken a strong sense of doubt in your minds—that when circumstances had placed some of the authors of these systems in power, they never even attempted to realise their own doctrines in practice. Giants on paper, they dwindled and shrank before the difficulties of the practical reality.

If, at some future day, you examine these various systems with attention, and bearing in mind the fundamental ideas I have hitherto pointed out to you, and the indestructible characteristics of *Human* nature, you will find that they all of them violate some of these characteristics, as well as the law of progress, and the method of its accomplishment through Humanity.

Progress is accomplished through laws which no human power can break. It is accomplished step by step, by the perpetual *development* and *modification* of the elements which manifest the activity of life. . . . . .

In certain epochs, in certain countries, and under the influence of certain errors or prejudices, men have frequently given the name of essential *elements* and characteristics of social life to things which have no root in nature, but only in the conventional customs of an erring society—customs which disappeared at the expiration of those epochs, or beyond the limits of those countries.

But you may discern what are the true elements inseparable from our human nature, first by interrogating—as I suggested elsewhere—the instincts of your own souls, and then by testing and verifying these by the tradition of all the ages, and of every country, in order to judge whether those instincts are such as have ever been the instincts of Humanity. And those things which the innate voice within yourselves and the grand voice of Humanity alike declare to be essential elements constitutive of life itself, have to be modified and developed from epoch to epoch, but can never be abolished.

Among the essential elements of human life—such as Religion, Association, Liberty, and others to which I have alluded in the course of this work—Property is one.

The first principle and origin of property is in human nature itself. It represents the necessities of the material life of the individual, which it is his duty to maintain. Even as the individual is

bound to transform the moral and intellectual world, through the medium of religion, science, and liberty, so he is bound to transform, ameliorate, and govern the physical world, through the medium of material labour. And property is the sign and representative of the fulfilment of that task, of the amount of labour by which the individual has transformed, developed, and increased the productive forces of nature.

The *Principle* of property is therefore eternal, and you will find it recognised and protected throughout the whole existence of Humanity. But the *modes* by which it is governed are mutable, and destined—like every other manifestation of life—to undergo the law of progress. They who, finding property once constituted and established in a certain manner, declare that manner to be inviolable, and struggle against every effort to transform it, thus deny progress itself.

It is enough to take up two volumes of history, treating of two different epochs, to find an alteration in the constitution of property. And they who, because at a given epoch they happened to find property ill-constituted, declare that it must be abolished, and seek to cancel it from society, deny one of the elements of human nature, and would—were it possible they should succeed—retard progress by mutilating life. Property, however, would inevitably reappear shortly after,

and probably in the identical shape it wore at the period of its abolition.

Property is ill-constituted at the present day, because the source and origin of its actual division was—generally speaking—in conquest; in the violence by which, at a period remote from our own day, certain invading peoples or classes took possession either of land or of the fruits of labour not their own.

Property is ill-constituted at the present day, because the bases of the partition of the fruits of a labour achieved by both proprietor and workman are not laid down in a just and equal proportion to the labour done.

Property is ill-constituted, because, while it confers on its possessor political and legislative rights which are denied to the workman, it tends to become the monopoly of the few, inaccessible to the many.

Property is ill-constituted, because the system of taxation is ill-constituted, and tends to maintain the privilege of wealth in the hands of the proprietor, while it oppresses the poorer classes, and renders saving impossible to them.

But if, instead of correcting the errors, and slowly modifying the constitution of property, you should seek to abolish it, you would suppress a source of wealth, of emulation, and of activity, and would resemble the savage who cut down the tree in order to gather its fruit.

We must not seek to abolish property because at present it is the possession of the few: we must open up the paths by which the many may acquire it. We must go back to the principle which is its legitimisation, and endeavour that it shall in future be the result of labour alone.

We must lead Society towards establishing a more equable basis of remuneration between the proprietor or capitalist and the workman.

We must transform the system of taxation so as to exempt the first necessaries of life therefrom, and thus render that economy which gradually produces property possible to working-men.

And in order that these things may be, we must suppress the political privilege now conceded to property, and allow to all a share in the work of legislation.

Now all these things are both just and possible. By educating yourselves, and organising yourselves earnestly to demand them and determine to have them, you may obtain them; whereas, by seeking the abolition of property, you would seek an impossibility, do an injustice to those who have already acquired it through their own labour, and diminish instead of increasing production.

Nevertheless the abolition of individual property is the remedy proposed by many of the Socialist systems of which I have spoken to you, and above all by Communism.

"Others have gone even further, and, observing that the Religious idea, the idea of Government, and the idea of country, are disfigured and falsified by religious error, by class privilege, and dynastic egotism, they demand the abolition of all religion, of all government, and even of Nationality. This is the conduct of children or barbarians. Might they not with as much reason declare that, disease being frequently generated by the corruption of the atmosphere, they demand the suppression of every respiratory gas?

But the teachings of those who seek to found anarchy in the name of liberty, and cancel society for the sake of the rights of the individual, require no further confutation from me to you. The whole of my work is directed against the guilty dream; which is the negation of progress, of duty, of human fraternity, of the solidarity of nations, and of all those things which you and I hold in veneration.

Those who, confining themselves within the limits of the economical question, demand the abolition of individual property, and the organisation of communism, fall into another extreme—the negation of the individual and of liberty—which would close the path to progress, and (so to speak) petrify Society.

The following is the general formula of Communism:—

The property of every element of production,

such as land, capital—movable or immovable—instruments of labour, etc., to be concentrated in the state. The state to assign to each man his portion of labour, and his portion of retribution, some say with absolute equality, others say according to his wants.

Such a mode of existence—were it possible—would be the existence of the beaver, not the life of a man.

Liberty, dignity, and individual conscience, would all disappear before this organisation of productive machines. The satisfaction of the wants of physical life may be possible by such means, but intellectual and moral life would be entirely cancelled, and with it all emulation, all free choice of labour, all liberty of association, all the joys of property, and—in short—all that stimulates and urges man to production. The human family, under such a system, becomes a mere human flock or herd, and all that is necessary for it is a wide pasture-ground.

Which of you could reconcile himself to such a programme? Equality is thus realised, say they: what equality? Equality in the distribution of labour? That is impossible. Labour is in its nature various, and cannot be fairly calculated either by its duration or by the amount achieved in a given time—but rather by its difficulty, by the more or less agreeable nature of the work

done, the amount of human vitality it consumes, and its utility to society.

How can the equality or difference between an hour's labour passed in a mine, or in purifying the stagnant waters of a marsh, and an hour's labour spent in a spinning-factory, be estimated? The impossibility of making such calculations fairly has, in fact, suggested to some of the founders of these systems the idea of compelling every man to perform in his turn a certain amount of labour in every branch of useful activity: an absurd remedy, which would render perfection of production impossible, while it would be impotent to equalise the weak with the strong, the intellectually clever with the slow, the man of nervous temperament with the man of lymphatic tendency, etc. The labour which is easy and welcome to the one becomes irksome and difficult to the other.

Would it produce equality in the division of the products of labour?

This also is impossible. Either the equality must be absolute—and this would result in great injustice, as there would be no distinction remaining between the different wants arising from organisation, nor between the power and capacity created by a sense of duty, and the power and capacity given without merit or desert by nature—or the equality must be relative, and calculated according to diversity of wants, and by taking no

account of individual production, it would violate those rights of property which ought to be the reward of the workman's labour.

Moreover, who should be the Arbitrator, and decide upon the just wants of each individual? Should this Arbitrator be the State?

Working-men! brothers! are you disposed to accept a hierarchy of head-masters of the common property?—masters of the mind through the superiority given by an exclusive education, masters of the body from their power of determining the work you have to do, your capacity to do it, and your wants when it is done? Is not this a return to bygone slavery? Would not these masters, beguiled by that theory of *interests* of which they were the representatives, and seduced by the immense power concentrated in their hands, become again the founders of the hereditary dictatorship of bygone castes?

No: Communism would not realise equality among the sons of labour; it would not tend to increase production—which is the great need at the present day—because it is in the nature of most men, when once the means of existence are secured to them, to rest satisfied; and the amount of incentive remaining to increase production, diffused over all the members of society, would be so small as not to have the power of rousing and exciting men's faculties. The *quality* of produc-

tion would not be improved, as no encouragement would be offered to progress in invention, which could never be wisely furthered by an uncertain and unintelligent *collective* direction and organisation.*

The only remedy Communism has to offer for all the thousand ills that afflict the sons of the people is *security against hunger.*

Now, are there no other means of achieving this?

Cannot the workman's right to life and labour be secured without overturning the whole social organism, without rendering production sterile, and without impeding progress by cancelling individual liberty to enchain it thus in a tyrannical military organisation?

The remedy for your sufferings cannot be found in any arbitrary general organisation built up in a day by one or the other individual mind, opposed to the universally-received bases of civilisation and suddenly imposed by degree. We are not here to *create* Humanity, but to *continue* it. We may, we ought to modify the organisation of its constituent elements, but we cannot suppress or destroy them. Humanity rebels, and ever will rebel, against the attempt. The time spent in an

* It has been calculated that if one workman among a hundred thousand should produce the value of a hundred francs over the mean production of the community, he would gain as his own share the thousandth part of a franc, or three cents every thirty years. Can this be regarded as a stimulus to production?

endeavour to realise these illusions would therefore be time lost.

The remedy is not to be found in any increase of wages imposed by governmental authority, and unaccompanied by other changes tending to increase capital. An increased rate of wages—that is to say, an increase of the *cost* of production—would carry with it an increase in the price of produce, a consequent diminution of consumption, and hence of work for the producers.

The remedy is not to be found in any theory tending to cancel individual liberty, which is the consecration of and stimulus to labour, nor in anything tending to diminish capital, which is the source and the instrument of labour and production.

The remedy is to be found in *the union of labour and capital in the same hands.*

When society shall recognise no other distinction save the distinction between *producers* and *consumers;* or rather when every man shall be alike producer and consumer; when the profits of labour, instead of being parcelled out among that series of *intermediates*—which (beginning with the capitalist and ending with the retailer) frequently increases the price of production fifty per cent—shall belong entirely to those who perform the labour, all the *permanent* causes of your poverty will be removed.

Your future depends upon your emancipation from the exactions of capital, which is at present the arbitrary ruler of a production in which it has no share.

Your *material* and *moral* future. Look around you. Wherever you find capital and labour in the same hands—wherever the profits of labour are divided among the workmen in proportion to the increase of those profits and to the amount of aid given by the workmen to the collective work—you will find both a decrease of poverty and an increase of morality.

In the canton of Zurig, in the Engadina, and many other parts of Switzerland, where the peasant is a proprietor, and land, capital, and labour are united in the hands of a single individual; in Norway, Flanders, and Eastern Friesland; in Holstein, in the German Palatinate, in Belgium, and in the island of Guernsey on the English coast, there is visible a prosperity comparatively superior to all the other parts of Europe, where the cultivators are not the proprietors of the soil.

These countries are peopled by a race of agriculturists remarkable for their honesty, dignity, independence, and frank and open bearing.

The mining population of Cornwall in England, and those American navigators who trade as whalers between China and America, amongst

whom this participation in the profits of their labour obtains, are recognised and admitted by official documents to be superior to the workmen who are remunerated by a predetermined rate of wages.

Association of labour, and the division of the fruits of labour, or rather of the profits of the sale of its productions, between the producers, in proportion to the amount and value of the work done by each—this is the social future.

You were once slaves, then serfs, then hirelings. You have but to *will* it, in order shortly to become free producers, and brothers through Association. Association—but free, voluntary, and organised on certain bases, by yourselves, among men who know, esteem, and love each other; not imposed by the force of governmental authority, and without respect to individual ties and affections, upon men regarded rather as cyphers and machines of production, than as beings moved by spontaneous impulse and free will.

Association—but to be administered with a truly republican fraternity by your own delegates, and from which you should be free to withdraw at you own discretion; not subject to the despotism of the State, or of an arbitrarily-constituted Hierarchy ignorant of your individual wants and position.

An Association of *nuclei*—groups—to be formed according to your own tendencies, and not (as the authors of the systems of which I have spoken

teach) of *all* the members of a given branch of industrial or agricultural activity.

The concentration of *all* the members of the State, or even of all the citizens of a single city, following a given trade, in one *sole* productive society, would lead us back to the bygone tyrannical monopoly of the Corporations. It would make of the producer the arbitrary judge of prices, to the injury of the consumer; legalise the oppression of the minority, shut out the workman who might be unsatisfied or discontented with its regulations from all possibility of finding work, and suppress the necessity of progress by extinguishing all rivalry in work, and all stimulus to invention.

Within the last twenty years Association has occasionally been timidly attempted in France, in Belgium, and in England, and it has been crowned with success wherever it was commenced with energy, resolution, and a spirit of self-sacrifice.*

In association is the germ of an entire social transformation, a transformation which, by emancipating you from the servitude of *wages*, will gradually further and increase produce, and improve the economical position of the country.

The tendency of the present system is to make the capitalist seek to increase his gains in order to

* See, on this subject, *Self-help by the People*, and *The History of Co-operation in Halifax*, written by G. J. Holyoake (London Book Store, 282 Strand), valuable and encouraging little books which should be in the hands of every working man.—*Translator's Note.*

withdraw from the arena; while the tendency of association would be to secure the continuance of labour—that is to say, of production.

At present the master, the director of the work done, and who generally owes his position to no special aptitude, but to mere possession of capital, is liable to be improvident, rashly speculative, or incompetent; an association, directed by chosen delegates, and watched over by all its members, would not run the risk of suffering from such errors or defects.

Under the present system, labour is too often directed to the production of superfluities rather than necessaries, and owing to a capricious and unjust inequality of pay, workmen in one branch of activity abound, while they are wanting in another branch. The workman limited to a determinate recompense has no motive to spend all the zeal and energy of which he is capable upon his work in order to multiply and improve its produce.

Evidently association would offer a remedy to this and many other causes both of interruption and inferiority of production.

Liberty of withdrawal of individual members without injury to the *Association*—equality of all the members in the choice of an elective administration, with powers either renewable at a given period, or, better, subject to revocation—freedom of admission posterior to the foundation of the Association,

without the obligation of introducing new capital, but with permission to supply its place by an annual contribution to the treasury of the Association to be deducted from the profits of the first years of union—*indivisibility and perpetuity of the collective capital*—such an amount of retribution as secures the necessities of life equally to all—free distribution of the tools or instruments of labour to all according to the quantity and quality of the work done;—such are the general bases upon which you must found your associations, if you are willing to achieve a work of present self-sacrifice for the benefit of the class to which you belong.

Each of these bases, and above all that concerning the perpetuity of the *Collective* Capital, which is the pledge of your own emancipation and your link with future generations, would require a chapter to itself. But a special study of the question of working-men's associations does not enter into the plan of my present work. Perhaps, should God grant me some few more years of life, I may make of this study a separate labour of love for you. In the meantime, rest assured that the rules I have just sketched for you are the result of deep reflection and earnest study, and deserve your attentive consideration.

But the Capital? The capital by which association is to be initiated in the first instance; whence to obtain this?

It is a grave question, and I cannot treat it at such length as I should wish. But I may briefly point out your own duty and that of others.

The first source of that capital is in yourselves, in your own economy, your own spirit of self-sacrifice. I know the position of too many of you, but there are some of you who—either owing to a continuance of work or its better retribution—are in a position to economise for this aim. Some eighteen or twenty of these might thus collect the trifling sum necessary to enable you to commence work on your own account. And the consciousness of fulfilling a solemn duty, and thus *deserving* your emancipation, ought to give you strength to do this.

I might quote for you many Industrial Associations, now well established and flourishing, which were begun by a few workmen with their savings of a penny a-day. I might relate to you many stories of sacrifices heroically endured in France * and elsewhere, by the first few workmen

* In 1848 the delegates of some hundreds of workmen who had united together with the idea of establishing a pianoforte-manufactory upon the Associative principle, finding that a large capital was necessary for their undertaking, applied to the Government for a loan of 300,000 francs. The application was refused. The association was dissolved, but 14 workmen determined to overcome every obstacle and re-constitute it out of their own resources. They had neither money nor credit: they had faith.

They initiated their Society with a capital consisting of tools and instruments of labour of the value of about 2000 francs. But a floating capital was indispensable.

who commenced such enterprises, and are now in the possession of considerable capital. There is indeed scarcely any difficulty which may not be overcome by strong will, when sustained by the consciousness of doing good. Almost all of you may contribute some trifling aid to the primary little fund, either in money, raw material, or implement of labour.

Each of these workmen contrived, not without great difficulty, to contribute 10 francs, and other workmen, not belonging to their society, added some little offerings to swell their capital. On the 10th March 1849, having collected the sum of 229 francs 50 cents, the Association was declared to be founded.

But their little social fund was insufficient for the cost of starting and the small daily incidental expenses of their establishment. Nothing remained for wages, and two months passed without the members of the Association receiving a single cent in remuneration for their labour. How did they subsist during this time of crisis? As working-men do subsist in periods when they are without work, through help given by their comrades, and by selling or pawning their goods.

Some orders, however, had been executed, and these were paid for on the 4th May 1849. That day was to the Association what the first victory is in war, and they determined to celebrate it. Having paid all urgent debts, each associate received a sum of 6 francs 61 cents. It was agreed that each should keep 5 francs, and that the remainder should be spent in a fraternal banquet. The 14 members, most of whom had not tasted wine for more than a year, sat down to a common dinner with their families. The cost was 32 sous a-family. For another month their wages only reached 5 francs a-week. In June, however, a baker, either a lover of music or a speculator, proposed to buy a pianoforte of them, and pay for it in bread. The offer was accepted, and the price agreed upon was 480 francs. This was a piece of good fortune for the Association, which was thus secure of the first necessary of life. The price of the bread was not considered in the wages of the

By a consistent course of conduct and habit of life calculated to win the esteem of your companions or relations, you may induce them to advance small loans, in consideration of which they might become shareholders and receive the interest of their money from the profits of the enterprise.

In many branches of industry in which the

members. Each man received the amount necessary for his own consumption, and the married men enough for their families.

By degrees, the Association, the members of which were very clever workmen, surmounted the obstacles and privations of the first period of its existence. Their books gave excellent testimony to their progress. In the month of August the weekly earnings of each member rose from 10 to 15 and 20 francs; nor did this represent the whole of their profits, for each member paid into the common fund a weekly contribution larger than the sum he withdrew as wages for his own use.

On the 30th December 1850 the books of the Association revealed the following encouraging facts :—

The members, at that date, amounted to 32.

The establishment was paying 2000 francs per annum for rent, and their premises were already too small for their business.

The value of the tools, etc., belonging to the Society was 5922 francs 66 cents.

The value of their goods and raw material amounted to 22,972 francs 28 cents.

The cash-box of the Society contained bills for 3540 francs. Open credits, almost all good, amounted to 5861 francs 99 cents.

Their stock, therefore, amounted to 39,317 francs 88 cents.

The Society only owed 4737 francs 80 cents of ordinary business debts, and 1650 francs to 80 well-wishers to the Association among working-men in the same trade, for small loans advanced to the Association at its commencement.

The nett balance in favour of the Society was therefore 32,930·02 francs.

Since then the Association has never ceased to flourish.

price of tools or of raw material is trifling, the capital required for commencing work on your own account is small, and you may collect or save it among yourselves if you resolutely *determine* to do so. And it will be in every respect better for you that the capital be *all* your own, acquired with the sweat of your own brows, and of the credit you have gained by conscientious work.

Even as those Nations who have achieved their liberty by shedding their own blood are those who best know how to preserve it, so your associations will derive a better and more durable profit from the capital acquired through your own labour, watchfulness, and economy, than from that obtained from any other source. This is the nature of things. The Working-men's Associations which were founded with governmental aid in Paris in 1848 prospered far less than those whose first capital was the fruit of the men's own sacrifices.

But although I—loving you too earnestly for servile adulation—thus admonish you of the points of weakness which either exist or may arise among you, and exhort you to self-sacrifice, this in no way diminishes the duties of others towards you.

Those to whom circumstances have granted wealth ought to understand this. They ought to understand that the emancipation of your class is a part of the Providential Design, and that it will be accomplished whether with them or against them.

Many of them do understand it, and amongst these, if you give them proofs of an earnest and determined will, and of an honest intelligence, you will find help in your undertakings. They can—and if they are once convinced that your endeavour after Association is not the desire of a day, but the *faith* of the majority among you—they will smooth your path towards obtaining credit either by advances of money, by establishing banks giving credit to collective bodies of workmen for work to be done, or possibly by admitting you to a share in the profits of their establishments, as an intermediate step between the past and future, which might probably enable you to put together the small amount of capital necessary for the formation of an independent Association.

In Belgium, banks, called *Banks of Anticipation*, or *Banks of the People*, already exist, offering such facilities as I have described. In Scotland also, I believe, there are many banks willing to give credit to any man of known probity, ready to pledge his own honour and able to offer the security of one other individual of equally good character. And the plan of admitting the workmen to a participation in the profits of the business has already been adopted by several employers with remarkable success.*

* *In Paris, for instance, the house-painting establishment of M. Leclaire* is founded upon this principle, and is well known for its prosperous condition.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

BUT the State, the Government—an institution only legitimate when based upon a mission of Education and Progress not yet understood—the State has a solemn duty towards you, a duty which will be easy of fulfilment when we have a really National Government, the Government of a free and united people.

A vast series of means of help might be bestowed by the Government upon the people, by which the social problem might be solved without spoliation, violent measures, or interference with the wealth *previously acquired* by any of its citizens, and without exciting that immoral and unjust antagonism between class and class, fatal to the national welfare, which visibly retards the progress of France at the present day.

The following would be important and powerful modes of assistance:—

The exercise of a moral influence in favour of Working-men's Associations by the publicly-manifested approval of the Government agents, by a frequent discussion of their fundamentary principles in the House of Representatives, and by legalising

all the voluntary associations constituted on the basis indicated above.

Improved methods of communication, and abolition of the obstacles now impeding the free conveyance of produce.

The establishment of public magazines and depôts in which the approximate value of the goods or merchandise consigned having been ascertained, the Associations should receive a document or receipt negotiable in the manner of a bank-bill, by which means the Associations would be enabled to carry on their affairs without the ruinous necessity of an immediate sale without regard to prices.

The concession of the execution of necessary public works to Working-men's Associations upon equal terms to those granted to individual speculation.

Simplification of judicial forms, justice being at present ruinously costly, and too often inaccessible to the poor.

Legal facilities given to the sale and transfer of landed property.

A radical transformation of the system of taxation, by the substitution of one sole tax upon income, to the present complex and expensive system of direct and indirect taxation. This would give public and practical sanction to the principle of the *sacredness of human life*, for as neither labour,

progress, nor the fulfilment of duty are possible without life, a given amount of money, the amount judged *necessary* to the maintenance of *life*, should be exempt from all taxation.

But there are further means:—

The secularisation or appropriation of ecclesiastical property by the State—a thing not at present to be thought of, yet nevertheless inevitable in the future, when the State shall assume its true educational mission—will place a vast sum of wealth in the hands of the Nation. To this may be added the value of hitherto unreclaimed land, and the profits of railways and other public enterprises, the administration of which should be in the hands of the State; the value of the landed property belonging to the communes,* the value of property now descending by *collateral* succession beyond the fourth degree, and which should revert to the State, and many other sources of wealth which it is unnecessary here to enumerate.

Suppose all this mass of wealth and resources accumulated in the formation of a NATIONAL FUND, to be consecrated to the intellectual and economic progress of the whole country. Why

* This property belongs *legally* to the communes, *morally* to the poor of the communes. I do not mean that such property should be taken from the communes, but that it should be consecrated to the poor of each commune, and thus constituted, under the supervision of elective communal councils, the inalienable *Capital* of *Agricultural Associations*.

should not a considerable portion of such a fund be employed (proper provision being made to guard against its wasteful use or dissipation) as a *Fund of Credit*, bearing interest at one and a half or two per cent, to be distributed to the Voluntary Working-men's Associations, constituted according to the bases indicated above, and giving evidence of *morality* and *capacity*. This sum of capital to be held sacred, not merely to the promotion of labour in the present generation, but in futurity; its operation being upon so vast a scale as to ensure compensation for the occasional inevitable losses it would have to sustain.

The distribution of the Fund of Credit ought not to be in the hands either of the Government or of a National Central Bank, but of *local* Banks, administered by elective Municipal Councils, under the supervision of the Central Government.

Without subtracting anything from the actual wealth of any existing class, and without enriching any single class through the medium of that taxation, which, being contributed by *all* citizens, should be employed for the advantage and benefit of all; such a series of measures as are here suggested, by diffusing credit, increasing and improving production, compelling a diminution of the rate of interest, and intrusting the progress and continuity of labour to the zeal and interest of the producers, would

replace the limited and ill-directed sum of wealth at present concentrated in a few hands, by a wealthy nation, directress of its own production and consumption.

Such, Italian Workmen, is your future. You may hasten this future. Conquer for yourselv[illegible] your country, and a truly popular Government, t[illegible] representative of our collective life and missio[illegible] Organise yourselves in a vast league of the peo[illegible] so that your voice be the voice of the million, [illegible] merely of a few individuals. Truth and justi[illegible] will be on your side, and the nation will listen to you.

But, be warned! and believe the words of a man who has been earnestly studying the course of events in Europe during the last thirty years, and who has seen the holiest enterprises fail in the hour of promised success through the errors and immorality of their supporters. You will never succeed unless through *your own improvement.*

You can only obtain the exercise of your rights by deserving them, through your own activity, and your own spirit of love and sacrifice.

If you seek your rights in the name of *duties* fulfilled or to fulfil, you will obtain them. If you seek them in the name of egotism, or any theory of happiness and wellbeing propounded by the teachers of materialism, you will never achieve

other than a momentary triumph, to be followed by utter delusion.

They who appeal to you in the name of well-being and happiness, will deceive and betray you. They seek also their own wellbeing and happi-[redacted]ss, and merely desire to unite with you as an [redacted]ment of strength wherewith to overcome the [redacted]tacles in their own path. When once they [redacted]: obtained their own rights through your help, [redacted] will abandon the effort to obtain yours in [redacted]rder to enjoy their own.

Such is the history of the last half-century, and the name of this last half-century is *materialism.*

Sad story of blood and sorrow! I have seen them in my own land—these men who denied God, religion, virtue, duty, and sacrifice, and spoke only in the name of the *right to happiness* and *enjoyment*—I have seen them advance boldly to the struggle with the words *people* and *liberty* on their lips, and unite with us men of a better faith, who imprudently admitted them in our ranks. As soon as a first victory, or the opportunity of some cowardly compromise opened the path of enjoyment to them, they forsook the cause of the people, and became our bitterest enemies the day after. A few years of danger and persecution were sufficient to weary and discourage them.

And wherefore should they, men without any

conscientious belief in a Law of Duty, without faith in a mission imposed upon man by a Supreme Power, have persisted in sacrifice even to the last years of life?

And I have seen, with deep sadness, the sons of the people, educated in Materialism by tho[se] men, turn false to their mission and their futu[re] false to their Country and themselves, betray[ed] by some foolish immoral hope of obtaining m[a]terial happiness through furthering the capric[e] interest of a despotism.

I have seen the working-men of France stand by, indifferent spectators of the *coup d'etât* of the 2d December, because all the great social questions had dwindled in their minds into a question of material prosperity, and they foolishly believed that the promises, artfully made to them by him who had destroyed the liberty of their Country, would be kept.

Now they mourn over their lost liberty, without having acquired even the promised material wellbeing.

No: without God, without the sense of a moral Law, without morality, without a spirit of sacrifice, and by merely following after men who have neither faith, nor reverence for truth, nor holiness of life, nor aught to guide them but the vanity of their own systems—I repeat it, with

deep conviction—you will never succeed. You may achieve émeutes, but you will never realise the true Great Revolution you and I alike desire—a Revolution, not the offspring and illusion of irritated egotism, but of religious conviction.

Your own improvement and that of others: [illegible]s must be the supreme hope and aim of every [illegible]ial transformation.

You cannot change the fate of man by merely [illegible]ellishing his material dwelling. You will [illegible]ver induce the society to which you belong to substitute a system of Association to a system of salary and wages, unless you convince them that your association will result in improved production and collective prosperity. And you can only prove this by showing yourselves capable of founding and maintaining association through your own honesty, mutual good-will, love of labour, and capacity of self-sacrifice.

In order to progress, you must show yourselves capable of progress.

Tradition, Progress, Association. These three things are sacred. Twenty years ago I wrote:—

"I believe in the grand voice of God which the Ages transmit to us throughout the universal tradition of Humanity, and it teaches me that the Family, the Nation, and Humanity, are the three spheres in which the human individual is destined

to labour for the common good, towards the moral perfection of himself and others, or rather of himself through others.

"It teaches me that property is destined to be the manifestation of the material activity of the individual, of his share in the transformation of the physical world; as the franchise is the manifestation of his share in the administration of the political world.

"It teaches me that the merit or demerit of the individual, before God and man, depends upon his use of these rights; and it teaches me that all these things, being elements of human nature, are perennially modified and transformed as they gradually approach more closely to that ideal of which our souls have prevision—but that they can never be cancelled nor destroyed.

"It teaches me that the dreams of Communism, of the annihilation or absorption of the individual in the social *whole*, have never been other than fleeting incidents in the life of the human race, reappearing momentarily in every great intellectual and moral crisis, but incapable of realisation except upon a trifling scale, as in the Christian Monasteries and Convents.

"I believe in the eternal progressive life of God's creature; in the progress of Thought and Action, not only in the man of the past, but in

the man of the future. I believe that it is of little comparative import to determine the form and method of the future progress, but that it is of great import to open up all the paths to progress, by bestowing upon mankind a truly religious education which will enable them to complete it.

"I believe that we can never make man worthier, more loving, nobler, or more divine—which is in fact our end and aim on earth—by merely heaping upon him the means of enjoyment, and setting before him as the aim of life, that irony which is named *happiness*.

"I believe in Association as the sole means we possess of realising progress, not merely because it multiplies the action of the productive forces, but because it tends to unite all the various manifestations of the human mind, and to bring the life of the *individual* into communion with the *collective* life of the whole, and I know that association will never be fruitful of good except among free men and free peoples, conscious and capable of their mission.

"I believe that man should be able to eat and live without having every hour of his existence absorbed by material labour, so that he may be able to cultivate the superior faculties of his nature;—but I listen with dread to those who tell you that *enjoyment is your right, and material*

wellbeing your aim, because I know that such teachings can only produce egotists, and that these doctrines have been in France, and threaten to be in Italy, the destruction of every noble idea, of every sacrifice, and of every pledge of future greatness.

"The life-destroying ill of Humanity at t present day is the want of a common faith, common thought, accepted and admitted by men, and which shall re-link earth to Heaven, universe with God. Deprived of this comm faith, man has bowed down before the lifeles Matter, and become a worshipper of the idol *Self-Interest.* And the first priests of that fatal worship were Kings, Princes, and evil Governments. They invented the horrible formula of *each for himself*, for they knew that it would increase egotism, and that there is but one step between the egotist and the slave."

Italian Workmen, brothers! avoid that step! Your future depends upon this.

Yours is the solemn mission to prove that we are all the sons of God, and brethren in Him. You can only prove this by improving yourselves, and fulfilling your duty.

I have pointed out to you, to the best of my power, what your duties are, the most important being those owed to your Country. The ame-

lioration of your present condition can only result from your participation in the political life of the nation. Until you obtain the franchise, your wants and aspirations will never be truly represented.

On the day in which you should follow the example of too many French Socialists, and separate the *social* from the *political* question, saying: *We will work out our own emancipation, whatever be the form of Institution by which our Country is governed*—that day you would have yourselves decreed the perpetuity of your own Social servitude.

And in bidding you farewell, I will remind you of another duty not less solemn than that which binds you to achieve and preserve the freedom and unity of your Country.

Your complete emancipation can only be founded and secured upon the triumph of a Principle—the principle of the Unity of the Human Family.

At the present day one-half of the Human Family—that half from which we seek both inspiration and consolation, that half to which the first education of childhood is entrusted—is, by a singular contradiction, declared civilly, politically, and socially unequal, and excluded from the great Unity.

To you who are seeking your own enfranchisement and emancipation in the name of a Religious Truth, to you it belongs to protest on every occasion and by every means against this negation of Unity.

The *Emancipation of Woman*, then, must be regarded by you as necessarily linked with the emancipation of the Working-man. This will give to your endeavours the consecration of an Universal Truth.

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